

MODERN LANGUAGE QUARTERLY

December, 1953

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THE EPISODE OF "THE VILLAIN OF THE DANUBE" IN FENTON'S *GOLDEN EPISTLES*

By JEANNETTE FELLHEIMER

The "high doctrine" and "excellent moral discourse" of Antonio da Guevara made a great appeal to Englishmen of the sixteenth century. His most famous work, *Libro aureo de Marco Aurelio*, was translated in 1535 by Lord Berners; its fuller version, *Relox de principes*, by Sir Thomas North in 1557. The popularity of these translations is attested by the fact that there were at least a dozen editions of the *Golden Boke* between 1535 and 1586, while an enlarged edition of the *Diall of Princes* appeared in 1568 and was republished in 1582.

The most celebrated passage in Guevara's work is the oration of the villain of the Danube, related by Marcus Aurelius.¹ The emperor, who with the principal senators of Rome had gone to the Campagna to escape the pestilence, tells how a noble barbarian from the banks of the Danube journeyed to Rome in the first year of his consulship to complain of the oppression and cruelty with which Germany was being ruled by Roman officials and to seek justice.² A third translation of this episode, which differs widely from that of Berners and North, and which has gone unnoted, appears in Geoffrey Fenton's *Golden Epistles* (1575),³ a collection drawn chiefly from Guevara's *Epistolas familiares*,⁴ but containing two extracts from his more famous work.⁵ It appears as the last selection in Fenton's volume under the title: "A rebuke to ambicion vnder the speache of a sauage man vttered in the Senat of Rome." Fenton's version is of special interest because of his treatment of the text and because the villain's complaints against corrupt Roman judges provoke him to launch an attack on "the subtilties, corruption and iniquities" of those concerned with the administration of the law in England.

In all three cases the English translations of Guevara were made from the French. Berners used the *Liure dore* of Rene Berthault de la Grise, published in Paris in 1531; North the expanded version, *L'horloge des princes*, which appeared in 1540. Like North, Fenton

¹ This personage is frequently referred to by older writers, and La Fontaine reproduces him in his "Le Paisan du Danube," *Fables*, Bk. XI, No. 7.

² *The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius* (1536), Chaps. XXXI-XXXII; *The Diall of Princes* (1557), Bk. III, Chaps. 3-5.

³ Fenton's volume was reprinted in 1577 and again in 1582. It is dedicated to Anne, Countess of Oxford, the oldest daughter of Lord Burghley.

⁴ The two volumes of the *Epistolas familiares* were first printed at Valladolid in 1539 and 1541 respectively. Fenton made his translation from the French version, the *Epistres dorees* of Jean de Guterry.

⁵ For a table of correspondence between Fenton and Guevara, see pages 575-76 of the article by Henry Thomas, "The English Translations of Guevara," in Vol. II of *Estudios eruditos: In memoriam de Adolfo Bonilla y San Martin* (Madrid, 1930).

⁶ *Golden Epistles* (1575), sigs. Bb^v-[Bb 8^v]. All references are to this edition.

made use of the expanded text, but his version is so free that it can hardly be termed a translation. In order to bring the "oration" within the framework of the *Golden Epistles*, he invents a correspondent whose importunities have moved him to give advice "vnder this discreet and excellent discourse of a villain published in the presence of the whole Senate of the *Romanes*, and recommended to posterity in wryting by *M. Aurelius*." "If you finde yourself touched wyth your proper error," he goes on to tell the correspondent, "haue regarde to the reasons of this rude Orator, and be no lesse reformed of your couetousnesse, then he made the Senate ashamed of their ambicion and Tyrannie."⁷ "For ambicion," Fenton points out, "is the beastly nourse of couetousnesse." This admonition leads immediately to a recital of the episode of the villain of the Danube which begins with the description of his appearance before the Senate, but discards Guevara's framework with the Emperor as narrator. Fenton's concern to provide guidance for his correspondent furnishes the key to his treatment of his text. He greatly condenses the material and strives to keep it on a more general plane. In seizing upon the moral problems arising out of the villain's oration, Fenton frequently loses sight of the speaker himself, of his complaints against the covetousness of the Romans in taking other men's goods and against the oppression suffered by Germany under Roman rule.

In the final section of the epistle Fenton breaks away completely from his source. In both the *Golden Boke* and the *Diall of Princes* an extended comment by Marcus Aurelius follows the conclusion of the villain's speech.⁸ The Emperor, after discoursing on how valiant a man this barbarian proved himself to be, then relates the outcome of his eloquence. New judges, he informs the senators, were appointed to the Danube region. The villain, "for the wise words he spake," was chosen senator and asked to set down in writing all he had said that it might be preserved—Rome having always shown herself appreciative of services "done vnto her."

Fenton condenses the comment of Marcus Aurelius into a few sentences of indirect discourse. His concern is with the remedying of abuses that come as a result of the villain's oration, and not with that "rude Orator" himself. He takes over from Guevara only the statement that the Senate appointed other judges; he then adds, with an eye to his correspondent but with no authority from his source, that the Senate undertook to punish "the corruption of others for peruerting so noble a commonweale."⁹ Fenton, however, does not end here, but adds a passage of 315 words linking the villain's condemnation of the law in Germany to shortcomings in the administration of justice in England. Turning to his correspondent, now revealed as a judge,

⁷ *Golden Epistles*, sig. Bb2r.

⁸ *The Golden Boke* (1536), sig. [P4r]; *The Diall of Princes* (1557), sig. [G6r].

⁹ *Golden Epistles*, sig. [Bb8r].

he bids him "beholde what holiness flowed out of the mouth of an Ethnike" and urges that he, with other judges as mercenary, reform the provinces committed to their government and look into the practices of "inferior officers" under their jurisdiction.¹⁰ Then follows a bitter attack on "the deceites, the delays, the perplexities, and daungerous ends of sutes." This Fenton asserts, is a "subiect not to be writtē with inke but with blood," for so great is the suffering endured by one who brings a suit that he may well be likened to a martyr. "To begin a processe at this day," Fenton exclaims in rhetorical fashion,

is no other thing then to prepare sorow to his hart, complaintes to his tongue, teares to his eyes, trauaile to his feete, expenses to his purse, toyle to his men, triall of his friendes, and to all the rest of his body nothing but paine and trauell. So, the effects and conditions of a processe are no other, then of a rich man to become poore; of a spirite pleasant to settle into malencholly; of a free mind to become boūd: from liberalitie to fall to couetousnes: from truth to learne falsehood and shifts: and of a quiet man, to become a verer of others.¹¹

Fenton concludes his diatribe by affirming that in his opinion the only differences between the ten plagues that "scourged" Egypt and the miseries that afflict suitors is the fact that "the calamities of the one were inflicted by Gods prouidence, and the torments of the other are inuented by the malice of men."¹²

The tone of this outburst suggests that personal experience lay behind it. Little is known of Fenton's life prior to his entry into the field of politics in 1580, as secretary to Lord Grey, at about the age of forty. His own writings present almost nothing of an autobiographical character; documents and letters of the period throw little light on his early history. The few existing records do not show him initiating any suits, but we learn that he had been involved in several lawsuits prior to the year 1575 and that just a year earlier William Lygeart, usher of the Court and proclaimer, the Saturday before Trinity had produced a bill against Fenton for £40, a debt contracted the ninth of May, 1573.¹³ There are other indications that his mood was rather a bitter one at the time of the publication of *Golden Epistles*. That he had been in financial difficulties is clear from a letter written in 1572 to Richard Wrothe, in which he urgently requested a loan, lamented the unkindness of friends whose denial of aid had almost "burst" his heart, and ended with the assurance that this would be his last request of this nature.¹⁴ We do not know whether this promise was kept, nor do we find any further record of Fenton's financial situation. It is certain, however, that he must have been greatly troubled at this time by his failure so far to obtain his desired goal—a political post. Since he gave up literary pursuits

¹⁰ *Golden Epistles*, sig. [Bb8^R].

¹¹ *Ibid.*, sig. [Bb8^V].

¹² *Idem*.

¹³ Public Record Office, 1574, Hilary. Queen's Bench 27/1248/406.

¹⁴ British Museum, Cotton MSS, Titus B. vii, fol. 153.

altogether after his appointment as Her Majesty's Secretary in Ireland in 1580, it is apparent that he had decided to devote himself to literature as a means of bringing himself to the attention of those influential at Court. The fact that he had been unsuccessful in spite of his efforts,¹⁵ together with financial difficulties and the irritation caused as a result of lawsuits, explains the uses to which Fenton put the villain of the Danube's oration.

A word should be said with respect to matters of style. North's prose throughout the episode is more rhetorical than Fenton's. Consider for example, the following brief passage in which the villain attempts to convey to the Senate his sense of misery.

NORTH

O cruel Romaines, ye fele nothing y^t
we fele, in especialle I which speake
it, ye shall se how I fele it, since only
to reduce it to memory, my eyes do
dasell, and my tonge wyl ware weary,
my ioynates do seuer, my harte doth
trëble, my entrailes do breake and
my fleshe consumeth.¹⁶

FENTON

Oh, it is time you had some sence of
the miseries wee feelee, seeing that if in
reducing them thus to memory, my
tongue faynteth, my eyes grow dimme,
my hart vanisheth, and my flesh trem-
bleth.¹⁷

Not only is Fenton's "list" greatly shortened, but he makes no use of antithesis, alliteration, or the repetition of words. It is true that "rhetoricall flourishes" are less in evidence in the *Golden Epistles* than in Fenton's earlier collection, *Certaine Tragicall Discourses*, but he still made considerable use of certain features of the euphuistic style in his translations from Guevara. His sparing use of ornament in this epistle, together with the fact that he greatly condensed the villain's discourse, indicate that his interest did not lie primarily in the episode proper. Evidently he saw in this instance of injustice and corruption in the time of Marcus Aurelius an opportunity to "rebuke" the covetous judges of his own day and to condemn abuses in the administration of the law in his own country.

New Haven, Connecticut

¹⁵ Fenton had published five translations prior to the *Golden Epistles*, the first and most famous of which, his *Certaine Tragicall Discourses*, a translation of thirteen of Bandello's *novelle* through the French versions of François de Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques*, had appeared in 1567.

¹⁶ *The Diall of Princes* (1557) sig. [G5^v].

¹⁷ *Golden Epistles*, sig. [Bb7^v].

THE HECTOR-ANDROMACHE SCENE
IN SHAKESPEARE'S *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*

By AEROL ARNOLD

Professor Tatlock was in error when he wrote that Act V, Scene iii, of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* was Shakespeare's addition to the story.¹ In the scene, Andromache pleads with Hector not to go into battle, for she has had ominous dreams. When Hector disregards her pleas she enlists Cassandra's help,

For I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
(10-12)

But Hector refuses to heed their warnings. "The Gods have heard me swear" (15), is his answer, and he later says to Andromache:

Hold you still, I say.
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.
(25-28)

Andromache sends for Priam to plead with stubborn Hector. Not only has Andromache had evil dreams, Priam says, but Hecuba, too, has had visions, and Cassandra foresees his doom. Even Priam, himself, is

like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous.
Therefore come back. (65-67)

But Hector will not break his word to the Greeks to appear before them. He asks leave to go, and when Cassandra and Andromache beg Priam to refuse it, he says to Andromache: "I am offended with you. / Upon the love you bear me, get you in" (78-79).

Ominous dreams are used often in Shakespeare for tragic foreshadowing, and Shakespeare did invent them when they were not in his sources, as in the case of Clarence's beautiful dream in *Richard III*. But in the undoubted sources for *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare found all the material for this scene.

Scholars generally agree that Shakespeare knew Lydgate's *Sege of Troye* and Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, both versions of Guido della Colonne's *Historia Destructionis Troiae*. In both

¹ "These scenes seem to be largely Shakespeare's own addition to the story, and only a very prejudiced reader can fail to see that he wrote them with perfect seriousness and sympathy." John S. P. Tatlock, "The Siege of Troy in Elizabethan Literature, Especially in Shakespeare and Heywood," *PMLA*, XXX (1915), 761.

versions of the story accessible to Shakespeare, Andromache's scene with Hector resulting from her dream is treated at length. Henry Bergen, the editor of Lydgate's *Troy Book*, noted that, in reworking Guido della Colonne's materials, Lydgate amplified the entire Andromache section.² One hundred and ten lines (4889-4999) of the poem are devoted to the episode, and Andromache's dream is the subject of a major division heading in Book III of the poem.³

Lydgate emphasizes Andromache's qualities both as a wife and a mother. The night before Hector was to engage the Greeks, Andromache, the faithful, true wife of Hector, who loved him as her life (4897-98), had a dream. Lydgate calls her dream a vision (4910), and then is not sure whether it was a dream or a "swevene" or a revelation from above. She dreams of Hector's death in battle. She weeps. The next morning, while Hector dresses for battle, she falls at his feet and tells of her vision, "With quakyng herte of verray womanhede" (4941). He disregards her dream, saying one ought not to trust dreams, which only delude people. Weeping and lamenting, "deedly of visage," she goes to Priam and Hecuba "like a woman caugt with sodein rage" (4964).

She tells them her dream and begs Hecuba to stop him. Priam orders Hector not to fight that day. Angered, Hector blames his wife who, out of "cherte" (fondness), was "so tendir ouer his lyf" (5032). Hector arms and rides forth. Andromache again begins to cry and shout:

And with hir pappis also hanging oute,
Hir litel childe in hir armys tweyne
A-forh hir lord gan to wepe & pleyne.
(5052-54)

And she adds that, if he paid no heed to her sorrow, he might think of their child, now crying in her arms. Again and again she begs for mercy. Cassandra, Hecuba, and Helen join her plea. But he goes. Andromache rushes to Priam, who forces Hector to return. Hector is described as "like a tigre or a lyoun wood" (5138). They succeed only in delaying his death, for when he learns that Margeton has been killed by Achilles, he can no longer be restrained.

Caxton's account in the *Recuyell*, while not different from Lydgate's in essentials, is briefer and less dramatic.

Whan the tries was passd the nyght to fore Andrometha the wyf of hector that hadd two fayr sonys by hym wherof that one had to name laomedon and that other Astromatas. This Andrometha sawe that nyght a meruayllous vysion.

² Early English Text Society, E.S. 126, Part IV (1935), 160. The materials Shakespeare used appear in the third book, published as Part II, EETS, E.S. 103 (1908).

³ *Ibid.*, p. 536. The heading reads: "Of A wondirful dreame that Andromacha, Ectors wiff, had, which in effect was, that yif here husbonde, the next day ensowyng, went armede to þe felde, that he shulde dy. Where-for she toke here yongeste sowkyng sonne Astromanta, and pitously, on here knees, bysought Ectore to absteyne hym fro þe felde that day."

And her semed yf hector wente that day folowyng to the bataylle he shold be slayn. And she that had grete fere and drede of her husbond Weping sayd to hym praying hym that he wold not goo to the batayll that day. Whereof hector blamed his wyf sayng that mē shold not beleue ne gyue fayth to dremes and wold not abyde ner tarye therfore Whan hyt was in the morenyng Andrometha wente unto the kynge pryant and to the quene and tolde them the veryte of her vysion and prayd to them wyth alle her herte that they wold doo so moche to hector that he shold not that day go the bataylle &c.

Hit happend that day was fayre and cleer And the troians Armed them . . . And after alle the prynces that were comen in the ayde of the troians eche man in good ordenance. And the kyng pryant sente to hector that he shold kepe hym well that day fro goyng to batayll. Wherefore hector was angry and sayd to his wyf many wordes reprochable as he that knewe well that this defence cam by her requeste how be hyt notwithstanding the deffence he armed hym. And whan Andromeda sawe hym armed she toke her lytyll chyldren and fyll down to the feet of her husbond and prayd hym humbly that he wold take of his Armes but he wold not doo hyt. And than she sayd to hym at the leste yf ye wyll not haue mercy on me so haue pytie of your lytyll children that I & they dye not a bitter deth or that we shall be ledde in seruytude & bondage in to strange contreyes. With this poynt cam vpon them the quene hecuba & the quene helayne and be sisters of hector. And they knelid down to fore his feet and prayd hym wyth wepyng teerys that he wold doo of his harnoys and vnarme hym and come wyth them in to the halle. But neuer wold he doo hit for her prayers. but descended from the palays thus Armed as he was And toke hys horse and wold haue goon to bataylle. But at the Requeste of Andromeda the kynge pryant cam rennyng anone and toke hym by the brydell and sayd to hym so many thynges of one and other that he maad hym to retorne but in no wyse he wold not vnarme hym.⁴

Neither in Shakespeare nor in his medieval sources do we have any glimpse of the Hector Homer portrayed: a gentle husband and lover and a tender father. In the sixth book of the *Iliad*—not translated by Chapman in 1598 but available to Shakespeare in Arthur Hall's translation (1581)—Homer presents Andromache pleading with her husband not to go into battle. Homer does not use the dream device. Andromache and Hector know that tragedy will befall them. Hector speaks of the sufferings Andromache must endure once Troy is defeated. He is concerned for their son, and lovingly plays with him and kisses him. He speaks of the weeping Andromache as "my soul's better part" and bids her not to be more unhappy than necessary, since he cannot die before his fated hour. The entire episode is pervaded by love and gentle melancholy and regret over the helplessness of the individual in a world ruled by fate, a mood totally absent from Shakespeare's scene.

Nor in Shakespeare's treatment of the episode is there the pathos exploited by Seneca in *The Trojan Women*, which Shakespeare might have known either in the original or in the Elizabethan translation published by Thomas Newton in 1581. Seneca portrays the events in

⁴ *The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, written in French by Raoul Lefevre and translated and printed by William Caxton, ed. H. O. Sommer (London, 1894), II, 610-12. This selection, in a somewhat modernized version, is reprinted in *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida*, ed. H. M. Hillebrand (Philadelphia, 1953), pp. 438-39.

Andromache's life after the death of Hector. She is faced with the problem of saving her son Astyanax from the Greeks, whose priest declared that the boy must be hurled to death from a lofty tower before the Greeks could sail for home. Hector appears to Andromache in a dream (III, i, 443 ff.), and tells her to hide the child. She hides the boy in Hector's tomb, but is forced to surrender him to Ulysses, who otherwise threatens to destroy the tomb.⁵

When Thomas Heywood, in *The Iron Age*, used the materials available to Shakespeare, he was truer to the story as we know it in other versions. His Hector, if not so tender as Homer's, is more playful than Shakespeare's. When Andromache tells her dream in which

. . . squadrons of thine enemies
All which their Iauelins thirld against thy brest,
And stucke them in thy bosome,

Hector retorts with

So many Squadrons,
And all their darts quiuerd in *Hectors* brest
Some glanc't vpon mine armour, did they not?

Paris then teases her about being hit with Hector's dart, and Andromache cries: "Oh, doe not iest my husband to his death."⁶

Heywood's scene is longer than Shakespeare's; the child, Astyanax, hangs upon his father, and the chorus of pleaders includes Hecuba and Helen, who do not appear in Shakespeare's scene. Also, the pleaders prevail upon Hector, if only for a bit, in Heywood's version, as they do in Lydgate and Caxton, until Margeton is killed by Achilles and to avenge his death Hector goes into battle.

I agree with Professor Tatlock that Shakespeare meant the scene to be taken "with perfect seriousness and sympathy." That he did not use the opportunities open to him for pathos is clear to anyone familiar with other versions of the story; and the explanation, it seems to me, is to be found in studying the scene in relation to the structure of the play as a whole.⁷

⁵ A suggestion for the scene is to be found in the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad*, in which Andromache foretells the slaying of her son by some Greek seeking revenge on Hector, who "never spared a foe." Translated by Pope (Heritage Press, 1945), p. 474. Euripides developed it in *The Trojan Women*, and in the opening chorus of *Andromache* Euripides refers to Astyanax being hurled from the wall. Ovid also refers to the manner of the boy's death. *Metamorphoses*, translated by Frank Justus Miller, Loeb Classical Library (1929), II, 259.

⁶ *Works of Thomas Heywood* (London, 1874), III, 316-19. Hyder E. Rollins (PMLA, XXXII [1917], 416) followed Tatlock in believing that Shakespeare was influenced by Heywood's play. The arguments for such a thesis seem pretty thin, but they do not concern us here, for the treatment of the scene in the two plays differs.

⁷ A comparison of Shakespeare's play with Dryden's reworking of the materials (1679) demonstrates clearly how dramatic intention triumphs over literary tradition. Andromache appears in two scenes in Dryden's play (II, i and V, i).

As Shakespeare wrote it the scene is Hector's, not Andromache's, and it further develops the picture of Hector as one who "Holds honour far more precious-dear than life," one steadfast against human considerations and supernatural warnings.⁶ The scene immediately follows Troilus' discovery of Cressida's true nature, and the contrast between false Cressida and true Andromache is striking. Of the women loved in the play—Helen, Cressida, and Andromache—only Andromache is worthy of love; and yet Hector sacrifices all personal considerations to his sense of honor.

Hector, the model of valor and courtesy, is contrasted with Achilles, who, moved only by personal interest, resorts to a low trick to destroy Hector. Troilus characterized his brother as having "a vice of mercy in you / Which better fits a lion than a man" (V, iii, 37-38). And when Hector wants to know why Troilus considers that a vice which he considers only fair play, Troilus characterizes his action as fool's play and urges him to leave

. . . the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from truth.
(V, iii, 45-48)

Hector's response to this is "Fie, savage, fie!"

Troilus' remarks are not the angry outburst of an impetuous boy. To Aeneas and Ulysses Hector is one who "in his blaze of wrath subscribes / To tender objects" (IV, v, 105-106; cf. IV, v, 77-86). In the council summoned by the Trojans to discuss the return of Helen in order to end the war, Hector gives excellent reasons for returning her, only to fall in with Troilus' thinking that the war should be continued, not for Helen's sake, but for the sake of honor and future glory. His speedy acceptance of Troilus' arguments, though they are contrary to reason as he himself saw it, reinforces our picture of Hector as more in love with honor than with reason, or even with right.

In II, i, Andromache is unlike any of her literary ancestors. She is as much in love with honor as Hector, and sounds more like Volumnia in *Coriolanus* than like any Andromache we know. Only in V, i, does she have any resemblance to the Andromache of the earlier versions. Although she has had a foreboding dream, she tries to conceal her sadness and fear from Hector. In Dryden, Hector has dreamed a dream which he interprets as a portent of honor while Andromache interprets it as a prophecy of death. She then tells her dream.

For I have dreamt all night of horrid slaughters,
Of trampling horses, and of chariot wheels
Wading in blood up to their axle-trees.

In Dryden's version Hector consents not to fight that day, although "I reckon this one day a blank of life." Troilus persuades him to change his mind, and Andromache is left to reflect on the vanity of attempting to combat fate. Dryden's *Works*, ed. Sir Walter Scott, revised by George Saintsbury (Edinburgh, 1883), VI, 289-391.

⁶ Shakespeare's Hector refuses to entertain the idea of defeat. Cf. IV, v, 221-26, 242-69.

In his treatment of the fight between Hector and Achilles Shakespeare is faithful to his one-dimensional conception of Hector. In the medieval sources of the story as well as in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Hector is kept out of battle by the pleas of his family until Achilles kills Margeton. Then no pleas avail. Hector will have revenge. No mention of Margeton's death occurs in Shakespeare. In *Troilus and Cressida* Achilles, frantic over the death of Patroclus, seeks out Hector and kills him before he can prepare himself.

By making Hector incapable of acting for any motive other than honor, and by debasing Achilles' act, Shakespeare accomplishes two things. Hector's death explodes Troilus' illusions about wars fought for honor, just as Cressida's behavior explodes his romantic ideas about love. It also gives Troilus a real reason for fighting.⁹ Like all the characters in the play except Paris, Troilus feels that Helen is not worth the spilling of blood (cf. I, i, 92-96), but he finds that the war offers opportunities for fame and glory (II, ii, 195-98). Achilles' treachery teaches him that the love of fame and glory are not enough, and in his desire for revenge he finds a purpose for war. As the play ends, Troilus, who throughout the tradition is thought of as a second Hector, vows to haunt the "great-siz'd coward" Achilles like a wicked conscience. In hopes for revenge the Trojans find comfort for their woe. Troilus' last act is to cast out Pandarus.

Thus Cressida's faithlessness and the ignoble death of Hector, the man who sacrificed love and life to honor, help make Troilus the mature soldier destined to succeed Hector. We can now see why Shakespeare chose to give us a Hector so uniform and so limited, and why he sacrificed an opportunity for pathos in the Hector-Andromache scene to the larger scheme of the play.

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⁹ It is worth noting that Ulysses' plot to get Achilles out of his tent failed until Achilles had a personal reason, revenge. Also Ajax is motivated by revenge. Ulysses describes him as foaming at the mouth and roaring for Troilus, who killed his friend (V, v, 30-37). Dryden has Achilles exclaim after the discovery of dead Patroclus, "Revenge is honor" (VI, 383).

"THINGS UNATTEMPTED YET IN PROSE OR RIME"

By ALLEN R. BENHAM

The first twenty-six lines of the first book of *Paradise Lost* introduce the whole poem. In them Milton states his subject, alludes to his biblical and classical sources, and appeals to his Heavenly Muse to enlighten him and help him in his plan to "assert Eternal Providence, / And justify the ways of God to men."

With one exception, each line of these twenty-six has been given ample attention by commentators from Patrick Hume (1695) to Merritt Hughes (1935). The one exception is line 16 which I have used as the title of this paper. All of the other lines have meanings applicable to the plan and purpose of *Paradise Lost*. My present aim is to try to discover the meaning of line 16 and to show just what it was, aside from his style, that Milton contributed to the story of the fall and restoration of man. It might justly be said, therefore, that the present paper is an extended note on *Paradise Lost*, line 16, with particular attention to the structure of the poem.

It is rather strange that in the huge bulk of comment on *Paradise Lost* there has been so little attention paid to the subject of the structure of the poem. The late Professor E. N. S. Thompson in his volume *Essays on Milton*¹ does have an essay "The Epic Structure of *Paradise Lost*," but what Thompson does therein is to review the action of the poem, something quite different from what I am proposing to do here.

What then does *Paradise Lost*, line 16, mean? In the first place, the line has a very obvious but, in my opinion, inadequate meaning which I shall get out of the way at once. Taking the words as they stand, Milton says that he is going to pursue something "unattempted yet in prose or rime." And, as Lord Macaulay would say, every schoolboy knows that *Paradise Lost* is in neither prose nor rime but in blank verse. Moreover, in the preface on the verse which Milton prefixed to the 1668 and 1669 reprints of the poem he quite rightly says that *Paradise Lost* is the first long narrative poem in English to use "heroic" verse. Now it may be, of course, that this was what Milton had in mind when he wrote line 16. It would be quite proper for him at that point to comment on the metrical form of the poem, and perhaps he still remembered his early struggles with rime² and

¹ New Haven: Yale University Press, 1914, pp. 82-109. There have, to be sure, been many articles which attempt to bring out the traces in *Paradise Lost* of Milton's earlier plans to write a tragedy on the subject. I should also mention Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse's article "Pattern in *Paradise Lost*," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XXII (January, 1953). This article points out epic patterns inside the poem but does not discuss its over-all structure.

² See Dryden's comments on Milton's rimes in his "Discourse Concerning Satire," in *Essays of John Dryden*, ed. W. P. Ker (Oxford, 1900), II, 29-30.

his resentment in 1667 when people sniffed at his poem because it was not in heroic couplets. But I think that there is more to line 16 than reference to the verse used in *Paradise Lost*. No earlier annotator has commented on line 16 even from this point of view.

There is one Milton editor who does have a remark on line 16, and that is Todd. Todd says that Milton promises in *Paradise Lost* to tell a new story. Now it is true that many editors and critics have overlooked Milton's statement in *Paradise Lost*, lines 1-6, of the complete story of the poem, and several fine critical quarrels have ensued from this oversight. But even so, it is nonsense to say that Milton in *Paradise Lost* promises a new story. From the Bible to Joshua Sylvester's version of *Du Bartas* (1606), which was familiar to Milton,³ the story had often been told.⁴ In innumerable sermons and tomes of systematic theology it had been told and its significance expounded.

No, it is not a new story that *Paradise Lost* tells. Milton would have been very much surprised if people in his own time had credited him with a new story. One phase of the temptation story, as commonly told, may go back to Milton, i.e., that Eve fell by eating an apple;⁵ but even this as Miltonic is wrong, for the forbidden fruit as described in Book 9 is more like a peach than an apple.

Nor is Milton's argumentative project in *Paradise Lost* to "assert Eternal Providence, / And justify the ways of God to men" something new. St. Paul may be credited with starting this argument, and it, too, was carried on in numberless sermons and theological and devotional works.

What then was the novelty in *Paradise Lost*? I see it thus. In all the earlier narrative treatments the writers had told the story in chronological order. Milton does not. The War in Heaven is already over and Satan and his peers have fallen into Hell when the poem opens. It is not until we get to Books 5-8 inclusive that we find out the causes of the War in Heaven and of the Fall of the Angels.

Where did Milton get the suggestion for this innovation? From reading the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Aeneid*⁶ and from Horace's

³ See George C. Taylor, *Milton's Use of Du Bartas* (Cambridge, Mass., 1934). *Du Bartas* was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester.

⁴ A good review of early Christian poetic treatments of the story is to be found in Eleanor S. Duckett, *Latin Writers of the Fifth Century* (New York, 1930), pp. 51 ff. One of the most popular settings forth of the story of the fall and restoration of man is to be found in the medieval liturgical drama. For earlier Christian poems analogous to *Paradise Lost*, see Pierre de Labriolle, *History and Literature of Christianity from Tertullian to Boethius* (New York, 1925) and F. J. E. Raby, *A History of Christian-Latin Poetry from the Beginnings to the Close of the Middle Ages* (Oxford, 1927). All the analogues to *Paradise Lost* down to 1664 have now been collected and published in *The Celestial Cycle*, ed. Watson Kirkconnell (Toronto, 1952).

⁵ It is Satan who refers to the fruit as an apple; see *Paradise Lost* 10, line 487. Milton, to be sure, speaks of the fruit as an apple in *Areopagitica*; see ed. by M. Y. Hughes (New York, 1946), p. 223. *Apple* in early English was the generic name for fruit, as *deer* was the generic name for animal.

⁶ Milton knew nothing of *Beowulf*, the *Song of Roland*, or the *Nibelungenlied*. He had never heard of the Persian or Sanskrit epics. He perhaps considered

Art of Poetry. The three ancient epics Milton alludes to in a single phrase in line 15 of *Paradise Lost*, "the Aonian Mount," over which he says he "intends to soar." This phrase he elaborates in *Paradise Lost* 7, lines 1-4, and 9, lines 13-19. His reading of Horace is revealed in a single phrase in his prose summary of Book 1, line 7, where he says his poem "hastes into the midst of things." Horace advises the epic poet not to begin his poem with the egg but to plunge in *medias res*.

To say that Milton had Greek and Latin precedents for his procedure is not to say anything new. But I hope to show that he made a novel use of these precedents in his development of an old biblical theme and yet to keep my theory sound.

Milton undoubtedly followed the *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid* in making the epic order of events different from the merely chronological. Thus, as we have Odysseus and Aeneas recount after the respective poems have started, their past adventures, we have Raphael recounting to Adam the story of the War in Heaven and that of the creation in *Paradise Lost* 5-7 and Adam telling Raphael the story of his early days in Eden.

There was a War in Heaven in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Aeneid*.⁷ Of the gods in each poem not all were on the same side. Achilles was predestined to lose his own life if he fought with the Greeks at Troy, and it was also predestined that the Greeks could not win at Troy unless Achilles fought with them.⁸ Thetis, the mother of Achilles, tried to keep her son out of the expedition to Troy, and after he had joined and fought with the Greeks for nine years, Apollo by stirring up the quarrel with Agamemnon, which is the subject of the *Iliad*, tried to get Achilles away from Troy. Apollo favored the Trojans. Poseidon tried to keep Odysseus from returning to Ithaca; and Juno, to prevent Aeneas from fulfilling his destiny.⁹ Thus, there is in these ancient epics a division between the deities which is analogous to that between God and Satan in *Paradise Lost*.¹⁰

The Faerie Queene as an epic, and he was certainly familiar with Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. The latter also has a trap plot in which Satan is the villain. It was not until the nineteenth century that *The Divine Comedy* began to be classed as an epic. Milton knew and quoted from *The Divine Comedy*.

⁷ So well was the theme of the War in Heaven known in connection with the epic that Alexander Pope in his "Receipt To Make an Epic Poem" (see Elwin-Courthope *Pope* [London, 1886], X, 402. Pope's skit was originally contributed to *The Guardian*) alludes to it satirically, thus: "FOR THE MACHINES. Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him."

⁸ We do not learn in the *Iliad* all these predestined events, but they were part of the Achilles legend.

⁹ Of course, in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Aeneid*, adequate motives are assigned for the subversive tactics of Apollo, Poseidon, and Juno respectively. It is interesting that Apollo was the Light-bearer and one of the names of Satan is Lucifer.

¹⁰ Comparative Religion is a nineteenth-century science. From our point of view Milton's equipment in this field was very meager. He knew classical

Apollo set a trap for the Greeks at Troy, and they would have been caught in the trap if Patroclus had not intervened and by his death brought Achilles back into the fight. Juno set two traps for Aeneas; she fostered his love for Dido and got him embroiled with Turnus. If Dido and Turnus, like Patroclus, had not been sacrificed, Aeneas would have been caught in one or the other of these traps and failed of his destiny.

Thus in the classical epics, the respective stories have been put into a plot, and Aristotle, reading the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* and Greek tragedies, is the first to point out the distinction between story and plot.

The plot is the familiar trap plot,¹¹ clearest in the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* but present also in the *Odyssey*. In this sort of plot only two characters are necessary: someone to lay the snare—and this is the villain, Apollo, Poseidon, Juno; and someone for whom it is laid, the hero—the Greeks, Odysseus, Aeneas. This outline applies if the hero is to be caught. But if, as in the classical epic, the hero is to escape, a victim is also needed: Patroclus, the followers of Odysseus, Dido and Turnus.¹²

I would suggest, then, that in *Paradise Lost* Milton made a real contribution by putting the story of the fall and restoration of man into a plot, a pattern, and that this pattern is the plot which he found in the ancient epics. This certainly is not irrelevant to "things unattempted yet in prose or rime."

In Books 1 and 2 of *Paradise Lost* the words *fraud, guile, wile, deceit, deceive, mislead, seduce*, and others are very much in evidence, and this list reaches its climax in the speech of Beelzebub in *Paradise Lost* 2, lines 344-78. This oration is the last delivered in the council of Satan and his peers, which had been called to consider the

mythology, Judaism, and Christianity. He may have known something of Mohammedanism and Zoroastrianism (Manichaeism). But on the basis of parallels which he found in classical mythology and the Old Testament he adopted a syncretistic position. He concluded that the true religion had been revealed to the human race. After the separation of the peoples following the destruction of the Tower of Babel, each contingent carried with it some knowledge of the true belief. As time went on and people got farther away in space from their original seat, the basic revelation except in one instance (Judaic-Christian) became dimmer and dimmer. Hence, it was easy for Milton to consider the gods of the Gentiles as demons. Of course, he was not the first to do this.

¹¹ This sort of plot is better known in drama than in other types of narrative. And it is perhaps well to note here that Milton's early interest in the story of the fall and restoration of man was expressed in dramatic form. This fact and its influence on *Paradise Lost* is much stressed in Allan H. Gilbert, *On the Composition of "Paradise Lost"* (Chapel Hill, 1947).

¹² It has frequently been said that the *Aeneid* breaks in two in the middle. This happens because the first part of the poem has a travel background like the *Odyssey*; and the second, a war background like the *Iliad*. Vergil introduced a trap plot in each half. Milton in *Paradise Lost*, following Vergil, has a travel background, much reduced in length, in Book 2, lines 629-1055; and a war background, also much reduced in length, in Books 5 and 6.

future foreign policy of the fallen angels. Satan had announced that the real subject for discussion was the best method of carrying on the war against God and had called in his colleagues to state their views. Moloc advised open war; Belial, *laissez faire*; and Mammon, the abandoning of their past and devotion of themselves to the development of the natural resources of hell. This latter proposal aroused much enthusiasm and seemed on the point of adoption.

Then Beelzebub, Satan's closest associate, arose, and after throwing some doubt on the practicability of Moloc's plan and deriding the cowardly attitude evinced by Belial and Mammon continued as follows:

"What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not)—another World, the happy seat
Of some new race, called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favoured more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power
And where their weakness: how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In His disturbance; when His darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss—
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." (344-78)

Then Milton observes:

Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. (378-86)

Thus, in these forty-three lines we have the trap plot of *Paradise Lost* fully set forth. Beelzebub's suggestion is adopted, and Satan sets out on his odyssey.

There has been much punning discussion of the question who is the hero of Milton's poem.¹³ Now if you mean by *hero* the most spectacular character at various points in the story, Satan is undoubtedly that character. But if you mean by *hero* the victim in the trap plot (cf. *Othello*), as I do here, Adam and Eve (i.e., the human race) constitute the hero. Satan is without question the person who sets the trap and is, therefore, the villain.

I think it is quite clear that Milton had in mind the whole human race as involved in the loss and regaining of Paradise and, therefore, from the technical point of view, as the hero of his poem. Thus, to cite only four pieces of evidence, Milton in *Paradise Lost* 1, lines 4-5, says "till one greater Man / Restore us, and regain the blissful seat." In *Paradise Lost* 1, lines 28-29, he asks: "what cause / Mov'd our grand parents," and in his comments on Beelzebub's speech, just quoted, Milton speaks of the plan "to confound the race / Of mankind in one root."¹⁴ Finally in the moving picture of man's restoration, of which Michael gives Adam and Eve a preview in Books 11 and 12, and Adam's reaction in 12, lines 375-85, 469 ff., and Michael's final injunction lines 571-605 we have further evidence.¹⁵

As indicated in Beelzebub's speech, it is his hope to induce God in a moment of passion to admit, by "abolishing" our whole creation, that he had made a mistake in creating man. So God might be called the theological victim of Satan. Milton has condensed into the character of Satan the subtlety of the serpent of Genesis 3 and all the motives ascribed to the Devil in earlier treatments—pride, ambition, envy, and desire for revenge.

It is only the offered¹⁶ intervention of the Son that saves Adam

¹³ It was not until after the American and French Revolutions that the rebel became respectable and Satan was proclaimed a hero.

¹⁴ Italics mine. Milton also speaks of *our* woe in *Paradise Lost* 1, line 3.

¹⁵ This evidence for concluding that the human race is the hero of *Paradise Lost* will, I think, take care of Dryden's conclusion that the poem as an epic or heroic poem was a failure. See Dryden, "Discourse Concerning Satire," in *Essays of John Dryden*, ed. W. P. Ker, II, 29. The nuclear incident in the *Iliad*, the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, is really petty. Both Homer and Milton show how a slight subject can be made great by associating other things with it.

Milton undoubtedly thought that his theme was superior to those of the classical epics (see *Paradise Lost* 9, lines 13-41) and that this would help him to soar above the Aonian Mount (see *Paradise Lost* 1, line 15). Perhaps he also thought the explicit clarity of his plot would aid him in this project.

¹⁶ It is rather significant of Milton's religious views at the time he was writing *Paradise Lost* that this offer of intervention is the only action that the Son engages in on his own initiative. All his other actions are directed by the Father.

and Eve from getting caught in the trap sprung by Satan. The Son in *Paradise Lost* thus has the role of Patroclus in the *Iliad*, the followers of Odysseus in the *Odyssey*, Dido and Turnus in the *Aeneid*.¹⁷

Voltaire derides Milton's Satan for not knowing that he could not overcome the Omnipotent. But I submit that Milton's Satan is a seventeenth-century¹⁸ Satan. The experimental method was coming into vogue in the seventeenth century: God had the reputation of being omnipotent; nobody before had tried to find out whether he was. Satan determined to find out and made many comments on the results of his experiment.

To come back to my title, the thing hitherto unattempted in the theme of the fall and restoration of man is to put the old story into a pattern derived from the ancient Greek and Latin epics. At the end of the seventeenth century there was much discussion¹⁹ of the question whether *Paradise Lost* was an epic. The nucleus of this question was the contention that all epics ended happily. The quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon was settled; Odysseus did arrive in Ithaca; Aeneas did achieve his destiny. Now, said these seventeenth-century critics, in *Paradise Lost* the ending is not happy.²⁰ Adam and Eve leave Paradise.

But these critics overlooked Milton's full statement of his subject²¹ and the fact that, like Odysseus in his interview with the dead (*Odyssey* 11) and Aeneas in his interview with Anchises (*Aeneid* 6), Adam and Eve *do* get a view of the restoration of man (*Paradise Lost* 10 and 11). The cycle is complete.

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¹⁷ It was Grace Eccles, in her M.A. thesis *The Role of Fate in Epic Poetry*, who first pointed out this parallel. See the MS in the University of Washington Library.

¹⁸ I cannot agree with the often expressed opinion that Milton had no interest in science. The statement is based on an interpretation of the lines in *Paradise Lost* 8, where Adam asks Raphael which is the correct astronomy. Since the relative merits of the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems were not settled until Newton published his *Principia* in 1687, the professional astronomers did not know in 1667. Milton was interested in astronomy but was not a professional astronomer. Raphael is a creation of Milton's; hence the angel directs Adam to spend his time on more important questions. Some teachers give the same answer to bright students who ask the teacher questions he cannot answer. I get aid and comfort in my view of Milton's interest in science from M. M. Mahood, *Poetry and Humanism* (New Haven, 1950), Chap. VI. See also Marjorie H. Nicolson, *The Breaking of the Circle* (Evanston, Ill., 1951).

¹⁹ Addison alludes to this discussion and declines to bring it to a conclusion in his remark at the beginning of his first *Spectator* paper on *Paradise Lost*. See A. S. Cook, *Addison's Criticisms on Paradise Lost* (New York, 1926), p. 1.

²⁰ Adam and Eve do not leave Paradise in despair; though chastened, they are hopeful. See A. O. Lovejoy, "Milton and the Paradox of the Fortunate Fall," in *Essays in the History of Ideas* (Baltimore, 1948), pp. 277-86; C. C. Green, "The Paradox of the Fall in *Paradise Lost*," *MLN*, LIII (1938), 557-71; the fifteenth-century English poem, *Adam lay abunden*.

²¹ Milton's *Paradise Regained* does not deal with the fact of man's restoration but with the method thereof.

A FORGOTTEN NOBLE SAVAGE, TSONNONTHOUAN

By JAMES R. FOSTER

A very unusual novel, the *Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of Tsonnonthouan*, appeared in 1763.¹ Its hero, a noble savage spiritually akin to Candide and the Shandys, is droll and pleasant, and its wit, although sometimes coarse, can still be appreciated. Its typically neo-classical satire is cast in the mold of the romantic primitivistic narrative. In no other English novel of the century do the Indian and his customs figure so conspicuously. Although not great, this work is truly original.

The attention paid to *Tsonnonthouan* by modern scholarship is not very flattering. Indeed, one will look in vain for mention of it in the text of any study of fiction. However, the title turns up a few times in footnotes or in various lists. One can find it in Chester Noyes Greenough's *Index of English Prose Fiction* and in the chronological table appended to Gilbert Chinard's *L'Amérique et le rêve exotique dans la littérature française au XVII^e et au XVIII^e siècle* (1913).² It is in a footnote in *The Art of Biography in Eighteenth Century England* (1941),³ where Donald A. Stauffer puts it among the imitations of *Gulliver's Travels* and *Chrysal: or, the Adventures of a Guinea*. Such a classification is as misleading as the note accompanying the title in Joseph Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana*, where *Tsonnonthouan* is called an imitation of *Tristram Shandy* and it is stated that the author's object was to parody Sterne, "especially his indecency."⁴

When *Tsonnonthouan* was published, it got the usual notices and at least two reviews in literary journals. The title, without comment, appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, XXXIII (1763), 259, as *Memoirs of the Life of Psonnonthouan, an Indian King*, and in the *London Magazine*, XXX (1763), 452, as *Memoirs of Tssonnonthouan*. In both notices the name of the title hero is misspelled. The *Monthly Review*, XXVIII (1763), 492-93, however, not only got the title right but printed a review, although not a very long or favorable one. The critic thought that there was more humor than decency or probability in the novel. Believing that the *Monthly* readers would not thank him for "enlarging on such an article," he limited his remarks. It seemed to him that this novelist was not only indelicate but some-

¹ *Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of Tsonnonthouan, a King of the Indian Nation called Roundheads. Extracted from Original Papers and Archives.* London. Printed for the Editor: And Sold by J. Knox, at the Three Poets, in the Strand. 1763. 2 v. Some years later (probably 1781) there was a re-issue with J. Knox's name removed from the title page.

² The title given here is that of the French abstract of *Tsonnonthouan* which appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans* in 1778.

³ Pp. 87-88, n. 32.

⁴ Sabin lists also the French translation of *Tsonnonthouan* made in 1787 and printed at Basel. There is a copy of this translation in the New York Public Library.

times even blasphemous, or almost so. And as for the "poor untutored Indian" and his futile search for a reliable manitou, "he ought rather to excite sensations of pity and compassion than those of ridicule and laughter."

However, in the reviewer for the *Critical* our author found a kindred spirit, a scribe with a particular relish for burlesque, rough humor, and reckless satire who gave the book flattering attention in a generous ten-page article.⁵ "The design," he declared, "is altogether *sui generis*, suitable to the wildness of the scene, which is laid among the woods and lakes of America; and the execution of it has an air of extravagance, which seems extremely well adapted to the devious nature of the plan."⁶ And he pointed out that the name of the hero, the "sweet-tempered" Tsonnonthouan who "took raillery in good part," was not the invention of the author but the name the French gave to an Iroquois tribe.⁷ In his opinion this novel was superior to "those flimsy productions which appear every day, under the name of adventures, memoirs, or romances, a sorry imitation of some successful pattern, supported by borrowed features, and pilfered scenes." The style, although seemingly formed on the "grave, solemn manner of Cervantes,"⁸ was enlivened by the "keen satirical strictures which distinguish the works of Swift." Unfortunately the novel was not free from "those Saletés, or filthy circumstances, in which the Dean but too much indulged his imagination," and the "poignant satire of divines and physicians" was sauced with too much obscenity. So the reviewer, believing that our author had carried his satire of religion to excessive lengths and should have realized that the miracles were too sacred for ridicule, sided with "the noble author who has so satisfactorily ascertained the miraculous conversion of St. Paul"⁹ and the clergymen who "undertook to refute Dr. Middleton's attack on the power of working miracles after the times of the apostles, particularly the learned bishop of Gloucester, who, in his celebrated *Julian*, has proved, that when the apostate attempted to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, on purpose to falsify an express prophecy, his works and his workmen were destroyed by fiery eruptions from the bowels of the earth."¹⁰

On the debit side also, in the opinion of the reviewer, were the

⁵ *Critical Review*, XV (1763), 378-88.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 378.

⁷ Lafitau, Charlevoix, etc., called the Senecas the Tsonnonthouans. The reviewer knew Charlevoix's *Journal of a Voyage to North America* surprisingly well. See p. 385 of his article where he points out that Charlevoix had explained the "game of the platter," an Indian dice game mentioned in *Tsonnonthouan*.

⁸ The reviewer admired Tsonnonthouan's vision of the land of souls and remarked on its resemblance to the vision of Don Quixote in the Cavern of Montesinos and the episode of Clavileno.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 382. The writer referred to is George Lord Lyttelton, whose letters on the conversion and apostleship of St. Paul are given ironic praise in *Tsonnonthouan*, where they are classified with the writings of the quack and polygraph, Dr. John Hill.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 381-82.

thinness of some of the incidents in the novel and a few oversights in the language, which, however, was "generally pure and animated." Yet in spite of these faults he considered the author spirited, humorous, and original. Indeed, he wrote like a philosopher and scholar, and *Tsonnonthouan* was "one of the best executed modern romances" the reviewer had ever seen.¹¹ However, as to a sequel to it, he could not wish the author success because of the dangerous tendency of the work.

In 1778, when next we catch sight of *Tsonnonthouan*, it had crossed the Channel. A condensed and chastened French version of it appeared that year in the *Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans* (August-September, 1778, pp. 7-68). Evidently a considerable amount of French curiosity had in some way been generated. The editor (or editors) responsible for the sixty-one page abstract was clearly interested, and he expressed regret that no French translation of the novel had been made. In his opinion its oddness and its bizarre ideas and style made it well worth translating. However, he was very careful to take the necessary apologetic and submissive attitude toward the Sorbonne. Washing his hands of any "dangerous" ideas which might have escaped the eye of the expurgator, he declared that he regarded the novel as a demonstration of the wanton straying of the human mind and as evidence of what the freedom of the press made English authors dare to write.

He thought that to avoid shocking the sensitive feelings of the French, *Tsonnonthouan* needed careful pruning, for—like its apparent model, *Tristram Shandy*¹²—it spared neither religion, customs, nor governments. Therefore, the "translator" preserved only enough of the original to enable the reader to get an idea of the nature of the work. Under the conditions the abstract could hardly have been anything but a sorry affair. As one might expect, the "translator" was not too consistent. Although he described in detail the spicy intrigues of the black-robe priest with the squaws, he was careful to omit or modify anything which might offend French lawyers, doctors, or clergymen. And he added some satirical remarks about the English. Yet in spite of all this, the abstract does convey some idea of the original.

Having noticed the passage in the abstract expressing the editor's regret that no French translation of *Tsonnonthouan* had been made, an unknown writer decided to make one. He saw that if he published the book in Basel, he could safely defy the Sorbonne and provide a text much more faithful to the original than the abridgment. He

¹¹ *Critical Review*, XV (1763), 388.

¹² The editor exaggerates the similarity between *Tsonnonthouan* and *Tristram Shandy*. These novels are much more alike in spirit than in form. Our author tells most of his story in straightforward fashion and does not imitate Sterne's blank pages, asterisks, etc., at all. Yet he borrowed ideas from *Tristram Shandy* and obviously counted on profiting by having his novel associated with it.

wrote in his preface that he would not try to justify English license but wished to point out that standards on the two sides of the Channel differed. "En France on peut tout dire, pourvu que les oreilles ne soient point blessées, à Londres, on ne sépare pas les mots de l'idée." To revise the book to suit the French taste yet not reduce the "vigor" of the original was his aim. "Ce livre," he declared, "a eu de la vogue, et en réalité, il s'y trouve des choses très-plaisantes."¹³

His translation is fairly close.¹⁴ The humorous, the risqué, the malicious, and the ironic he rendered with verve and gusto, frequently hitting upon a very happy French phrasing of the English expression. Here for once was a person who wrote in French and who was not afraid to use the plain or rough word instead of the genteelism. For example, he wrote "pousse-cul" instead of "archer" for the English "catchpole." And getting thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, he added some personal references of his own.¹⁵

Whoever the author of *Tsonnonthouan* was, he was certainly not a person disposed to maintain existing institutions and views.¹⁶ His novel is such as might have been written by a confrere of the Medmenham fraternity or some other cynical son of the eighteenth century. He was an admirer of Voltaire's *Candide* (1759) and was familiar with books on North American Indians, especially Lahontan's *Voyages* (1703), Lafitau's *Mœurs des Sauvages Américains* (1724), the *Avantures du Sieur C. Le Beau* (1738), and Charlevoix's *Histoire*

¹³ The title runs: *Mémoires, Vie et Aventures de Tsonnonthouan, Roi d'une nation Indienne, Appellée les Têtes Rondes: & traduits librement de l'Anglois* . . . De l'Imprimerie de Jérémie Witel, Imprimeurs-Librarie, aux Verrières-Suisses, 1787. A Basle, chez Jean-Jacques Flick, Libraire. 2 v. in 1. The quotation is from the preface, pp. xi-xii.

¹⁴ To avoid "prolixity" he shortened the novel about one-fourth. He was honest enough to inform the reader when he cut out certain passages, as, for example, those which treated some of the sacraments irreverently in the account of our Chief's conversion to Catholicism. As if to make up for what he had excised, he added some naughty verses which mocked the Jesuits. See II, 130, footnote.

¹⁵ E.g., in Chap. IX he named "Nitchron" and "Tuvobra" as doctors who gave "cruel" remedies to their best friends. These names are anagrams for the famous Dr. Théodore Tronchin (1709-81) of Geneva and the noted Dr. Michel-Philippe Bouvart (1707-87) of Paris. The latter was said to have treated his patients roughly, and he quarreled with Dr. Tronchin, who was the friend of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other famous people, and whose epitaph was written by Diderot.

¹⁶ I have not been able to identify the author. In the novel he calls himself Dr. Benjamin B**. He becomes a trusted friend of Tsonnonthouan, mends his broken leg, and afterwards corresponds with him. In respect to ideas and attitudes our author and Charles Johnstone are almost enough alike to be one and the same person, but none of the latter's narratives are like *Tsonnonthouan* in structure. In *The Reverie; or, A Flight to the Paradise of Fools* (1762), I, 216, Johnstone uses "juggler" to mean clergyman (its meaning in *Tsonnonthouan*), and the account of Sir William Johnson and his happy Indians in *Chrysal* is somewhat in the *Tsonnonthouan* vein. But it will take much more than this to prove Johnstone the author of *Tsonnonthouan*.

et description générale de la Nouvelle-France (1744).¹⁷ To these books the author was indebted for all the American local color and Indian lore. From them he drew many a situation or suggestion and the main traits of his Indian hero.

He made his Chief, although definitely not a person who would hold fast to an idea or belief no matter what happened, resemble *Candide* in respect to ingenuousness, frankness, and sincerity. And both characters possessed a lively curiosity and were doomed to experience almost continual disappointment and frustration.¹⁸ However, the dominant traits of our Chief were inherited from the thoughtful Indian Antoine in Lebeau's *Avantures*¹⁹ and Andario, the philosophical Huron in *Dialogues de M. le baron de La Hontan et d'un sauvage de l'Amérique*, for Tsonnonthouan was first of all a noble savage. While not exactly a paragon of virtue, he contrasted sharply with such Europeans as the vile English trader, Diggory Bunce, and the black-robe missionary, Pego. Our Chief was a brave and loyal companion, and, in a fashion, a philosopher. In fact, he was a pragmatist, for whenever a manitou or creed failed him, he straightway gave it up. Theological absurdity and inconsistency troubled him not at all, and if his current manitou did not bring favorable results, he cast it away and got another.

And a third line of descent can be traced to the Shandys. For the fondest dream of Walter Shandy—that Tristram's soul might "just act as she liked" because it had escaped being harmed by the compression accompanying birth—was fulfilled in Tsonnonthouan, whose head was as round as a schoolboy's agate. As the shape of his cranium²⁰ made it easy for him to learn, he became a wonderful although rather eccentric genius.²¹ But the most striking consequence of his cranial peculiarity was his volatility. As all ideas struck his round skull at

¹⁷ The version of Charlevoix our author knew best was the translation entitled *Journal of a Voyage to North-America . . . in a Series of Letters to the Duchess of Lesdiguières* and published by R. and J. Dodsley in 1761.

¹⁸ Our author imitated the Voltairean *conte philosophique*. The connection with *Candide* lends credence to our author's allegation, voiced in his preface, that he had begun his novel before *Tristram Shandy* was published. Therefore, he argued, his narrative could not fairly be called merely an imitation of Sterne. He mixed his praise of Sterne with censure. In his opinion Sterne's wit was true, his fancy original, and his style pure and elegant, but "personal affectation, an irksome ostentation, and often an impotent straining at wit" spoiled the effect. Preface, p. xiii.

¹⁹ Our author borrowed freely from the *Avantures*, where he found accounts of the killing of a bear, a competition in dreams, a Jesuit missionary, a French surgeon who advised the amputation of Antoine's leg, a bad medicine man, and the seal on the hero's law certificate. The Indians regarded this seal as a powerful manitou. All of this our author made use of, and he owed Charlevoix an even greater debt.

²⁰ The author found in Lafitau and Charlevoix that there actually was a tribe of Indians living in the Province of Quebec called the Roundheads or *Têtes de Boule*. These Indians considered a perfectly round head beautiful and molded the heads of their papooses to that form.

²¹ Often the author's praise of his hero's virtues smacks of the kind of irony so prominent in *Jonathan Wild*.

the same angle, no single idea made a deeper or more lasting impression than the others. Therefore it was perfectly natural for him to give up confidence in one belief or divinized object and put his trust in another. His frequent tergiversations troubled him not at all, but the terrible day on which he had to do without a manitou did, for he always had to have a religion of some kind.

Of course, this need had no more to do with the shape of his head than did his genial and unperturbable temper, or his wit. Like Walter Shandy, he was often called upon to play a comic part. Indeed, his drollery made the other noble savages of fiction appear to be humorless, sermonizing prigs, who saw everything as all black or all white and persisted in praising anything primitive and censuring anything European. But were there not spiritual and medical quacks among the primitives just as in civilized society, and did not Indian "jugglers" exploit their fellows just as did their more sophisticated counterparts? Our author thought so and believed a comparison of the customs and practices of savage and so-called civilized society would prove both enlightening and entertaining. And he knew full well that any such comparison would show the latter in a more inglorious light than the former.

His plan was to follow Tsonnonthouan through the most significant and amusing scenes of his life, and in particular to describe his many manitous and religions. He successively worshiped a bear's paw, a brandy bottle, a *nerf de taureau*, a beaver's tail, a buffalo's hide, and a red rag. After giving up his native religion, he became a Catholic and then a Presbyterian. In the sequel—which was never written—he was to become in turn a Cacatorian, a Merry Dancer, a Jew, a mutilator, a Methodist, a Quaker, a sort of Brahmin or Pythagorean, and a Sartorian or atheist. On a visit to England—the reader is given only a glimpse of this—he offended the Anglican bishops, who sent him to the pillory and made him beat hemp in Bridewell. And after experiencing the satisfactions and disillusionments incident to each of these credos, he was to return to his native religion, because, as he said, every wise man ought to do so.

While Tristram's very hour of being begotten was named, the date of Tsonnonthouan's birth was not known. But by using the methods of judicial astrology in reverse, that is, by reasoning from the character and acts of the Chief back to the aspect of the stars on his birthday, the author hoped to arrive at an approximate date—and make fun of astrology in so doing. He thought that the majority of intelligent people were opposed to judicial astrology, witchcraft, and the like, although recently certain people at Tring in Herefordshire had murdered a man and woman accused of practicing witchcraft. Other superstitious persons believed a woman could breed rabbits and a corpse knock on its coffin.²² Indeed, supposedly educated men, such as John

²² Of course, a reference to Mrs. Tofts. The Cock Lane Ghost mystery was discovered to be a hoax the year before this novel was published.

Hutchinson and the Reverend Mr. Romaine,²³ former professor of astronomy in Gresham College, repudiated the Newtonian philosophy and established Moses as their scientific authority.

The little Tsonnonthouan was weaned at three, and dreaming of a bear's paw, took it as his first manitou. He grew up fine and strong, was spoiled by overindulgent parents, as was the way of Indians, and learned the languages of the Spaniards, English, and French with whom he traded. As he had read Richardson's novels, he was dead set against a loveless marriage and persuaded his parents to permit him to choose his wife. Having saved the fair maid Sasteratsi from a bear—the beast would undoubtedly have killed him had it not breathed its lungs full of brandy from a bottle which our Chief had thrust into its mouth—he fell in love at first sight.²⁴ Attributing his victory over the bear to the brandy bottle, he took it for his manitou and discarded the bear's paw. A sickness which was really caused by consuming too much bear broth was diagnosed by an Indian doctor as due to neglecting to place a lighted pipe in the bear's mouth, blow smoke into his windpipe, and beg his spirit for forgiveness. Here the author declared that such an idea was obviously absurd, but he was certain that European doctors made diagnoses just as foolish.

The joy which came from the Chief's learning that his love for Sasteratsi was reciprocated cured him. The marriage day was set and the traditional ceremonies performed. Some of these were curious, to say the least. The groom's part was outrageous, and the bride's maidenly modesty was severely shocked more than once.²⁵ And to top these shameless rites there was the embarrassment of having to submit the next morning to the examination conducted by the visiting committee of "jugglers."²⁶

The brandy bottle had failed. Having dreamed on a following night of a new manitou, Tsonnonthouan assembled some Catawba warriors

²³ John Hutchinson contended that the Hebrew Scriptures, if read without points, would confirm his wild theories. The Rev. William Romaine edited a Hebrew concordance, was influenced by Whitefield, and became a popular preacher.

²⁴ It was on this occasion that the cowardly Diggory Bunce, a scoundrel deported from England, failed to help his Indian companion. Many of the views the author opposed were entertained by Bunce; e.g., that there was a great difference between French "jugglers" (priests) and Indian medicine men, and that Garrick's acting was good. Bunce sold brandy to the Indians and treated them vilely.

²⁵ Some Eskimo tribes are said to have practiced rites similar to some of those described here, but none like them are to be found in Lafitau or Charlevoix.

²⁶ By confessing to the "jugglers" that the irregularity they noted was entirely due to his being attacked by a fit of impotence, our Chief saved Sasteratsi from being tomahawked for not being a virgin when she married.

Such an examination was not an Indian custom at all but is similar to one still practiced in Poland and elsewhere by Jews and said to be authorized by a passage in the *Talmud*. According to the reviewer in the *Critical*, although the account of this inspection was shocking to the delicate reader, it contained some "shrewd observations" and "sly hints of censure" upon religious persecution, "the presumption of art, and the folly and madness of even the most respected institutions."

and went in search of a *nerf de taureau*. In Pennsylvania they killed the bull of a Quaker named Ezekiel Soady, who, although opposed to armed conflict in theory, blamed the innocent Chickasaws for the loss of the bull and was the cause of the deaths of most of this tribe and the scalping of many a white person, among them his own wife. The magic of the new manitou proved effective. When in due time a boy baby was born to the pair, Tsonnonthouan lay down on a mat and groaned along with his wife. And for a month he was fed on dainties, plied with brandy, and entertained by callers, while his wife went about her duties as usual. Certainly the male's role in the couvade seems ridiculous, but according to the author, this custom made just as much sense as many a European one which was highly regarded simply because it was hoary with age.²⁷

Another Indian custom was for husbands and wives to remain apart during the three-year nursing period—a custom Father Charlevoix²⁸ would have whole-heartedly approved had not the braves fallen into the habit of using this time to take mistresses and the squaws to take gallants. Although Sasteratsi, while nursing her papoose, carried on a love affair with the lusty Reverend Doctor Chickamichabou, her spouse was perfectly faithful to her and spent the time on hunting expeditions.

Not one of his manitous lasted very long. After he had discarded his *nerf de taureau*, he threw his beaver skin overboard with the manitous of his companions to appease the god of the waters who had raised a great storm on Lake Michigan. His next manitou, the horns and hide of a buffalo, instead of helping him, got him into serious trouble. A herd of bison, taking him for a buffalo cow—for he was draped in his manitou—chased him up a tree. As he had an exaggerated idea of the power of his magic skin, he called upon it to convey him through the air to his camp on the lake shore, a distance of about three miles. Throwing himself from the tree in a flying posture, he fell to the ground and was knocked senseless. But it seemed to him that he sailed off through space, danced with the Pleiades, and visited the Country of Souls where he saw the spirits of the departed, among them those of his father, the bear killed by brandy, Quaker Soady's bull, and the Chickasaws slain in Pennsylvania. When he recovered his senses, he found his companions gathered around him. As they had carried him from where he had fallen back to camp, they were not impressed by his account of his celestial flight.²⁹ But he was de-

²⁷ The couvade as practiced by South American Indians is described by Lafitau in his *Mœurs des Sauvages Américains* (1724), I, 256 ff., where our author must have found it. Lafitau, who regarded the couvade as penance for original sin, did not know whether this custom was practiced by the North American Indians or not.

²⁸ See Charlevoix, *Journal of a Voyage to North-America*, ed. 1761, II, 55. Our author follows Charlevoix very closely here.

²⁹ The episodes of the Magic Bark, Wooden Horse, and Cavern of Montesinos from *Don Quixote* were levied upon for this episode.

terminated to demonstrate his ability to fly. However, his wretched manitou failed him a second time, and he nearly drowned in the lake. On a third attempt he leaped from a precipice and broke a leg.³⁰ This accident made him discard the old and choose a new manitou, a red rag torn from the seat of a British soldier's trousers.

The author, Dr. Benjamin B**, applied an eighteen-tailed bandage to Tsonnonthouan's leg and mended it. Attributing the cure to his red rag, the Chief not only flatly refused to pay the surgeon's fee, which he regarded as a rank imposition, but also made caustic comments when the author tried to impress him by describing the legal machinery which a surgeon or any other person in England could set in motion to force payment of a debt or fee. The author, who was inclined to suspect the Chief's motives, soon found that they were above suspicion, for after pretending to believe that the red rag had effected the cure and asking only for the cost of the brandy he had supplied the Chief during his recovery, a very liberal payment was cheerfully made, and both parted great friends.

In a letter to the author Tsonnonthouan disclosed that on returning home after his three-year absence, he found Sasteratsi expecting to become a mother again soon. She had not only been unfaithful but had also disregarded her husband's injunction to mold the head of their papoose and make it round. So, like Walter Shandy, he was disappointed in his offspring. And as it was the Indian custom not to resort to violence against the lover of one's wife, our Chief, like many a European husband, had to bear his horns resignedly. Furthermore, he had to father a child which was not his.

He had been invited to come to the canton of the Stinkard Indians to try the efficacy of his red rag on an ailing squaw named Cohechoky. With him he took an almost diabolically clever dog which his rival Chickamichabou had given him. This animal knew a hundred tricks, his best one being to feign death and on a signal to come to life again. His former owner had no further need of a dog, as he had decided to quit the profession of "juggling," which, in his opinion, had fallen on evil days. The decline of "juggling," he thought, was caused by "jugglers" who had gone on showing their legerdemain tricks when no one any longer believed in their spiritual nature.³¹

³⁰ The flying episodes were intended to satirize miracles, especially the supposed feats of such flying saints as Joseph of Copertino, whose miraculous volitations caused him to be canonized in 1753, just ten years before our novel was published. For an interesting account of Joseph of Copertino see Norman Douglas' *Old Calabria* (1931), Chap X. Douglas suspects "that some people will be inclined to detect the hand of Providence in the ordering of the event [i.e., the canonization of Joseph of Copertino], as a challenge to Voltaire, who was just then disquieting Europe with certain doctrines of a pernicious nature."

Our author declared the Protestants now allowed that miracles had ceased but did not agree on the exact date of their ending. Dr. Middleton, he wrote, claimed they ceased with the Apostles, but Dr. Warburton, "that great Colossus of human literature," in *Julian* fixed on the end of the first century as the time.

³¹ Although the author pretended to believe European clergymen and Indian "jugglers" quite different, he really thought the opposite. In fact, he explicitly

At this point the story is held up by a chapter entitled "Of the Indian Idiom of Speech" wherein the assumption that in the Indian language word and idea always match, while they seldom do in English, is made to serve as justification for applying harsh, crude, and often contemptuous terms to lawyers, clergymen, doctors, and matters pertaining to their professions. Thus the Indian term for the "king's friend, favorite, or prime minister" was "most illustrious pimp or most excellent pander." For "surgeon" it was "quack" or "manslayer." A clergyman was a "juggler" and his sermon "juggling talk."³² The English King was the "mute chief" and Parliament the "speaking chiefs." "Law" in Indian was "the art of proving that black is white and bad is good"; "government" was "a happy conspiracy used to subjugate society." Literal translations of Indian terms such as these just cited were easy to make, but there were others whose meanings were so intensified and contemptuous that the author did not care to give English renditions of them. Some examples were "Kitchi-Mackona-Oussin-Bobilouchin" for George III, "Papakiouian-Onatsadibi-Peccabogo" for the English nobility, and "Agankitchi-Zammaknout-Chimon-Packilaque" for the members of Parliament.³³

The episode of the sick squaw Cohechoky is chiefly a vehicle for satire of doctors and medical practices, English as well as Indian. After ample opportunity had been given for the medicine men to exhibit their quackery in all its craftiness and ineffectiveness, the patient died, and Tsonnonthouan threw away his red rag. At that time a French Jesuit named Pego was trying to convert the Stinkards. Perhaps he would have succeeded had not the effect of his harangues been destroyed by our Chief's showing that his dog could perform tricks as marvelous as the wonders cited by the black-robe priest. The dog's best trick so impressed his audience that Pego gave up in disgust.³⁴ It

declared that "jugglers" in general were "a strange set . . . who wanted people, under the severest penalties, to repose an implicit faith in all their juggling and leger-de-main tricks; and, at the same time constantly suspected juggling and leger-de-main in others" (I, 123). See II, 58, for an ironic defense of Anglicanism and a feigned attack on deists and other liberals.

³² The Chief declared that he admired the "juggling talk" (i.e., the Sermon on Conscience) of Yorick, "the buffoon or harlequin juggler."

³³ Compare with the remarks on language in *Chrysal: or, the Adventures of a Guinea*, ed. 1797, I, 213-15. The author of our novel supposes that his Chief had lived abroad and taken part in great affairs before he supplied the data for this chapter. In consequence he was well equipped to compare European and Indian mores. Here he was much more the usual noble savage of fiction than the buffoon of the rest of the novel. And his comment was trenchant. Some typical opinions follow. Lawyers were cruel, cunning, unscrupulous plotters who could ruin an innocent man as certainly and infallibly "in this country [England] of liberty, as it is called, as under a Turkish despotism, there being only a little more fuss and trouble about it" (II, 88). The hereditary caste of English warriors cared little about a real education, the principal objects of their studies being clothes, gambling, dancing, theaters, horse racing, and the seduction of girls.

³⁴ The author noted that one of Pego's illustrations, the miracle of the leg which grew back on the stump when anointed with holy oil, came from Cardinal de Retz's *Memoirs*.

had made a bad impression when Pego refused to prove the supremacy of his manitou—for such the Indians took his crucifix to be—by playing the “game of the platter,” but now, his red rag discredited, Tsonnonthouan needed something to take its place, and he embraced the Jesuit’s religion. Some of the black-robe missionary’s doctrines, such as the one teaching that the end justifies the means, shocked the neophyte, but others pleased him. Although he obstinately refused Pego’s requests to kill his trained dog and forbear worshiping his crucifix as a manitou, he agreed to pander for him. So with the Chief’s aid, Pego made love to the squaws. However, once he was caught in *flagrante delicto* and thrashed so severely that he beat a retreat from the canton of the Stinkards.

After reaching a nearby tribe which was friendly to the French, Pego turned his convert against the English by accusing them of crimes against the Church. The Chief believed him and led an expedition against the English colonies. He was a great leader, but disheartening dreams and a terrifying storm which blew down the branches of a tree on which their manitous had been hung, made his warriors desert him. Even though he was all alone, he marched along undaunted until he reached New England. Having fallen into a drunken sleep near a college where Presbyterian divinity was taught, he was surprised, disarmed, and carried to the house of Parson Tribulation T’other-world, who in a few days persuaded him to accept Presbyterianism as his faith.

So ends *Tsonnonthouan*. Not half of the whole plan was completed. Apparently the reception given the book convinced the author that any more would be too much.

It is quite possible that the critic who recorded his appreciation of *Tsonnonthouan* in the *Critical Review* was Tobias Smollett. In respect to style and tone the article is very similar to other reviews known to be Smollett’s, and the ideas and opinions it expresses are about what one might expect from his pen. In respect to time, he could have written the article, for the novel was published toward the end of April, 1763, about six weeks before he crossed the Channel to Boulogne on his trip abroad,⁸⁵ and the article appeared in the May *Critical*, which was published June 4-7. But whether he wrote the review or not, it seems likely that he had read *Tsonnonthouan*. Its rough and unrestrained satire is akin to that which appears in his *History and Adventures of an Atom* (1769). It is known that for ideas about names and the shifting meanings of words for use in this work Smollett levied upon a passage in Johnstone’s *Chrysal* (ed. 1797, I, 213-15), and it is very probable that the chapter in *Tsonnonthouan* entitled “Of the Indian Idiom of Speech” also afforded hints. Then too it will be

⁸⁵ See *London Chronicle*, XIII (1763), 411, April 28-30, where *Tsonnonthouan* was listed as “published this day.” The same notice was printed again, *ibid.*, p. 424.

noticed that in Lismahago's account of his life with the Indians⁸⁶ the satire cuts two ways, just as it does in *Tsonnonthouan*. Smollett was willing to suppose that Indians had some virtues, especially if he could set them over against European vices. He has Lismahago describe the Indians as unspeakably cruel and the wedding array of his bride as barbarous and preposterous but declare that the savages were not luxury-loving weaklings like some of the English. As this original put it, the Indians "were too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate."⁸⁷ These simple children of nature had never heard of the alliance between church and state. The inability of the visiting French missionaries to explain or authenticate their sacred mysteries and miracles not only nullified the effect of their sermons but caused the Indians to be "shocked at the impiety of their presumption."⁸⁸ In this passage there are a few other details which strengthen the supposition that Smollett was acquainted with our novel. For instance, it is possible that the surfeit of bear's broth which made our Chief sick became the surfeit of raw bear's flesh that laid Squinkinacoosta low. And one reads that at her wedding this squaw was not so befuddled with dram drinking but "that she was able to play the 'game of the platter' with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening."⁸⁹

The plan of *Tsonnonthouan* is ingenious, and the humor of many of its situations is undeniable. The author's happiest invention and greatest achievement, however, was the characterization of his Chief. Readers with a taste for burlesque and rough satire must have found in him much to please them, but doubtless the romantic primitivists thought that the crossbreeding with the *Candide* and *Shandy* strains had produced a clownish hybrid rather than a true noble savage. And certainly there was little to give them pleasure in the realistic descriptions of the Indian "jugglers" or the Chief's brandy-drinking companions and their unchaste squaws. Our author passed by the poetic and idealistic sides of Indian life because his object was to write farce and satire. Although his novel is but second-rate, it is too valuable to be completely forgotten. It is an interesting comment on its day, particularly on the theological fickleness of many of the sons of the eighteenth century. Figuratively speaking, there were more *Têtes de Boule* in France and England in the Age of Reason than ever roved the Province of Quebec.

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⁸⁶ *Humphry Clinker* (1771), Jerry Melford's letter of July 13.

⁸⁷ *Smollett's Works*, ed. 1824, XI, 265.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 266-67. It will be remembered that these priests threw the whole community into confusion by persisting in "saying mass, in preaching, in baptizing, and squabbling with the conjurers, or priests of the country."

⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 263. Of course, Smollett could have taken the "game of the platter" from the translation of Charlevoix's *Journal*.

LANDOR'S AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

By R. H. SUPER

There are doubtless a number of ways in which one can estimate the reputation of a writer with his contemporaries. There are, of course, the judgments of his peers—those literary men of his own day who have expressed themselves either in letters or in published works. When one thinks of such literary judgments of Walter Savage Landor by Americans during his lifetime, one recalls the frequent enthusiastic references to him in Emerson's *Journals*, Emerson's pilgrimage to see him at Florence in 1833, and his article on Landor in *The Dial* of October, 1841; one may know of Lowell's visit to Landor at Bath in 1852 and of his review of Landor's collected works in the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* of December, 1848; the present paper will have something to say of the admiration of N. P. Willis; and there is not much more. Perhaps we should add a curious and apparently fruitless proposal of Bayard Taylor early in 1856 that "some dozen of us American authors should unite and send a testimonial to old Savage Landor." Longfellow, James T. Fields, and George William Curtis (Taylor reports in a letter asking George H. Boker to join in the scheme) were all delighted with the idea, and Longfellow "suggested that we should have a copy of Ariosto's inkstand made in massive silver," at a cost of about \$150.¹ The gentlemen were doubtless unaware of John Hookham Frere's fine burlesque poem recommending the translation of Landor's inkstand into the constellation "Inkstandium Landorianum," but so far as I know the plan came to nothing.

A second criterion of a writer's popularity is, of course, the verdict of the reviews his book received. The work of excavation requires great patience and industry, and the fruits of a search in the old periodicals can be very interesting, but are hardly to be taken at their face value. The naïve scholar who places reliance on modern book reviews may at least learn a cautious doubt about those of the last century from Professor William Charvat's fascinating article, "James T. Fields and the Beginnings of Book Promotion," in *Huntington Library Quarterly* for November, 1944. Fields, as will shortly become apparent, is one of the principal characters of the present study.

If one searches the American reviews of the last century for articles on Landor, however, one finds a general neglect, offset notably only by the articles of Emerson and Lowell already alluded to. Apart from the American editions of British reviews, and those eclectic journals which culled their reprints from the London and Edinburgh periodicals, there appeared in this country hardly a notice of any book of

¹ Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E. Scudder, ed., *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, 2nd ed. (Boston, 1885), I, 313.

Landor's published in England; even the collected works of 1846 scarcely attracted attention. And of the few of Landor's works published in this country, the notices pretty well justify the conclusion that they were rather publicity notes than critical reviews. Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, for example, welcomed the reprint of *Pericles and Aspasia* by their fellow-townsmen Carey and Hart (Philadelphia) with a grandiloquent article in praise of the great Pericles and of the immortal Aspasia, quarreled mildly with Landor's pedantry and orthography (the preterite "redd" for "read," and others like "stept" for "stepped"), and concluded: "Messrs. Carey and Hart deserve the encouragement of the reading public, in the production of this superior emanation of a master mind. The mechanical execution of the work may vie with the best specimens of book making from the London press."² That of a book in which the proofreading was so egregiously bad that it is a mercy Landor never saw a copy!

More significant than either of these kinds of evidence, I think, is the story of the actual publication of Landor's works in this country during his lifetime. In the nineteenth century, American publishers had no deterrent in the copyright laws from reprinting British works, and might have reprinted Landor as they pleased, whether he liked it or not. Yet so far as I know, the only American printings of Landor's works while he was alive were the *Pericles and Aspasia* already referred to (Philadelphia, 1839), and two by Ticknor and Fields of Boston (*Poetry: British and Foreign* in 1851 and *G. S. Hillard's Selections* from Landor in 1856). And this paucity is the more significant in that it occurred in the face of Landor's strenuous efforts to reach an American public he valued highly. To be sure, Landor was never happy in his dealings with publishers; he was really successful only when he could find some friend more skilled in the business to act as his agent, so that the story I am about to tell is not very unlike the story of his relations with British publishers except in the degree of his failure in this country.³

He made his first attempt to find an American publisher in 1834, after five years of vain search for a British publisher for a sixth volume of *Imaginary Conversations* (volumes 4 and 5 had been published in 1829). Landor's relations with Americans were always cordial. Born in the year of the Battle of Lexington, he had from childhood admired Washington and the American independence movement; one of the chief objections to the publication of his *Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox* by John Murray in 1812 had been its dedication to President

² *Gentleman's Magazine*, IV (May, 1839), 305-306. I am largely indebted to an unpublished dissertation by Dr. Karl Graham Pfeiffer (*Periodical Criticism of Walter Savage Landor by His English and American Contemporaries*, University of North Carolina, 1939) for my knowledge of American reviews of Landor's works.

³ I have treated at length of Landor's relations with his British publishers in a monograph which will shortly be published by The Bibliographical Society in London.

Madison. In the cosmopolitan foreign colony in Florence, where he lived from 1821, there were a number of Americans, and as Landon's fame increased with the publication of the *Imaginary Conversations*, travelers from this country began to make him an object of pilgrimages. One such traveler, Ralph Waldo Emerson, journeyed to Europe principally to see Landon, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, and by the circumstances of his itinerary Landon was the first he called on, in May, 1833. With some reservations, the men were pleased with each other, and Landon received a presentation copy of Emerson's first important book, *Nature*, three years later.

It was a less distinguished American, however, to whom Landon entrusted the *Conversations* for publication in this country. Introduced, like Emerson, by the American sculptor Horatio Greenough, Nathaniel Parker Willis, the New York journalist and poet, called on Landon in Florence in May, 1834.⁴ Landon received Willis cordially and was apparently much taken with his enthusiasm and frank admiration. He supplied him with letters of introduction to Lady Blessington and Crabb Robinson in London (with the request that the latter introduce Willis to Charles Lamb), and thus became the instrument by which a good many London drawing-room doors were opened to Willis and to his American newspaper public. For Willis was making more than intellectual capital out of his interviews with the European great: he was dispatching regular letters to a newspaper back home in which his accounts of the British lions were far too frank for their own taste. Landon also sent the manuscript of his *Examination of Shakspeare* to Lady Blessington by Willis' hand; through her instrumentality it was published by Saunders and Otley in London, and Willis, riding on the crest of the same wave, had a volume of his own poems published by that firm. To Landon he wrote, on January 23, 1835:

Lady B. is so fortunate as to be your best medium to the publishers, but I have offered to read your proofs for her, and should be too proud to make myself useful by any secondary efforts in your service.⁵

So far all was well, but Willis had taken with him more than the *Examination*. In an appendix to *Pericles and Aspasia* in 1836, Landon told the story thus:

An American traveller passed through Tuscany, and favored me with a visit at my country seat. He expressed a wish to reprint in America a large selection of my *Imaginary Conversations*, omitting the political. He assured me they were the most *thumbed* books on his table. With a smile at so energetick an expression of perhaps an undesirable distinction, I offered him unreservedly and unconditionally my only copy of the five printed volumes, interlined and inter-leaved in most places, which I had employed several years in improving and enlarging, together with my manuscript of the sixth, unpublished. He wrote to

⁴ Henry A. Beers, *Nathaniel Parker Willis* (Boston, 1885), p. 131.

⁵ MS in the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, Cat. No. 631.

me on his arrival in England, telling me that they were already on their voyage to their destination. Again he wrote, informing me that a friend, a nameless one, had left them at an American merchant's in Florence. I inquired there, and found the man indignant at such a charge against his punctuality: he declared he never had seen or heard of them. Without a question in regard to the anonymous friend, I told the American traveller in few words that they were lost, and requested him to take no more trouble on the occasion than I myself should do. I never look for any thing, lest I should add disappointment, and something of inquietude, to the loss. . . . If, amid the accidents of human life, the anonymous friend be living; and if it hath pleased God, by the sea-voyage or any other means, to have restored to him the blessing of memory, so that he may recollect where he deposited the volumes and manuscripts; and if he will consign them to my publishers, I shall be happy to remunerate him handsomely for the salvage.⁶

Much of Lander's indignation here was an echo of the wrath of his friends at Willis' articles, published in book form as *Pencilings by the Way*. Certainly he had not at first been angry at Willis. He told Lady Blessington what he had done in a letter which reached her on August 9, 1834:

I understood from Mr Willis that he was anxious to print in America a complete edition, otherwise I should not have given him so immense a mass of manuscripts. On going away he told me he had sent off from Leghorn the whole parcel, otherwise I w^d have placed the unprinted at your disposal. They were very confused: I throw away and add, I add & throw away, perpetually. Nothing satisfies me, nothing pleases me, at last.⁷

In the letter of January 23, 1835, Willis explained the fate of the manuscripts thus:

I have to beg that you will lay to the charge of England a part of the annoyance you will feel about your books & MS. I was never more flattered by a charge, & I have never fulfilled one so ill. They went to America from Leghorn, and I expected fully to have arrived in New York a month or two after them. But here I am still, and here I fear I shall be for six months or a year to come. I will write immediately to the United States for them, & they shall be soon at your command in London. I can just as well do what I wish after the MS have been republished here, & I have at home all the printed volumes, into which the additions & notes you have made in the set you gave me can easily be added, as you will soon, I think, publish a Second Edition in England.

To this Lander replied:

By a singular and strange coincidence, I wrote this morning and put into the post office a letter directed to you at New York. And now comes Mr. Macquay, bringing me one from you, delightful in all respects. I know not any man in whose fame and fortunes I feel a deeper interest than in yours.⁸

And the letter enclosed a draft of Lander's verses "To Andrew Jackson," later printed with *Pericles and Aspasia*.

Again in about May, 1835, Lander wrote to Lady Blessington, despairing of the loss but still kindly toward Willis:

⁶ Lander, *Pericles and Aspasia* (London, 1836), II, 340-43.

⁷ MS in the Houghton Library, Harvard University. The letter was post-marked "AU-9" on its arrival in London, and was therefore sent from Florence about a fortnight earlier.

⁸ Beers, *op. cit.*, pp. 134-35.

The corrected *Imaginary Conversations*, and the unpublished volume, are irreparably lost. Mr. Willis's friend never consigned them to the person he mentions, who is extremely angry that this person (whoever he is—for Mr. Willis never gave me his name) should have said so. I am very happy to hear of Mr. Willis's new poems. He writes with great clearness and purity, and deserves all the success he has obtained.⁹

About the time *Pericles and Aspasia* broadcast Landor's complaint, he learned through Lady Blessington that the manuscripts and books were safely in London. Since he now regarded her as his exclusive agent for the publication of his writings, he wrote to her on March 29, 1836:

Pray, can you get me back those papers and books you mention, for although you tell me they are in London, you do not tell me where, or what I am to set about for their recovery. Perhaps in the last volume, the unpublished one, we may be able to find something not unfit for the *Book of Beauty*. . . . May I take the liberty to write on the other side, what I conceive will ensure the consignment of the manuscript and volumes to you.

The note of authorization read:

Not knowing exactly where my manuscript and volumes are, which I consigned some six months since to Mr. Willis, and heard were lost, but find are not, I beg that they may be given to Lady Blessington.

Walter Savage Landor.¹⁰

Lady Blessington replied on April 4: "I have taken steps to get your MSS. &c from Mr. Willis, and trust to be able soon to tell you that they are in my possession."¹¹

A letter from Willis did not mitigate Landor's wrath; he passed it on to Lady Blessington about April 12, with the comment: "Here is a note from Mr. Willis. I shall return no answer whatsoever. The only use of it is to get back the books and papers. But pray keep it for me."¹² He gossiped further about the matter to Crabb Robinson, in a manner reminiscent of the duel he once had proposed to fight with Lord Byron:

[Landor] says that Willis has written to him, *Dear Sir*, hoping he would acquit him of all intention to keep his manuscripts; he has sent them to Lady Blessington! Landor did not answer his letter. Willis ought to have called him out or demanded at least an explanation [for Landor's attack in *Pericles*]. If not, he should have written: "Sir, you will find your papers at Lady Blessington's." He must be the meanest of men.¹³

Willis gave his version of the story in one of another series of articles in the *New York Mirror*:

⁹ W. R. Nicoll and T. J. Wise, *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century* (London, 1895), I, 191. The MS is in the Ashley Library, British Museum.

¹⁰ A. Morrison, *The Blessington Papers* (privately printed, 1895), p. 118. There is no accounting for the "six months since."

¹¹ R. R. Madden, *Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*, 2nd ed. (London, 1855), II, 362.

¹² Morrison, *op. cit.*, p. 118, dated "April 2nd." April 12 is more probable.

¹³ E. J. Morley, ed., *Henry Crabb Robinson on Books and Their Writers* (London, 1938), II, 491 (Diary for May 3, 1836).

When I was in Florence, I was indebted to [Landor] for much kind attention and hospitality; and I considered it one of the highest of my good fortunes abroad to go out to Fiesolè, and dine in the scene of the Decameron with an author who would, I thought, live as long as Boccaccio. . . . While with him on my last visit, I had expressed a wish that the philosophical conversations in his books were separated from the political, and republished in a cheap form in America; and the following morning, before daylight, his servant knocked at the door of my lodgings, with a package of eight or ten octavo volumes, and as much manuscript, accompanied by a note from Mr. Landor, committing the whole to my discretion. These volumes, I should add, were interleaved and interlined very elaborately, and having kept him company under his olive-trees, were in rather a dilapidated condition. How to add such a bulk of precious stuff to my baggage, I did not know. I was at the moment of starting, and it was very clear that even if the custom-house officers took no exception to them (they are outlawed through Italy for their political doctrines,) they would never survive a rough journey over the Apennines and Alps. I did the best I could. I sent them with a note to Theodore Fay, who was then in Florence, requesting him to forward them to America by ship from Leghorn; a commission which I knew that kindest and most honourable of men and poets would execute with the fidelity of an angel. So he did. He handed them to an American straw-bonnet maker, (who, he had no reason to suppose, was the malicious donkey he afterwards proved,) and through him they were shipped and received in New-York. I expected at the time I left Florence to make but a short stay in England, and sail in the same summer for America, instead of which I remained in England two years, at the close of which appeared a new book of Mr. Landor's, *Pericles and Aspasia*. I took it up with delight, and read it through to the last chapter, where, of a sudden, the author jumps from the academy of Plato, clean over two thousand years, upon the shoulders of a false American, who had robbed him of invaluable manuscripts! So there I go to posterity astride the *Finis* of *Pericles and Aspasia*! I had corresponded occasionally with Mr. Landor, and in one of my letters had stated the fact, that the manuscripts had been committed to Mr. Miles, to forward to America. He called in consequence at the shop of this person, who denied any knowledge of the books, leaving Mr. Landor to suppose that I had been either most careless or most culpable in my management of his trust. The books had, however, after a brief stay in New-York, followed me to London; and Fay and Mr. Landor both happening there together, the explanation was made, and the books and manuscripts returned unharmed to the author.¹⁴

Thus unsuccessfully was concluded Landor's first attempt at publication in America. Of the manuscript conversations recovered from Willis, most were published in Lady Blessington's annuals, and they and the much revised printed volumes, unharmed by their voyage across the Atlantic and back, became the basis of Landor's collected *Works* of 1846. Meanwhile, his continued friendliness to American visitors was a considerable abatement of the policy he ironically stated at the close of the attack on Willis in *Pericles and Aspasia*:

Greatly as I have been flattered by the visits of American gentlemen, I hope

¹⁴ Willis, "Letters from under a Bridge," *New-York Mirror*, XVI (October 13, 1838), 124. There is reason to doubt the literal truth of Willis' account of his last-minute receipt of the volumes of *Conversations*, for they were already in his hands before Landor wrote the letter of introduction which Willis carried to Lady Blessington (Morrison, *op. cit.*, p. 104). The same doubt may be inferred from the letter Landor wrote to Lady Blessington in late July, 1834, quoted above.

that for the future no penciller of similar compositions will deviate in my favour to the right-hand of the road from Florence to Fiesole. In case of mistake, there is a charming view of the two cities, and of Valdarno and Vallombrosa, from the iron-gate at the entrance to my grounds: I could not point out a more advantageous position.

As it turned out, Landon's first publication in America came quite without effort on his part, and one can be reasonably sure even without his knowledge. In 1839 the Philadelphia firm of E. L. Carey & A. Hart published *Pericles and Aspasia* in two volumes, three years after its appearance in London. Though the book was handsome enough, the printers (Haswell, Barrington, and Haswell) made enough typographical errors to have sent Landon straight to his grave or a madhouse. Neither the poem in honor of Andrew Jackson nor the appendix that abused Willis was reprinted, and the essay on British politics deceptively entitled "Reflections on Athens at the Decease of Pericles" was also omitted.¹⁵

It was fourteen years later that the Boston firm of Ticknor, Reed, and Fields (later Ticknor and Fields) published Landon's *Poperly: British and Foreign* in an edition of 1,000 copies, only about a month after the pamphlet appeared in London (the London publication date was February 1, 1851; the Boston edition appeared in March).¹⁶ The ecclesiastical organization of the Church of England had more than once occupied Landon's pen, and the present pamphlet was a bitter attack on prelacy in both the Church of England and the Church of Rome, stimulated by the anti-Romish legislation that followed the papal establishment of territorial sees in England in 1850. Why it should have been regarded as particularly interesting to Bostonians, I cannot say. In any case it was the first step in adding the name of Landon to the list of British authors published by Ticknor and Fields.

About June 20 of the next year James T. Fields first met Landon at a breakfast given by John Kenyon in London for a number of his literary friends. Fields was much impressed by Landon's energy and the length of his memory: here was a man who had seen the first Napoleon in Paris fifty years before!¹⁷ What they said about publish-

¹⁵ For the title page, cf. T. J. Wise and S. Wheeler, *Bibliography of Landon* (London, 1919), p. 88. The volumes are large duodecimo in half-sheets, collated as follows: Vol. I, pp. 1-228, signatures 1-19 (each six leaves); Vol. II, pp. 1-235, signatures 1-19 (each six leaves) and 20 (four leaves). There are no half-titles, and the printers' imprint is on the verso of the title page of each volume.

¹⁶ I am indebted to Professor William Charvat of Ohio State University for the size of the edition. The Harvard College Library received its copy on March 19, 1851.

In August, 1845, Emerson very nearly accepted an invitation to make some selections from Landon for *Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading* (New York), and his letters give some notion of what he would have chosen, but he found himself too busy with other work. R. L. Rusk, ed., *Letters of R. W. Emerson* (New York, 1939), III, 297, 301-302.

¹⁷ James T. Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors* (Boston, 1893), p. 370; cf. James T. Fields, *Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches* (Boston, 1881), p. 47.

ing, if anything, is unrecorded. Yet almost at that very instant, Ticknor, Reed, and Fields were announcing their intention to reprint Landor's *Hellenics* in America—a work which, so far as I know, they never brought out.¹⁸

It was not until the summer of 1853 that Landor received a copy of the Boston reprint of *Poperly*. At that time John Forster and Kenneth Mackenzie were seeing through the press a miscellaneous collection of the verse and prose which Landor had written since his collected *Works* of 1846; this new collection, called *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, was published about November 7. Instantly Landor wrote to Ticknor and Fields to urge them to reprint the new work in this country:

Bath Nov: 7. [1853]

Gentlemen,

In the summer I recieved, printed by you and probably sent by me, a copy of my *Poperly British and Foren*. It is printed so correctly that I am desirous you should have the earliest chance of reprinting a new work of mine publisht today, entitled *The last leaves off an old tree*. This was not printed under my inspection, and the *Errata* have fresh *Errata*. I drive no bargain with Publishers, as you will see—What I want is the observance of my spelling and of the order. The contents of the volume are *eighteen* new Imag: *Conversations Poperly Brit: and Foren*. Letters to Cardinal Wiseman Criticisms on Theocritus, on Catullus—on Petrarca some few political short pieces, and about 160 pages of poetry. The volume is of 520 pp—the longer [*sic*], 42 lines [i.e., there are forty-two lines to a type-page].

I ordered it to be printed for the benefit of the Madiai, who were imprisoned by the G: Duke of Tuscany for becoming protestants.

Now I request of you only half a dozen copies for my friends in England, and a copy for G. P. R. James Consul at Norfolk. Virginia.

Your very obed^t

Walter Savage Landor

I can make a new edition more complete than the one before me.¹⁹

The evidences of confusion and senility in this letter are too obvious to need comment, and are borne out by other correspondence of the same period. Nevertheless, his discontent with Forster was very real, based not merely on the great number of errata and on the failure to follow Landor's notions of spelling, but also on the fact that Forster had excised from the book, after Landor had seen proofs of it, a laudatory review of the writings of Landor's young friend Eliza Lynn.

Ticknor and Fields seem to have replied that Harper had already announced an intention to publish *Last Fruit* in New York (an announcement I have not been able to trace), and meanwhile Landor's friends persuaded him that his plan for American publication would interfere with the sale of the English edition, and would be a shabby treatment of Forster after all that gentleman's work on it (Forster also claimed the copyright). So Ticknor and Fields did not reprint *Last Fruit*. At the end of 1855, however, the firm published *Selections*

¹⁸ Cf. *National Magazine* (New York), I (July, 1852), 90.

¹⁹ MS in my possession. Further light is thrown on this proposal of Landor's, and on the reply from America, by his unpublished letters to Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie in the Yale University Library.

from the *Writings of Walter Savage Landon*, edited (and provided with a short critical preface) by George Stillman Hillard. The 308-page volume consisted entirely of brief excerpts from the prose of Landon's two-volume collected *Works* of 1846, arranged topically; and it aimed to give readers a more palatable introduction to Landon than those two ponderous, finely printed volumes, a form of publication which had "no other merit than that of cheapness, and repels all but the most resolute readers."²⁰ Nothing later than the 1846 volumes was included. It is the only one of Landon's books published in his lifetime to carry his portrait.²¹

The book was first announced under the title *The Wisdom and Genius of Walter Savage Landon*,²² and since it is still listed under that title in a publisher's catalogue dated "November, 1855," and bound with the volume, the change to the more sober title must have been made at the last minute. Though it bears the date "1856" on its title page, it was copyright in 1855 and published in December of that year in an edition of 2,288 copies. A "fine" edition of the same work, of 260 copies, appeared in March, 1856.²³

What arrangements Fields made with Landon for the publication of this volume, I do not know; probably there were none. He certainly failed to make them with Forster, and Forster owned the copyright (in England) of Landon's collected *Works*. The editor, Hillard, may well have met Landon at some time, for Fields later remarked that among all Americans whom John Kenyon counted as friends, Hillard was especially dear,²⁴ and Kenyon was the means through whom many Americans met Landon. Some verses "To Walter Savage Landon" which I suppose were Hillard's appeared in the *Examiner* on March 18, 1854.²⁵

Landon was delighted with the book when it reached him: "Never have I seen a book more beautifully printed. It contains three hundred pages; all prose. Many can endure my prose, who think my poetry poor stuff," he wrote to Forster. But Forster, who dated the letter "Feb 1857," endorsed it, "As to piracy of L."²⁶ This was the last volume of Landon which Fields published, but it was by no means the end of their relationship.

Since the Harvard College Library copy of Landon's pamphlet

²⁰ Preface, p. v.

²¹ The portrait, from a sketch by Count D'Orsay, had been printed previously, however, in Ablett's volume of *Literary Hours* (1837), to which Landon contributed heavily.

²² Cf. *National Magazine* (New York), VII (August, 1855), 187.

²³ I owe these figures also to Professor Charvat.

²⁴ Fields, *Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 369.

²⁵ In the *Examiner* the verses are signed "E.F.H.," but when they were reprinted in Landon's *Dry Sticks*, the initials were "G.S.H." Another American poem "To Walter Savage Landon" was printed in the *Examiner* of April 22 and reprinted in *Dry Sticks*; it was signed "Esperance," and dated "Boston, U.S., March 30, 1854."

²⁶ The MS of this letter, which has never been published, is in private hands.

Letter to Emerson (1856) bears Fields's autograph, it is at least possible that Landor sent him the copy with a view to an American reprinting, though this is obviously only a conjecture.

Two years after the *Selections* were published, Landor became involved in the quarrel which ended with his prosecution for libel and his flight from England to Florence. The quarrel itself was clearly the consequence of Landor's senility, but it brought down on his head the almost unanimous execration of the British press, and the condemnation even of some of his old friends. His last years, therefore, were haunted by the need for public vindication. He composed a "Defence" of himself, which the radical London printer George Jacob Holyoake brought out in 1859, but even that printing did not suffice. Landor was in this state of mind, then, old and alone, when Fields and his wife visited him in Florence in February, 1860.²⁷ Landor mentioned the occasion in a letter which Fields delivered to Browning in Rome a few days later:

Mr. Field [sic] has been in Florence several days, but it was only yesterday that I saw him— He dines with me today, and I shall also be honored by the company of his beautiful wife. I waited for him to show you in Rome the latin verses I have written, some within these few days, and others earlier. I hope he will print them in America, where he promises to get inserted in some periodical my Defence. The want of this being generally known has made me unhappy for nearly two years. I care infinitely less for my character as an author than as a man and gentleman.²⁸

And to Eliza Lynn Linton in England he wrote a few days later: "Mr Field, the American Publisher, dined with me last week and took my whole *Defence* with him."²⁹

Shortly after Fields departed for Rome, Landor wrote to him:

I am reminded of the hazard you offered to take in the publishing of my Latin poems. They would occupy about seventeen pages. I had just sent them to my friend Mr. Hare. Intelligence has this day reached me that he is somewhere on his travels. My parcel is not likely to follow him. Now, if you think it convenient to publish them, the peril would be less by the addition of a hundred pages more, partly poetry and partly prose, including my Defense, which is far more important to my fame than any other addition. Our friend Mr. Browning will show you a specimen of the poetry, which, I hear, does me no discredit. In my hands is much more of it, certainly not worse in the more important part. Some portions have been published of the prose. I would rather that you should possess these different pieces than any other publishers. I desire no advantage from them. If you think them worth your attention, I will transcribe them legibly.³⁰

²⁷ Fields, *Biographical Notes*, pp. 70-72.

²⁸ Cf. H. C. Minchin, *Walter Savage Landor: Last Days, Letters, and Conversations* (London, 1934), pp. 67-68. All the letters printed by Minchin are in the Baylor University Browning Collection, where I consulted them through the kindness of Professor A. Joseph Armstrong. I have silently corrected Minchin's versions and datings throughout this paper.

²⁹ MS in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City; cf. R. H. Super, "Landor's 'Dear Daughter,' Eliza Lynn Linton," *PMLA*, LIX (1944), 1071.

³⁰ Fields, *Biographical Notes*, pp. 73-74, there dated "Feb. 2." The 12th is more probable.

Thereafter Londor's correspondence contains frequent reference to Fields's projected publication. He asked Browning for the titles of some poems he had sent him, and when he thought Browning had transcribed the entire poems, not merely the titles, was much distressed. On March 10 he wrote to Browning:

Our friend Mr Fields says he intends at some time or other to publish a complete edition of my Works. What I have ready for him he shall have on his return to Florence. Among other things there is a second conversation between Homer and Laertes. He must take the first and prefix it.⁸¹

Two days later he wrote to Mrs. Lynn Linton and asked for some verses he had sent to her for publication:

I now have forgotten what were the subjects of them. Let me know—for probably those poems whatever they are, may be publishd by Mr Fields in America, with several others now first collected.⁸²

On March 17, he sent Browning a tentative table of contents for a small volume of new dialogues and poems to be published by Fields; and of course ended with "My Defence 8 pp."

Submit the consideration of this matter to Mr. Field. If he approves of it, may [it] not be well to insert the *first* interview of Homer and Laertes before the second. This will add three more pages.

Londor calculated the whole at 104 pages without the addition.⁸³

By the first of April, the volume had grown almost twice as large: "If Mr Fields remains at Rome, pray let him bring to me what you have of my poetry," Londor wrote to Browning. "I have found enough to make a volume of two hundred pages. I have carefully revised what I found—some, however, I threw into the fire."⁸⁴ On April 2 he again inquired of Mrs. Linton for the titles of some poems for the new volume.⁸⁵ And on April 10 he wrote to Fields himself:

My dear Sir,

I have been expecting, from my friend Browning, copies of poems which he took the trouble to transcribe. They are not come. You will find the order in which, I believe you will agree with me, both poetry and prose should appear. I hope and believe this will save you some trouble.— Perhaps I may live to see the two volumes of Poems. I have shortened the Preface. I very much wish to recieve 3 or 4 copies of my Defence. Is it too great a favor to request of you to order the printer to add the enclosed few lines (in small character) to the *Preface*.

I send what printers call *Errata*, which I believe I have mostly noticed in the text. *Errata* is somewhat like *Exeunt* in Plays. I will forward what Mr. Browning sends.

With respectful compliments to your Lady, Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yrs
W S Londor

Via Nunciatina 2671⁸⁶

⁸¹ Cf. Minchin, *op. cit.*, pp. 89-90. The first "Homer and Laertes" was published in *Hellenics* (1859).

⁸² Super, *PMLA*, LIX, 1072.

⁸³ Cf. Minchin, *op. cit.*, pp. 94-96.

Apparently the plan was now for a complete edition of Landor's works. There was to be a portrait frontispiece, as we learn from a letter to Browning on April 24: "My niece tells me, in a letter I receive from her today, that she has forwarded to Mr Fields a photograph from my bust by Gibson."³⁷

On October 7, the day before he returned to Florence from his summer cottage near Siena, Landor wrote to Fields that he was sending off a final packet of scraps to be put in their places in the book, and suggested that Fields might want to publish one of the new dialogues in the *Atlantic Monthly*.³⁸ He once more began to inquire among his friends for bits of his writings. To Eliza Lynn Linton he wrote about the end of November, 1860:

My Savonarola [the imaginary conversation *Savonarola e il Priore di San Marco* (1860)] is my last work. Fields of Boston will begin to print my writings in a complete edition, next year. He will not be able to send me any volume of them. I may perhaps live thro the winter or nearly thro'. Beyond that time I neither wish nor expect to stay on earth—under it in preference.³⁹

And again on December 31:

I lent to somebody the magazine that contained the Imaginary Conversation of Garibaldi. If you can send me one, do—but take care *not* to pay postage. I quite forget the places where you consigned any other of my late writings. If you can tell me the titles of them, it will be quite sufficient. I think I told you that Ticknor and Fields of Boston have advertised a new and complete Edition of all my Works, and I would do everything in my power to make it so.⁴⁰

On January 5, 1861, *Littell's Living Age* in Boston printed the following note:

Walter Savage Landor, during his sojourn at Florence, has gone very little into society, but has occupied himself with putting his complete writings in order for the press. His entire works, corrected and enlarged, have been placed in the hands of Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, whom he has selected as his final editor. We shall be glad to possess, one of these days, a fair copy, from the Riverside press, of that inimitable "Citation of William Shakspeare;" and those grand "Hellenics,"—so full of the "large utterance of the early gods." A private letter from Florence says that it is a touching sight to see the gray-haired and lonely poet taking daily walks with his faithful old dog, the sole companion of his exile.⁴¹

The first public announcement of this intention, which must have been made about two months earlier, apparently took Landor some-

³⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 93-94.

³⁸ Super, *PMLA*, LIX, 1073.

³⁹ MS in the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, New York Public Library; printed by kind permission of the Library.

⁴⁰ Cf. Minchin, *op. cit.*, p. 148, sadly misdated.

⁴¹ MS in the Houghton Library, Harvard University. In the Berg Collection is a copy of *Poemata et Inscriptiones* (1847) which Landor very extensively revised for Fields late in 1860, but presented to Browning when Fields failed him.

⁴² Super, *PMLA*, LIX, 1077.

⁴³ MS in the Berg Collection.

⁴⁴ LXVIII, 45.

what by surprise. He had sent to Fields a printed copy of his Italian imaginary conversation, *Savonarola e il Priore di San Marco*, in the autumn of 1860; he now sent an English translation with this note to Fields:

My dear Sir, In the Italian dialogue I sent to you much was omitted by the printer's fear that the sentiments would offend the higher Powers and obstruct the publication. It gave me some trouble to compose, and I was urged to give the whole in English, which I now send.— Reviewing my two huge volumes I find only one place to correct: Please to enlarge the note thus in

Vol. 2. P. 226. There is rarely a splendor of poetry in the Tragedies of Alfieri, but he has a merit which can be claimed by no other dramatist; he never clothes the ancients in a modern dress.

Only cut out this in time for the printer. It was but very lately that I heard the publication was announced— With respectful compliments to Mrs. F. and wishing you a happy new year,

I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

W. S. Landor.⁴²

In the late spring of 1860 Landor formed one other connection with the American press when he became acquainted with William Burnet Kinney, United States Minister to the Court of Victor Emmanuel, and his wife, whose son by a former marriage was E. C. Stedman, then a journalist with the *New York Tribune* and after August 4 editor of the *Evening World*.⁴³ To Stedman Landor sent some manuscripts, and a note to Kate Field reverts to a now familiar subject:

I wish Mr Stedman would get from Fields the Defence on my Trial for libel, and publish in his Paper the Letters of Mr Hooper and his daughter at the conclusion. . . . Tell M. Stedman that I will send him two more conversations.⁴⁴

Although the following letter has no direction, I strongly suspect it was addressed to Stedman himself:

Florence Via Nunziatina 2671

Dear Sir, I hope you have received my thanks, not only for your excellent translation of some Latin verses but also for the handsome manner you have spoken of me and my expatriation. . . . Your deplorable civil war occupies almost all attention in America—yet if you think worthy of your acceptance for your periodical some poetry much better and more in quantity, I will gladly send it to you.

Mr Fields may have it in good time for his Edition of my Works. He has published an account (in full) of my Defence. It would gratify me more than I can express if you can find a place in your paper for that which I now inclose. I would beg twenty copies and would gladly remunerate the printer.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged

W. S. Landor⁴⁵

⁴² British Museum Add. MS 35,140, fol. 71; partly printed in S. Wheeler, *Letters and Other Unpublished Writings of Walter Savage Landor* (London, 1897), p. 30.

⁴³ Laura Stedman and G. M. Gould, *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman* (New York, 1910), I, 212, 217.

⁴⁴ Boston Public Library, MS KF 358; cf. R. H. Super, "Extraordinary Action for Libel.—*Yescombe v. Landor*," *PMLA*, LVI (1941), 750.

⁴⁵ Cf. Minchin, *op. cit.*, pp. 135-36, corrected from the MS.

Landor enclosed this letter in a blank envelope and sent it to Browning for forwarding, but (probably) because it dealt with the forbidden subject of the "Defence," it was never sent on, and remains with the Landor-Browning correspondence.

This letter brings together the two causes which prevented Fields from fulfilling his promises. Whether he actually *had* seen to the publication of Landor's "Defence" in any form in this country, I do not know; I have seen none. But Mrs. Fields recalls the correspondence with Landor thus:

I find only two notes of Mr. Landor; they were written after this period [i.e., after the Fields' visit to Florence], chiefly about the publication of his books. There were many others. I remember them especially, because he became very angry with Mr. Fields for withholding what he calls "His Defense," from the public. This was an unfortunate paper, written in his extreme age, giving the details of a quarrel he had with a lodging-house keeper. It was sad enough to have such a paper in existence, but it was an act of the truest kindness to keep it from the public. Often Mr. Fields would say, laughingly, "How I wish poor Landor could be translated before he has time to write me again about his Defense." Unfortunately he lived long enough to be very angry with this friend as with so many others.⁴⁶

And summarizing a letter from Landor to Arthur de Noé Walker, the late Stephen Wheeler wrote:

"Nothing in the course of my long life ever went on smoothly." So [Landor] wrote to his friend in London early in 1861, and in the same letter he referred to the manuscripts sent to Mr. Field[s] of Boston, who was to have begun the printing of the American edition at this very time. "It is probable," he added, "that recent occurrences in America will divert the public attention from literature." And so it was. Mr. Field[s] presently wrote to say that the approaching struggle between North and South compelled him to postpone the publication of an American edition; whereupon, at Landor's request, the manuscripts were sent to the same friend in London who had undertaken to see the "Heroic Idyls" through the press [i.e., Walker].⁴⁷

A letter to Walker dated merely "Feb. 15" is the last word of Landor on the American publication; the year is 1862:

This morning I recieve a long letter from Kate Field. It appears by it that she never recieved mine, requesting an application for the few MS. poems sent to her (almost) namesake. I have now repeated this request, and may hope to recieve them in twenty days; I desire that they may be directed to you, which will save time.⁴⁸

Once again a sheaf of Landor manuscripts had made a vain trip across the Atlantic, and once again they were returned to London to be published in England.

⁴⁶ Fields, *Biographical Notes*, pp. 72-73. One of the notes to which Mrs. Fields refers (dated "Siena Oct 7") is now in the Harvard College Library, and has been referred to above.

⁴⁷ Wheeler, *op. cit.*, p. 11. The MS of the letter to Walker is in the Ashley Library, British Museum.

⁴⁸ British Museum, Add. MS 35,070, fol. 355.

One debt we do owe to Fields's visit to Florence in 1860, perhaps a greater one than any publication of Landon's works in this country would have been. For among those Fields met there was a young American girl, his (almost) namesake Kate Field, who knew Landon well and whom he commissioned to write some articles for the *Boston Transcript*.⁴⁰ Her excellent and lively account of Landon's last days appeared in Fields's *Atlantic Monthly* six years later.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, the picture of Landon's publications in this country changed somewhat, but that period is beyond the province of this paper. Ticknor and Fields, for example, reprinted Forster's biography of Landon when it appeared in 1869 (their reprint, though in one volume instead of the original two, is unabridged, and is not to be confused with Forster's later one-volume abridgment of his own work), and their successors in 1874 published a little volume of *Cameos* selected from Landon's works by E. C. Stedman and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Roberts Brothers of Boston published the second American edition of *Pericles and Aspasia* in 1871, and after Forster's 1876 edition of Landon's works they brought out the *Imaginary Conversations* at various dates (1876, 1877, 1881-83) and the *Pentameron* (1888). Concurrently, there was more authentic evidence of interest in Landon in the American periodicals. He was, to use his metaphor about the slow growth of interest in his writings, "dining late."

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⁴⁰ L. Whiting, *Kate Field: A Record* (Boston, 1899), p. 99. I have never searched for the *Transcript* articles, but assume they must have referred occasionally to Landon, for *Littell's Living Age* on May 12, 1860 (LXV, 358) quotes "a correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, writing from Florence," for a pleasant brief description of the old man. Kate Field's articles in the *Atlantic*, XVII (April, May, June, 1866), 385-95, 540-51, 684-705, are well known.

INTENTIONS AND INSTINCT

By ELMER EDGAR STOLL

And no man can be a rhapsode who does not understand the meaning of the poet. For the rhapsode ought to interpret the mind of the poet to his hearers, and he cannot do this well unless he knows what the poet means. All this is greatly to be envied. . . .—*Ion*, 530 C.

In the Western world, criticism that takes account of intention begins, I think, with Plato. He says: "If we are to be connoisseurs of poems we must know in each case in what respect they do not miss their mark. For if one does not know the essence of the work, what it intends, and of what it is an image, he will hardly be able to decide whether its intention (*boulesis*) has or has not found its mark." (*Laus*, 668 C)—A. K. Coomaraswamy, "Intention," *American Bookman*, I (1944), 42.

In everything the end aimed at is of prime importance.—Aristotle, *Poetics*, VI, ii.

Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet.—Wordsworth, Preface.

A dramatist's personage is a mere projection of one man's mind, limited by his powers of observation and imagination. . . . It is, as the mathematicians say, a mere "function" of the dramatist, and can utter nothing, think nothing, be nothing outside the range of the dramatist's own nature and mental vision.—Arthur Bingham Walkley, *Drama and Life* (1908), p. 149.

But if we would be critics, our first task consists in discovering what the author is trying to do.—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, *Shakespeare's Workmanship* (1930), pp. 288, 20.

L'objet d'un vrai critique devrait être de découvrir quel problème l'auteur (sans le savoir ou le sachant) s'est posé, et de chercher s'il l'a résolu ou non.—Valéry, *Littérature* (1930), pp. 66-67.

If you are not content to accept the poet's conditions, you are merely saying, I won't play. He cannot pipe if you will not dance.—J. S. Phillimore quoted by G. M. Sargeant, *Classical Spirit* (1936), p. 151.

The only verdicts which change little are those concerned with accomplishment: did a poet attain his aim?—Sir Desmond MacCarthy, London *Sunday Times*, November 21, 1943.

We must ask ourselves first what the poet is trying to do in a poem.—C. Day Lewis, *The Poetic Image* (1947), pp. 55, 95.

The man who reads a work for immediate effect on one age with the notions and feelings of another, may be a refined gentleman but must be a sorry critic.—Coleridge, *Notes on Milton* (1907), Lect. X.

A critic who imposes his own abstractions upon poetry may be writing good history, good sociology, good psychology, but he will never be writing literary criticism.—C. Day Lewis, *The Poetic Image* (1947), p. 16.

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands.—*Tristram Shandy*, III, xii.

I

Since the printing of "Symbolism in *Moby-Dick*" in the *Journal of the History of Ideas* (1951), where I discuss the present-day intentional or unintentional ignoring of the writer's intention, I have come upon a somewhat relevant opinion of Mr. Eliot's. "Perhaps all great works of art," says the fine critic in his Introduction to *Huckleberry Finn*, "mean much more than the author could have been aware of meaning." Twice used there, as well as elsewhere, is the treacherous word, representing a matter (explicitly or implicitly, whether as important or unimportant) now the chief stumbling-block or else the main bone of contention in criticism. Possibly Mr. Eliot would convey only that the author does not fully realize or appreciate the effect of his work or its value. A creator is not necessarily a critic too,¹ and particularly not of his own work: Shakespeare, as echoing Johnson, Scott, and Hazlitt I have frequently insisted, and as his own neglect of publication and his subsequent indifference to the atrocities committed in the process sufficiently betray, was either regardless or unconscious of his own transcendent eminence. Much truer that must have been, before there were critics to say it, of Homer, Aeschylus, and Sophocles. Of each in a sense may be said, "He builded better than he knew." That is, other people and later ages have appreciated, if not more deeply, more distinctly, the nature and quality of his achievement. It is somewhat as with anybody's personality: no more than ordinary people—often still less—do the greatest see themselves as others see them. As their own looks, voice, or manner they cannot adequately appreciate, so they cannot their own imagination, melody, or style. And on the whole is it not better so? In art (as in Wilde's and Shaw's) undue self-consciousness or self-appreciation is no more agreeable than in life.

The great poet, of course, constructs or composes, does not, like the critic, dissect or analyze; he develops or advances and, more and more as he does so, is guided by feeling or instinct. He builds better or even worse than he knows or—which is the case much oftener—

¹ Wilde, *The Critic as Artist* (1890): "A really great artist can never judge of other people's work at all, and can hardly, in fact, judge of his own. That very concentration of vision that makes a man an artist, limits by its sheer intensity the faculty of fine appreciation." Then Wilde gives examples, Wordsworth's failing to appreciate Keats, Shelley, Byron, all three. And Mr. Eliot (*Music of Poetry* [1942], pp. 8-9) says of the poet as critic that "at the back of his mind he is always trying to defend the kind of poetry he is writing, or to formulate the kind that he wants to write. . . . He is not so much a judge as an advocate." But it is mainly in dealing with his contemporaries and successors that he is thus incapacitated, and as Jonson says, "To judge of poets is only the faculty of poets," as (again) "to judge of painters, of musicians, of architects is the 'faculty' of the masters in the art concerned." Cf. note 56 below.

than he can explain. By the ear, the eye, the touch, he feels that this or that was right or wrong: it is the lynx-eyed one afterwards that, himself right or wrong, will do the explaining. Shakespeare, once he had conceived the situation and the character, must have heard him or seen him, as Dickens said he himself did, before or as he wrote. At his most masterly moments he was, once under way, by the character and the situation, so to speak, possessed. When stout-hearted Hamlet murmurs, "If ever thou didst hold me in thy heart," or when weighty Othello lightly exclaims, "Keep up your bright swords, or the dew will rust them," the poet felt the wording and rhythm were appropriate to character and situation, without perhaps having deliberately calculated the effect or being able afterwards to give a sufficient reason for it as Arnold, Coleridge, and Eliot since have approximately done. (Criticism, in some few hands, has grown finer and more flexible as creation has not.) And of course he could not be so distinctly aware, as such critics or Hazlitt, Swinburne, Raleigh, and Bradley could, of developments—how his art and style had mounted towards perfection from *Love's Labour's Lost* or *Titus Andronicus*, or what they owed to Lyly or Marlowe, to the Renaissance and the classics. Undoubtedly, however, the poet did realize and appreciate the relative superiority in interest and value of the mature and final plays, in which instinct plays a larger part, over the earlier. He must have felt it in the structure, which at times like that of other great art, at its highest, approaches "the condition of music"; and in the poetry, which itself is music; as well as in the characterization. Instinctively he must have both practised and appreciated his art, whether also with analysis or without.

Into those recesses, of course, we cannot penetrate; and like other great artists Shakespeare cannot quite be to us what he was in reality or to himself. But manifestly he must not be thought to produce effects clearly contrary to his intention. The truth, after all these allowances, seems pretty nearly to be as Sainte-Beuve and two subsequent critics have put it: "Déterminer ce qu'un auteur a voulu faire, et comment il l'a fait, ce doit être le premier souci du critique"; and also, though warily, more comprehensively and exactly, "On peut, donc, jusqu'à un certain point, voir dans une œuvre autre chose encore que ce qu'y a vu l'auteur, y démêler ce qu'il y a mis à son insu et ce à quoi il n'avait point songé expressément." Whether conscious or unconscious, in fact, the intention is of importance to us merely, Abercrombie and Spingarn rightly have said, as active and effective at the moment of creation, as "given by the technique," "not as by the author it may have been imagined before or after."² The intention to be considered and respected must be discernible in the work of art itself, or else (less clearly) deducible (negatively in the main) from other works by the same hand or of the same time.

² *Plea for the Liberty of Interpreting* (1930), pp. 21, 29; *Creative Criticism* (1931), p. 18; Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries*, 3rd ed., XIII, 257-58.

Now this distinction Professor Wilson Knight is ignoring when, observing, "There is a maxim that a work of art should be criticised according to the artist's intentions," he declares, "no maxim could be more false." Few, I think, will deny that in part at least the good artist, once a master of his craft, works spontaneously, even at moments (in a very limited sense) unconsciously. But in the shadowy and disputable unconscious or subconscious there is here no need to traffic; the mere doing or not doing of one thing rather than another involves intention of some sort, enough for the point now in question; and the more important matter, of course, is what the artist does, not what he intends. Nay, in the present instance, it is what he does in contradistinction to what the critic finds. It is what he perceptibly thinks, feels, and (if a poet) says, not what the critic thinks he thinks, feels, and says. At bottom it is the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, a matter of personal identity and of property rights. And unquestionably the Bard would have laid no claim to this particular critic's Hamlet as (along with the father's spirit) "inhuman" and "devilish," himself "poisonous," "venomous," "a living Death in the midst of life" (the "disease a mental and spiritual death"), "an uninspired, devitalized intellect"; in conduct likened, moreover, to his Iago (less devilish on the whole) "torturing Claudius, as the Ancient does the Moor." Nor any claim to his Cleopatra, her death "an imaginative parallel" of the Crucifixion. Nor, in short, to "our ethic of the imagination," as the critic calls it, in its "remarkable correspondence to that of Christ" (*Wheel of Fire* [1930], pp. 7, 41-46, etc.).

II

Such distinctions and admissions or concessions, however, would not content Professor Bonamy Dobrée; and to support his opinion that the intention of the artist is both difficult to discover and also of little or no importance if found³ (as he discusses Professor Knight on the one side and the misguided "Intentional Critics" on the other), he quotes Charlotte Brontë: "This I know, the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always a master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works of itself." "Dictated to by something deeper than his intellect," says therefore Mr. Dobrée. But this is testimony merely such as that of Dickens cited above and of many others cited by Professor Prescott in his *Poetic Mind* (1922)—Stevenson, Scott, and Curel, besides Dickens in detail—; to which I have elsewhere⁴ added similar disclosures made

³ Nevertheless, Mr. Dobrée himself here finds that Milton's Satan and Molière's Tartuffe and Alceste all turned out as *not* intended, the critic thinking to discover both what the poets aspired and also what they failed to do. Whether he does discover is a question not now to be considered; but in any case is he not here taking account of intentions as much as the Intentional Critics he makes so light of? The article is in the *Spectator*, Sept. 27, 1930.

⁴ *Shakespeare Studies* (1927), pp. 260-61. For Blake, Gilchrist, *Life* (1863), I, 251. And as for authors, I would add the case of Meilhac, author of *Froufrou*,

by the plastic or pictorial artists Michelangelo, Rousseau, and Blake. The Florentine freed his statue from the block as he carved it, the Barbizonian lifted veil after veil from his landscape as he painted it, and the Englishman reproduced the visionary figure—"It has moved: the mouth's gone"—as if it had been, though, not "sitting," still appearing, for its portrait. Yet it is noteworthy that thus only a Michelangelesque statue was ever by the sculptor set free, only a Rousseau-like landscape unveiled, a Blake-like apparition portrayed; and that in drama or other fiction none of the characters, so external and masterful, ever spoke, as at seances they are said to do, in accents foreign to those of the so-called "medium." For this authoritativeness or independence of imagination, of course, is all an illusion and nothing more, owing only to its concomitant objectifying power, owing, indeed, to the original power itself. (Dante, by the way, writing, as a traveler, in the first person, can turn his state of "possession" to high narrative account as he renders report of the sights and sounds in the other world: "and still I seem to see it"; "of such redness that the memory still curdles my blood"; "whence shuddering comes to me, and always will come, at frozen pools"; "singing so sweetly that never has the delight passed from me." He had surely, it seems, been there!⁵)

In their disclosures, as thus understood, most artists can be trusted; but some of the critics can not. These speak of a character taking the bit between his teeth and running away with the author; that is, saying and doing things—getting drunk, even⁶—without the author's

etc.: "Il travaillait comme s'il écoutait une voix qui lui dictait des mots, près de son oreille." *Année psychologique* (1894), p. 104.

⁵ But of course he hadn't, and Lowell, who was blessed with plenty of good sense, would no doubt not be taken literally as he said: "an actual journey . . . a record of fact; and no one can read Dante without believing his story, for it is plain that he believed it himself." On the part of both poet and reader or hearer it is only a supreme instance of "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith," a phenomenon taken notice of by Burke and Hardy as well as Coleridge. It is not hallucination.

⁶ Chesterton, strange to say, whom I have elsewhere quoted in admiration of his good sense, entertains (like Professor Barrett Wendell, *Shakespeare* [1894], p. 171) this illusion. On pages 60-62 of *Appreciations and Criticisms of Dickens* (1911) he holds that Mrs. Mackenzie, the "Campaigner" in *The Newcomes*, "drank, but Thackeray didn't know it"; and also that "Kit Nubbles in *The Old Curiosity Shop* was a snob [in the English sense of looking up, not the American of looking down] but Dickens didn't know it." He is here siding with Chuckster, who repeatedly applies to the boy both that word and "meek," at the same time boasting, superfluously, that the latter he himself is not. But as one (in his own words) "knowing something of human nature," Chuckster also says "that the fellow that came back to work out that shilling [though overpayment, as both parties to the bargain understood it] will show himself in his true colours. He's a low thief, Sir. He must be" (Chap. 56). And when later (the victim of chicanery) Kit is in fact accused of stealing, Chuckster in his own perspicacity rejoices; when he is completely cleared, is rather disgusted at his having not even spirit enough to steal; and in the last chapter of the book still harps on the subject—"to work out the former gift was a stain upon his moral character which no penitence or contrition could ever wash away." Is it not obvious that Dickens is letting the man make a fool of himself (though by nature one, as Chesterton himself admits, already), that if he were even a little right he would not be so ridiculous as his very name requires, and that the

warrant or knowledge. Seizing upon the illusion of the creative temperament, they make a pretext of it for running away from the author themselves; but then always the character, companionably, runs along with them into the fold of our present-day sentiments and sympathies—psychological, sociological, or historical—alien from his maker's and agreeable to the critic's own. (Here I would refer the reader to Coleridge, Walkley, and Day Lewis in the epigraphs.) It is thus, I suppose, that the Ghosts have, in the ghost-seer, become hallucinations, and (quite of late) Hamlet himself, entering Ophelia's chamber in both physical and spiritual disarray, another; Shylock, a tragic or pathetic character; Falstaff, a merely humorous rascal and sensible pacifist; the alike vigorous and redoubtable Dane and Thane (although the heroes!) "diseased";⁷ Othello (also of late) for one critic "pathological," for another double and paradoxical, as "both the best and the worst of men." Here Freud, of course, has his innings, with his Oedipus complex troubling the devotedly filial Prince of Denmark, to the point of making him unconsciously the sexual rival of both father and uncle; and with King Lear and his three daughters interpreted by way of the three caskets, as well as of those other trios the Norns, Fates, and Graces; plus the transmutation of the death goddess into the love goddess, Cordelia being identified with both; the meaning of it all to be found in "the tragic refusal of an old man to renounce love, choose death, and make friends with the necessity of dying." Likewise Mr. Trilling, whom, as well as Freud, I here am quoting, is hospitable to the Freudian Hamlet of Dr. Ernest Jones, who thinks "the hero cannot act because he is incapacitated by the guilt he feels over his attachment to his mother." But recently (as in part above) Frazer (himself, however, not at all to blame for it) is made to run the Danubian hard. The rejection of Falstaff by Henry V repeats the rite of the young king killing the old, as in *The Golden Bough*; the "Thief, Lying, Cowardly, Vainglorious, and in short every way Vicious" of Rowe and Dryden thus becoming a "father-substitute" for the behoof of the national idol, the future hero of Agincourt. Under the influence of either the psychoanalyst or the anthropologist, moreover, Ophelia, Imogen, and Miranda have all been turned into "Fertility" spirits.⁸ For often now critics seem but to ruminate

critic's unwillingness to enter into Dickens' own satisfaction with Kit's simple virtue is due to our present-day taste for subtlety and mystery or his personal craving for paradox? In his introduction to *Great Expectations* (1907) Chesterton had called the boy "a hero."

⁷ By some even of the better critics the word or its equivalent has been applied also to Lear and (quite of late) to Othello. It is often applicable to leading characters in contemporary tragedy but not in the ancient or the Shakespearean. Of the latter, to be sure, it is by no means so true as of the classical French that "jusqu'aux défauts tout se montre héroïque"; but still less than psychology is tragedy pathology.

⁸ Cf. *MLR*, October 1917, "Hamlet's Hallucination"; *Yale Review*, March 1946, "In Ophelia's Closet"; *ELH*, December 1947, pp. 323-25, and *Kenyon Review*, Spring 1940, pp. 164-66; *MP*, November 1950, p. 131; several of the contemporary English "Imaginatives," besides Professor Tillyard, *Shakespeare's*

and speculate, not read or listen: in the circumstances their ignoring the author's intention is only to be expected. They find what is already in mind; see what they went out into the wilderness for to see; and of this egocentrism they either are unaware or (a case more desperate) justify themselves in it.

The last of these supposedly historical interpretations springs from the present-day widespread taste for symbolism, which (though imperatively, one should think, this requires the author's warrant) in the interpretation of Shakespeare now with many critics prevails. For long the ghosts have been made out to be representations of conscience or of Nemesis, as the Weird Sisters have been of the hero's ambition; but recently in *Macbeth* there has been discovered also a web of symbolism involving "babe," "garment," "plant," and "tree." The babe, for instance, as in the simile "pity like a naked new-born babe," but merged with the apparitional, emblematic rather than symbolical children (the product of incantation) in the Witches' Cavern, as well as with Macduff's quite manly, intrepid, and solid young son, neither naked nor new-born, "signifies the future which Macbeth would control and cannot . . . the unpredictable thing itself." Also it is "the one thing that can justify even in Macbeth's mind the murders he has committed," and signifies "preeminently the pity which Macbeth would wean himself of." But as both Chesterton and Mr. C. S. Lewis have alike insisted, a symbol serves not to conceal but more finely and effectively to reveal. Rightly used, as in Tennyson's *Ulysses* or Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* and *Master-Builder* (admired by Maeterlinck), it is, in the context (and in a play, of course, mostly must be), its own interpretation. The meaning is by the author intimated or suggested, is not to be by the reader detected or constructed, then arbitrarily attached. And what, then, is there symbolical (even for a highbrow audience) is not everything, but what, from the mysterious yet conspicuous repetition, *appears* to be, instead of what by ingenuity can be made out to be—the ominous ghostly white horses and the critical crossing of the footbridge, the climbing of the tower, the "castles in the air," the "song" and the "harps in the air." A single symbol, moreover, cannot signify matters so numerous or various as this conglomerate babe or as Melville's Whale has of late been made to do.¹⁰

Last Plays (1938), pp. 35, 44-47, 55-56, and Miss Sitwell, *Notebook*, pp. 28, 84-85, 90-91. *The Golden Bough* is infecting even history. Of late, William Rufus and Thomas Becket have been taken to be "victims of pagan ritual murder," to Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper's disgust. Cf. London *Sunday Times*, Nov. 4, 1951, p. 3.

⁹ *Yale Review*, Summer 1945, "Shakespeare as a Symbolist Poet." Cf. my reply in *MLR*, January 1947, where I discuss also other widely different but equally ill-founded symbolist interpretations of Shakespeare, and *PMLA*, March 1948, where I do the same to those of Coleridge. All neglect the author's intention as I seem to see it, making the killing of the Albatross, for instance, matters so startlingly divergent as uxoricide (upon Sara) and "Original Sin." Me this uncharted freedom tires; but not the critics, who on such terms have each as much right to his own opinion as another.

¹⁰ What is confusion worse confounded is "the paradoxical use of symbols"

"One Symbol stands for one and only one Referent," say even Messrs. Ogden and Richards (reverenced by some of the Vanguard), properly positing that in italics as the "First Canon" of symbolism; "continually and consistently applicable through a single work," says likewise the clear-headed Mr. Hillyer. So it actually was, as not earlier, according to Sir Maurice Bowra, for the poet Valéry in his *Charmes*, "the Symbols strictly self-consistent or else chosen in such a way that we know what each one means and does." Mr. Epstein's interpretation of his own statue *Night and Day*, on the other hand—the "variety of meanings," certainly "imagined before or after," which in this case, moreover, we have flatly to be "told"—amounts, as Mr. Montgomery Belgion puts it, to "meaninglessness." Similarly in Mr. Eliot's *Little Gidding* Mr. R. L. Brett, though so sensible as to admit that "an unconscious meaning is a contradiction in terms," finds the dove to be, at the same time, the symbol of "the Spirit of God" and of hope (as when it brought back the olive leaf to Noah) but also "of a bombing aeroplane which has just ravaged London." (Yet, for all we know, he may be right!)¹¹

It is with *The Tempest*, however, in a land of nowhere, that the symbolist is happiest, both least restricted and most prolific: Ariel being, if not the Earl of Southampton, a symbol of genius or the imagination, or else "the spirit of poetry pegged in the cloven pine of pre-Shakespearean drama"; Caliban, the vulgar public (Miranda herself here the Drama, bewilderingly), or else (if Sycorax be the Dark Lady, and Ariel, consequently, Shakespeare's passion) the faithless friend in the sonnets; or, again (if Sycorax be Catherine de Médicis and Ariel Henri IV), Ravallac or the Jesuit Father Mariana. And after the same fashion each succeeding symbolist, in the exhilaration of irresponsible conjecture or adventure, finds more of much the same. Recently here, as elsewhere, is less of the historical or biographical, and more of the abstract though not of the probable. Professor Tillyard insists upon the Fertility spirit in Miranda; and it is Miss Sitwell that has added Ophelia to the list—no doubt because of her flowers, her amorous madness, the water (a sexual symbol nowadays) and the circumstances attending (Fertility?) her death. Likewise from the poetess Hamlet's outcry "old mole! canst work i' the

that Mr. Brooks and Mr. Allen Tate think to lay bare, touched upon in my reply (pp. 18-19), cited in note 9 above.

¹¹ *Meaning of Meaning* (1923), p. 187; *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, March 24, 1945, p. 6; *Heritage of Symbolism* (1943), p. 27; Belgion's *Human Parrot* (1931), pp. 51-52; *English* (1951), p. 285. For *Moby-Dick*, as I show in the article, the number and variety of incongruous "Referents" offered are, owing to neglect of the author's intention, amazing. By the way, I failed in the article to make clear that the dozen chapters in the middle of the story (which constitute, as has by one critic been admitted, a sort of "whaling handbook") are, if not, as I myself think, indictable as a digression, certainly incompatible with any symbolism: the chapters on "cutting-up," "trying-out," and "storing," on "ambergris," "Jonah," the "cetaceans' amorous habits," the "foreign whaleships' cellars and larders," and the like.

earth so fast?" provokes the query "Is not the earth his own too sullied flesh?" (thus making Mr. Dover Wilson's emendation more unacceptable than ever); and the taper in Lady Macbeth's hand, it "is her soul." The latest of these idiosyncratic fantasies that I have come upon is Prospero (not much more felicitously than as James I or the poet himself!) as "the intellect," Miranda (not a taper) "his soul," the island "the form of his body"; but in the same vein are Mr. Tillyard's Falstaff as "disorder," Mr. J. I. M. Stewart's Desdemona (Othello, the critic might have added) as "trust," and the Moor himself (instead of Iago) as "suspicion."¹² The "critic imposing his own abstractions" we remember in the epigraph; and what aesthetic satisfaction he or his reader can find in them or the concretions, either, is beyond my comprehension or conception. How could the earth be the Prince's flesh, whether "sullied" or, as the poet wrote it, "solid," what would not "melt" or "thaw"? And what on earth, then (or under), could be the mole?

III

Such conjectures, satisfactory, no doubt, but to the contriver, or to those (in Bacon's words) "more moved and excited by affirmatives than by negatives," most readers still in their senses will promptly rule out of court. For the case now pending, the bare recital, as above, should suffice. Not in text or context, not in keeping with Elizabethan poetic or dramatic procedure, either, they are also not poetic or dramatic in themselves, and obviously, not having been in Shakespeare's own mind, should therefore not "for the moment" (or longer!) be in ours. It is even as with the actor. "C'est comme cela que je sens le rôle," is his retort, says Sarcey, when he is taken to task. "Eh, malheureux! il ne s'agit pas de le sentir mais de le comprendre." And these words the dramatist Cúrel, as Shaw¹³ would have done, has supplemented, "Il n'y a qu'une façon de comprendre un rôle, celle de l'auteur."

The histrionic misconceptions, however, matter little: they are transitory, not taking on the dimensions of a doctrine or the permanence of print. The literary, on the other hand—not in the text or in the author's own mind, and consequently not, as attached to his work, to be in ours—what for these within the limits of logic, then, is left? Why, where there is a will there is a way, and, even between

¹² N. Coghill, *English Association, Essays and Studies* (1950), p. 26. *MP*, November 1950, p. 128. The historical and biographical in the *Tempest* is discussed more fully in my *Shakespeare and Other Masters* (1940), Chap. 8.

¹³ "Every play," says Shaw, "should be performed as its author intended it to be performed." It can't be, of course, perfectly, for the arts of both acting and staging have too much changed. But as Shaw here says, "The principle must be applied with constant regard to common sense and knowledge of essential points." That is, apparently, the Elizabethan demonstrative style of acting should not be revived; but the character should be conceived as by Shakespeare intended, and that conception, as nearly as by our style it may be, brought home to the audience.

the bars, a way for slipping through. There is round denial of the premise, for one thing; and also in the world of thought and imagination, now, there are to be no property rights. For some few of the Unintentional have had the hardihood to come out into the open and flatly declare what the others have been but implying. "The poem belongs to the public," say Messrs. Wimsatt and Beardsley; "as a system of values [the meaning] leads an independent life," say even the learned and discriminating Messrs. Wellek and Warren. All four, really, like others of the Unintentional, are, in the process of their evasion, a prey to metaphor: "leads an independent life," say the one pair; "detached from the author at *birth* and goes about the world beyond his power to intend about or control it," say the other; and even as Miss Bodkin before them,

if we have found elements in experience made newly explicit through the teaching of Freud, one can no more bind within the limits of the author's intention the interaction with new minds of a play or poem that *lives on* centuries after his death than one can restrict within its parents' understanding the interrelations of the *child* that goes forth to *live its own life* in the world. (*Archetypal Patterns* [1934], p. 334)

Fallacy of equivocation, as presently, again, below; also one of the myths that critics produce, when, though still as critics, turning poets. This offspring of the author's, obviously, is not alive, has neither a mind nor a will nor a career of its own. How the great Walkley, quoted in the epigraphs but writing even before psychoanalysis had darkened counsel, would have shuddered, and Shaw, who admired him, have jeered! For by the pronouncements of the four capable scholars, as appears from the context, is not meant the author's independence of the critic—poetry growing up wild, as in the great ages it did, without a gardener—but the critic's independence of the author.¹⁴ Thus meaning, so near that point already, no longer itself has a meaning: communication is discredited or repudiated; the "system of values" is not imparted but hinted at; we know not what they are or where we are; and there is surely, then, no longer much reason to write criticism, still less to read it. Even fifty-seven years ago the editor of one of the most important literary magazines in America said of criticism the like to me (who, by the way, was not offering or proposing any); and how much more emphatically he would have said it could he have witnessed what in this kind has germinated and proliferated since or have heard the round Marxian declaration of independence—of "public ownership"—pronounced above!

¹⁴ Some of the New Poets too (and in their case not without warrant) go so far as to assert the poem's independence of the author; Mr. MacLeish, for instance, when he told the Congressional Committee, "When I wrote that, God and I knew what it meant. Now God alone knows." No intention presides over the conception, and the poem, like the child, is held to be the product of Nature. Yet our "poet laureate" did not thereupon murmur, "God sent it," as, for the other children, though at happier moments to about the same self-exculpatory effect, mothers used to do.

Mr. Eliot, I think, could not join in it. So far as I know his critical writing, he has not entered the "select school" of Messrs. Knight and Dobrée, does not, like them, ignore or belittle the poet's intention. "His success," he says of Shakespeare in *The Use of Poetry* (1948), p. 44, "must always be reckoned in understanding of what he attempted"; and of Morris' *Blue Closet* he observes, in *The Music of Poetry* (1942), p. 14, that "its obvious intention (and I think the author succeeds) is to produce the effect of a dream." That is, like Maupassant (and he in turn like Pope and Goethe) in the preface to *Pierre et Jean*, "Le critique ne doit apprécier le résultat que suivant la nature de l'effort. . . . Cela a été écrit mille fois. Il faudra toujours ["vous avez raison, brigadier!"] le répéter." And the four great critic-authors alike would no doubt have been with Henry James (another!) in finding *Treasure Island* delightful "because it appears to me to have succeeded wonderfully in what it attempts"; while upon Goncourt's *Chérie*, a psychological novel, he ventures to bestow no epithet "because it strikes me as having failed deplorably in what it attempts." Likewise, I think, they all would have been with James again in the Preface to *A London Life* as he declares that "what matters for one's appreciation of a work of art, however modest, is that the prime intention shall have been justified—for any judgment of which we must be clear what it was." Or with Poe when in discussing Hawthorne he maintains, "The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable." Dr. Thomas Mann, to be sure, in his essay on Wagner, asserts that "all criticism, even Nietzsche's, tends to attribute the effectiveness of art to a conscious and deliberate intention of the artist and to suggest calculation. Quite falsely and mistakenly." All we are demanding, however, is that it shall not be ignored; and anyhow the writer seems to be dealing (though he might have said the same if he weren't) with the artist's intentions upon instead of for the public. With James and the other critic-authors it is comparatively an impersonal matter, one of meaning—of expression and consequent comprehension—of a primary and immediate, not of an ulterior moral or practical effect, as in "a novel with a purpose." If such intentions there be, those too, as we notice below, must be taken into account; but they are not what we are here discussing.

Mr. Eliot, we shall see, is as a critic not always perfectly consistent¹⁸ (it is the Unintentional that, in their irresponsibility, can be, with no pilot star for their tillers). On page 129 of *The Use*, however, he is not indictable as, like Emerson quoted above, he says that "the poet does many things upon instinct." For the moment, that is, the poet or dramatist may be inconsistent himself. But it is his own instinct, not that of others—of critics—nor is it identical with their "intuitions"

¹⁸ It has been remarked even by the Vanguard, as by Messrs. Wimsatt and Beardsley, *Sewanee Review*, Summer 1946, p. 488. They make the same complaint against Signor Croce; and as for themselves, cf. note 42 below.

or "imaginative reaction,"¹⁶ as they are likely to say; and if he seemingly neglects his apparent purpose it is in order but more amply or finely to achieve it. This most frequently occurs, not when he is dealing with an idea but when creating a situation, a character; and it is no novelty in the art. Achilles, after having unwillingly given Patroclus permission to go to the rescue, presently smites his thighs, and exclaims, "Up, then!" his own blood now being suddenly up, "lest they take the ships and there be no more retreat; do on thy harness speedily, and I will summon the host." Likewise, near the end, having out of piety and pity consented to surrender Hector's body, he bids the handmaids wash and anoint it apart, "so that Priam should not look upon his son, lest he should not refrain the wrath at his sorrowing heart when he should look upon his son, and lest Achilles' heart be vexed thereat and he slay him." For he could not have trusted himself should Hector in his sight and hearing have been thus honored, and Patroclus (according to the sentiment of the time) thus dishonored, by the lamentation as well as the surrender. Yet Achilles, as Aristotle (cap. 15) has it, is "noble," and as Professor Garrod has it, is "to our feelings irresistible." Mr. Eliot, of course, would say so too; and the ancient poet's "instinct," as no doubt the other ancients saw, was with his purpose not really at odds.

IV

Securus judicat orbis terrarum is evidently a doctrine to which Messrs. Knight, Dobrée, and the others do not subscribe (for "belongs to the public," we shall see, practically means, to the critics); and no more than in religion, to be sure, should authority daunt or sway us. So I have not here, as in some measure elsewhere,¹⁷ repeated the long roll-call of the critics avowedly Intentional, from Plato, Aristotle, Dryden, Pope, and Goethe down to Carlyle, Poe, Wordsworth, Saintsbury, Quiller-Couch, Elton, Valéry, Mr. Day Lewis, and the late illustrious Sir Desmond MacCarthy.¹⁸ But authority should impress us when like theirs it is founded on reason and right. The difference here between the old critics and the New is: the former insist on the authority of the creator, the latter on that of the critic; the former, on

¹⁶ "we should attempt to preserve absolute truth to our own imaginative reaction, whithersoever it may lead us in the way of paradox and unreason." Wilson Knight, *Wheel of Fire* (1930), p. 16.

¹⁷ As in my *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare* (1933), pp. xi, xii, etc. Here, as in my article on *Moby-Dick*, the including of Manzoni and omitting of Dryden, Carlyle, Poe, and Saintsbury were blunders. (Another in the article, p. 444, is Arnold's name instead of Swinburne's.) For Dryden, Pope's master, cf. the *TLS*, Feb. 16, 1951, p. 94: "Only a reader who leaves Dryden's prefaces unread can be ignorant of the importance he attached to poetic intention."

¹⁸ For Carlyle, Spingarn, *op. cit.*, p. 17; Poe, *Works* (1914), VII, 40, as quoted above; Mr. Lewis, as quoted in the epigraphs. (The critic-poet has recently joined the illustrious line of professors of poetry at Oxford.) Of "the true critic" the London *Sunday Times*, June 15, 1952, observed editorially, "he is there to combat what Desmond MacCarthy used to call the anarchy of opinion as well as to act as an intermediary between writer and reader."

the work's not "belonging to the public," the latter, really, on its belonging to anyone clever and reckless enough to appropriate it. But for any art, as for law (in interpreting statute, contract, or personal conduct), intention is important, and is to be taken into account as for any other human activity. In the saner criticism of painting or sculpture today, as in Sir Kenneth Clark's *Landscape into Art* (1949), the writer duly and continually remembers what Poussin or Turner, the Impressionists or Cézanne, were "trying to do"—what had insufficiently or never been done before—; and of Constable's avowal that "his art could be found under every hedge" he observes, "It was an aim as revolutionary as that of Wordsworth." So if, then, an architect builds a "pleasure-dome," it should not be judged as if a dwelling-house; or if Blake paints a visionary figure, it should not be judged as if a portrait. Likewise, if Shakespeare creates a vindictive ghost of superstition, "doom'd to walk the night and for the day confined to fast in fires," it is not in the son and heir an hallucination; if charming, highly individual maidens in love, they are not unromantic, unsubstantial Fertility spirits; if (on the other hand) a spirit of the air¹⁹—an amiable fluttering sprite of the sky, imprisoned by a witch—it is not Southampton, or imagination, or genius; if a mythical monster—spawn of the earth²⁰—, not the vulgar theatrical public, or Ravaiillac, or the friend in London who had betrayed him. It is the poet's function and prerogative to do the myth-making, not (as today, it seems) the critic's; and in the process a strange taste in poetry some of the symbolists disclose, a strange taste, also, attribute to the Elizabethan audience. Nor is it (as we have seen) merely in the drama that we must respectfully remember the intention of the poet or the taste of his public, which loyally—necessarily—he would satisfy. Lowell is right in complaining of the "misapprehension" as Coleridge "disparages Dante by comparing his Lucifer with Milton's Satan . . . the precise measurements were not prosaic, but demanded by the nature of his poem. He is describing an actual journey, and his exactness makes a part of the verisimilitude." Mystery, the "Miltonic vague," would in an explorer's report not have been reassuring, nor would "glory," either, whether "obscur'd" or not. The medieval public demanded a monster, particularly in a rebel, not, like Milton's, now newly fallen but for over five thousand years sunk in sin; and the grotesque details of his physiognomy—three faces for the arch-traitor!—are in allegory quite to the medieval taste, which (here again!) it is the poet's befitting purpose to satisfy.

In discussing the Freudian interpretation of *King Lear* touched upon above, Mr. Trilling there found something "both beautiful and suggestive." But in the criticism of criticism such considerations

¹⁹ V, i, 21: "which art but *air*": his name itself says as much, being falsely etymologized.

²⁰ I, ii, 314: "thou *earth*, thou, speak." When really symbolizing (or myth-making) the Bard, so far from "cryptic," really wastes words upon us of today.

should not be the primary ones. These should be fidelity to the text and the intention: the beauty and the suggestiveness in the criticism should be perceptible in the work itself, not as *presented* by the critic but as *represented*, as reflected and displayed, brought home to us. In the process of the representation there may, indeed, and even should be, beauty and suggestiveness; but these are on the critic's own responsibility, and are, again, secondary matters. "To be satisfied with fine writing," says Arnold of criticism, "is futile." Mr. Trilling acknowledges, to be sure, that this of Freud's is "not *the* meaning of *King Lear*, any more than the Oedipus notion is *the* meaning of *Hamlet*"; but only because

changes in historical context and personal mood change the meaning of a work [there's the work belonging to the public!]. . . . Even if the author's intention were . . . precisely determinable, the meaning of the work cannot lie in intention alone; it must also lie in its effect—just as with natural phenomena, so that we can say that a volcanic eruption on an inhabited island "means terrible suffering," but if the island is uninhabited or easily evacuated, it means something else.

There, as I said in the article in *ELH* referred to above (note 8), the word "means," treacherous as ever, is a plain case of what the logicians would call the "fallacy of equivocation." Also the "effect" of an earthquake on an island, inhabited or not, has nothing in common, ordinarily, with the "effect" of a play or a poem; nor does the population or the audience, either, "determine" its "meaning." It is true, of course, that there may be no single meaning; it is true also that the meaning of a work cannot lie in intention alone; yet as I said before,

the effect must bear a discernible relation to the intention, whether conscious or only half-conscious, that is, to the cause. In these interpretations of *Lear* and *Hamlet* it manifestly doesn't; indeed, the effect is directly contrary; and as for that of *Cordelia*, it is widely irrelevant. Only an audience of Freudians could possibly so "determine" the meaning; and the word "determine" here really applies only in its primitive (now unusual and here not intended) sense of "set the limits."

Under such maneuvering less than ever, then, has meaning a meaning. The appropriate principle is that of the late Lascelles Abercrombie: "Literature exists not only in expressing a thing; it equally exists in the receiving of the thing expressed." Received, however, communicated it must be. Or as also the critic-poet says in his *Plea for the Liberty of Interpreting*, which itself because of the mere word liberty (intention again!) has by some been grossly misunderstood:

Judge by results, I say; not by the results of reverie, which the poem merely sets going, and in which attention may ramble anywhere it pleases, for that is not criticism at all; but certainly by any result that may come of living in the art of the play and attending to everything it consists of. . . . But, when I say a play exists in what it means to any one who will receive it, the implication is plain, that everything is excluded from that existence which is not given by the author's technique.

Though in good art, moreover, there is not necessarily a single meaning, and certainly not a precise one, there is, at least generally, evidence enough, when far-fetched ones such as those above are proposed, to tell what the meaning is *not*. And if it is the significance of a symbol that is in question, this in a good one, like Tennyson's, Ibsen's, or Valéry's, as we have seen, reveals itself. It is not an enigma to be deciphered, a riddle to be read, or even a problem to be solved.

The trouble is that often critics are both self-centered and (in a sense) large-minded: with not only their own but also many other meanings—and particularly in the present day of subconsciousness and ambiguity—they would enlarge, enrich, as well as assimilate the work of art. How in the same mind, though, could the above interpretations of *King Lear* and *Hamlet* or of the other plays or characters, along with the natural—such as any normal, intelligent but unindoctrinated audience or reader would be led to make—be entertained together? Such "meaningfulness" as in Epstein's interpretation of his own statue *Night and Day* Mr. Belgion has found amounting to "meaninglessness," would here be even still worse because not only confusing but contradictory, incompatible. A dish so big and mixed would not be for any taste to relish, for any intelligence to digest; and art being not only a communication but an intercommunication, it will never do for each reader or spectator to be making up a Hamlet, Lear, or Miranda—any more than a language—of his own. To the individual still less than to the public as a whole does the character belong except as reverently or respectfully taken from the author's hand. It is noticeable, moreover, that mainly by the critic's own contribution is the work of art thus to be enriched; and in contradiction how clear-headed—to the point, frequently, of falling back even upon the author's intention—or, for want of that criterion, how self-assertive, the innovator can be! "It is only natural," says Mr. F. L. Lucas, "that criticism, growing more chaotic, should grow more dogmatic too."²¹ (Out of anarchy tyranny, sooner or later, in art as in life.) And because so merely personal, criticism is often personal in another sense: your not liking the criticism seems to involve not liking the critic, and to reflect (for a critic as for a woman the thing hardest to bear) upon his taste. From looking to himself and at other critics instead of the author comes the critic's virulence.

V

In the present-day aesthetic anarchy the principle now in question has, I think, special weight and point. "One of the commonest but most uncritical faults of criticism—the refusal to consider what it is that the author intended to give us—" said Saintsbury more than half a century ago;²² and how prodigiously commoner in this day of Freud

²¹ *Criticism of Poetry* (1933), p. 7.

²² *Prefaces and Essays* (1933), p. 44; but published originally before 1893.

and the symbolists! To me the fault seems nearly fundamental. The intention ignored or discredited, the critic feeling free to say of the work whatever comes into his head to say, there is no reason left for his reader, even if of the same persuasion, to accept or refuse it, for the one to write or for the other to buy it. Thus criticism itself is no longer a communication; and no room is left for discussion or dissent. No longer is it a right interpretation or a wrong, a false or a true (although the words many of the Unintentional still freely apply), for nothing remains (see Sir Desmond at note 18 and in the epigraph) whereby to judge between them. There is no criterion, no standard, no accepted test or common ground. Critic or reader can only say, then (though the former, of course, will not), "I like this—I don't like that." At best criticism is somewhat personal and capricious, but by cutting loose from the poet's intention it is to caprice a prey. And its "name is Legion"—for, not only different, the criticisms (like the devils) "are many," those of *Hamlet*, for example. So every critic as he reads thinks his own thoughts, not the poet's, speaks his own language, not his author's or reader's, and there is a general confusion of tongues. His *Macbeth* is no longer Shakespeare's, or *The Ancient Mariner* Coleridge's, or *Moby-Dick* Melville's; nor are they anybody else's, for that matter. Solipsism—undesirable anywhere—in criticism! "Ce qui vaut pour un seul ne vaut rien!" says who but Valéry the symbolist; "c'est la loi d'airain de littérature." And to criticism that applies still more rigorously than to creation. Yet most of the great poets and other artists before our day²³ have said (and however unsuccessfully, have acted as if they meant it) that their art was intended, not, as some of our New Poets and Critics now frankly say of theirs (also acting as if they meant it), "for the élite," but as Wordsworth in his prefaces variously and repeatedly insisted, "not for poets alone, but for men." "A true classic?" says Sainte-Beuve, quoted approvingly by Elton, "one who has spoken to all men"; and much the same has been said by Grillparzer, Arnold, Croce, Yeats, Quiller-Couch, Drinkwater, and Maugham, after (but probably not remembering) Longinus. Their art only in that sense, it seems, "belonged to the public." Flaubert, "the devotee of the phrase," says James in his essay on him, "yet never its victim," so coined it "that

²³ See the long list, with quotations, *Shakespeare and Other Masters*, pp. 52-53, 86-87, 248; *From Shakespeare to Joyce*, pp. 73, 77, 235-36, to whom should be added Poe on poetry, "universally appreciable"; Tolstoy and Wilde on art, "Her claim is that she is universal." That is, intended not for every silly or inattentive Tom, Dick, or Harry, however, but for every one "who differs from you," as Ford Madox Ford puts it, "only in not having literary ambition or gifts." And not one meaning for the pit, another for the gallery; still less, as Elton says of Hamlet's sparing the King at prayer, meanings "exactly opposite to each other." *Modern Studies* (1907), p. 106. Cf. W. W. Lawrence, *Shakespeare's Problem Comedies* (1931), p. 15; my *Shakespeare and Other Masters*, pp. 187, 295; C. S. Lewis, *Hamlet: The Prince or the Poem?* (1942), pp. 9, 18: "To hear some critics one would suppose that a man had to lose his nursery appreciation of *Gulliver* before he acquired his mature appreciation of it. It is not so."

the simple may enjoy it for its least bearing and the initiated [the élite] for its greatest." "That surely is to be a writer of the first order," even Henry James (self-forgetfully, or self-effacingly) can add. Art "belongs to the public" merely, then, to be appreciated, not appropriated, to be enjoyed if not comprehended, certainly not to be interpreted or reconstructed (of belonging "to the public" in the New Critics' sense and to the élite the consequences, strangely enough, are much the same) as they individually and independently may be inclined. By the poet spoken to, they should companionably, loyally lend their ears. And the critic (if any room be left for him now) "What the devil" is he for? Mr. Eliot himself might ask, but to listen with a finer ear, removing difficulties, not raising up others unheard-of and his own; to act as a humble mediator or interpreter, not look merely in his own heart and write, like the poet, but in both the poet's and the reader's, thereby, except in response to the poet and in appeal to the reader, effacing himself? So with the other arts. Primarily criticism is but comprehension and sympathy: we can appreciate and judge only as we look or listen and also feel.

Look or listen, heed or hearken, first of all. Feeling, finally, is more important, but not of course emotion at large; and in the poem the particular emotion must have been singled out, deftly suggested and (perhaps) then guided. If not quite an "intention," there must at least be a drift or tenor, something (not coming from the reader) to evoke and define the feeling. In their large-mindedness, consequently, critics somewhat defeat their own intentions besides those of the artist. As the larger-minded, indeed, have recognized, art, above all that of poetry and music, is emotional essentially—"to raise and afterwards calm the passions," says Dryden—but if interpretations so various and divergent as those above or below applied to Shakespeare, Browning, *Moby-Dick*, or Epstein are to be accepted, either as wholes or as by the subsequent critic chosen, the reader or spectator cannot feel happily because he is thwarted or bewildered.

Concerning good art in its own day, indeed, the question of intention hardly arises: it is raised by the critics, concerning art of an earlier day or the cryptic art of our own, as they either offer or reject novel theories; and the main difficulty in the interpretation of Shakespeare, as I have several times said, somewhat like Grillparzer and Croce, Drinkwater and Quiller-Couch before me, is the criticism. Of good art, in its own day, the intention is discernible, for it has been achieved. Where there really is symbolism that is the case, we have noticed already; but it is equally so where there is none. "It is well to know the limits," says in his essay on Browning the late William Paton Ker, one of our greatest critics and scholars, "and to understand that poetry is its own interpretation." So says Mr. Eliot in his essay on *Hamlet*: "*Qua* work of art, the work of art cannot be interpreted; there is nothing to interpret." (Which utterances are not

irreconcilable with Housman's "Interpretation apart, criticism does not exist"; for in criticism itself account is by the reader to be taken not merely of the critic's words but of his meaning, intention!) That is, until the language and style, the temper and sentiments of the time have changed, genuine poetry can successfully speak for herself, needs no expositor. Then (or before this) all that is needed is intelligently and sensitively to read and listen, not ruminate or speculate, to explore the text, the time, and the circumstances—the "relevant historical facts," says Mr. Eliot—not one's own consciousness or accumulated extraneous knowledge. "If their works be good," Wordsworth reminds the poets, "they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished." "A legitimate poem," says Coleridge, is one "the parts of which mutually support and explain each other"; which "contains within itself the reason why it is so and not otherwise," he says again, like Poe after him: "Every work of art contains within itself all that is necessary for its comprehension." Or, as the late Roger Fry observed, though himself thinking rather of arts other than the verbal, it is "a construction which is completely self-consistent, self-supporting, and self-contained." For as Goethe said of art to Eckermann, "not subject to natural necessity, but having laws of its own"; and as Coleridge, of genius, "the power of acting creatively under laws of its own origination." And by that is meant in conformity with its own technique and its more or less improbable preliminary assumptions, whether as in Shakespeare or Sophocles, whether as in Scott, Balzac, or Hardy. Consistency, unity, harmony is the thing: "Denique sit quidvis simplex dumtaxat et unum." Not all good authors or critics, to be sure, have always lived up to that; but oftener than by some critics today you would be led to expect.²⁴

Occasionally, as when the critics fail to make allowances for the technique or the preliminary assumptions, it is not so much perhaps because they are too ingenious as too literal-minded. A case of both matters neglected together and also a signal instance of ignoring the intention of the author is the charge of egotism brought against the Ghost²⁵ in *Hamlet* as he dwells upon his own virtues and "natural gifts" at the expense of his brother. The Ghost is a postulate, to be

²⁴ Some of the advanced critics, however, have at least the principle, "Le critère d'un bon roman," says M. Magny, "sera non plus son réalisme mais la cohérence intérieure du monde qu'il nous présente."

²⁵ H. Mumford Jones, *University of Texas Bulletin* (1918), pp. 42-44. It is a question whether Mr. Jones is here too literal-minded: the naive reader perhaps would take the matter as the Elizabethan audience did. And in other respects the critic is ingenious enough. He does, indeed, finely appreciate the effect of a prepared surprise in the Ghost's disclosures; but in general he twists the tragedy into a "problem-play," inferring that the old Hamlet as well as the young was unfit to reign, that Claudius, on the other hand, wasn't, and raising the amazing question how far he was justified in his murder and Hamlet in his revenge. But he does not go so far as Mr. Knight (*Wheel*, p. 39), who, wiser than both Fortinbras and the author, thinks that as King the Prince "would have been a thousand times more dangerous," and that Claudius "can hardly be blamed for his later actions."

accepted as unquestionably as a Prologue (which also in some part this one is); the egotism here, moreover, is like that sometimes charged against Brutus and Othello, as when the latter speaks of "my parts, my title, and my perfect soul." It is the technique of self-description, frequently to be found in Elizabethan drama and ancient drama or epic. The Moor, indeed, is here speaking in self-defense (and "perfect soul" means, as Kittredge has it, only "unblemished conscience"); but Sophocles' Oedipus is not so speaking as, at the outset, he in the one tragedy touches upon his "noble mind" and, in the other, upon his "universal renown." Much the same once or twice Homer's Odysseus and three times Vergil's Aeneas say of themselves, the technique as naïve and primitive as the manners. Yet not wholly so. Self-praise both Aristotle and Demosthenes, as well as the comic poets, consider improper, whereas legendary heroes and mythical characters—whether Hercules or Samson, whether Elijah or the Deity himself in his atrocities—are exceptional, enjoy a privilege, as Sir John Sheppard says; and this holds not only for the men but also for the women. In both ancient and Shakespearean drama, as well as medieval epic, heroines are permitted at times to remember their beauty—Sophocles' Deianeira, for instance, and, with both the liberty and the authority of a disembodied spirit (like, indeed, the Ghost remembering his virtues), Dante's Beatrice, Tasso's Clorinda.²⁶ Technique apart, in fact—as mere realism or fair play—a soul in Purgatory prompting his son to revenge should have the right to prompt him—to touch upon his own virtues at the expense of his murderer and supplanter, particularly when he speaks so frankly also of his own "imperfections" and "sins." In his situation, whether the literal or the figurative, the Ghost could with difficulty be what we or Adam Smith would call a gentleman.

Some of the critics, of course, who indulge in novel and ingenious interpretations do not themselves adhere to this heresy of the poem's belonging to the public, and to the author's intention, more or less faintheartedly, pay allegiance. They do not directly ignore it like Mr. Knight, with his Othello "sentimental," his Hamlet and Ghost as above we have seen them, and his Claudius as we are yet to see him; nevertheless they sadly mistake it. They pay the poet the sorry compliment of a puzzling subtlety, themselves peering cannily between or behind the lines; or if it's a play, behind the scenes, forgetting that, as Professor Owen says, "you cannot judge or interpret a play by what is not there."²⁷ For them it is a "mystery," somewhat in the detective-story sense²⁸ (though without also the detecting there!), and the

²⁶ *Trachiniae*, 25; *Purg.*, XXXI, 50 ff.; *Liberata*, XII, 91-92; *Aeneid*, I, 378-79; X, 829-30; XII, 435-40.

²⁷ *University of Toronto Quarterly*, January 1936, p. 229.

²⁸ This detective-story method (with the sleuth, however, the critic) which is practised also by the Freudians and the Frazerians, is one of the most flagrant violations of the author's intention. And from the critic the genuine detective-story itself does not escape. Wheels within wheels, "Dr. Watson" of late has been taken to be a woman.

favorite key to it is self-deception or hallucination. So it is with Othello, Brutus, Macbeth, and (of course) the Dane. Their Hamlet, then, deceives himself when he suspects the Ghost may be the devil or when he spares the King at prayer (though in Shakespeare as in other stage-fit drama self-deception is by the self or another always detected²⁹); and not only is he hallucinated when he sees and hears the Ghost in the first place, but also even Ophelia is when she sees the Prince entering her chamber in lovesick disorder. (The irresponsibility or wrongheadedness of all this is apparent when we remember that where, as above and in *The Turn of the Screw*, no hallucination is suggested, its presence is by the critics simply asserted, in both cases, as with the self-deception, producing an effect "exactly opposite"; but especially that where, as in *Moby-Dick*, it is not only obvious but is asserted repeatedly and authoritatively, the hallucination—Ahab's notion of the whale as the embodiment of evil—is pretty generally shared, after some sort or other, by the critics—the detectives!—themselves.) And though without the hallucination or self-deception, there is the same far-fetched misreading of Iago as by misfortune "warped out of humanity" or "by the world's injustice," of Othello and Desdemona as "deliberately" made "responsible for their own disaster," of the drowned Ophelia as a Fertility spirit, Miranda as the Drama, Perdita as the Spring, and (recently) King Lear as himself to blame for the mistreatment he got from his daughters. After much the same fashion, Milton's Satan, instead of heroic or "majestic," as the great critics from Chateaubriand and Coleridge to Hazlitt, Raleigh, and Abercrombie have found him, is ridiculous; the haughty, ruthless Renaissance aesthete in *My Last Duchess* had a fool for a wife, and the same poet's Andrea del Sarto would not have done any better as a painter no matter what sort of wife he had had. "The purpose of any utterance," said the late George Sampson, like Oliver Elton, "is a most important element of its form"; and in thus missing the purpose or attributing another these critics have missed also part of the poem.

VI

In drama the violation of the author's intention is oftenest owing to the practice of what Mr. C. S. Lewis has lately called character-criticism.³⁰ Thereby the play is treated as if a psychological exhibit, a

²⁹ Cf. *Othello*, II, iii, 356-59, where Iago detects himself, and III, iii, 215-16, where he detects Othello. Psychologically, if anybody else was to detect himself, it should have been the Dane, as in II, ii, 610-15, "why what an ass am I!" etc. But to be deceiving himself as he suspects the Ghost or spares the King would play into the hands of the pathologists and alienate the audience. An extreme form of self-deception, called "projection," is attributed by Miss Bodkin and Mr. J. I. M. Stewart to Othello, whom the latter calls an "habitual self-deceiver." Boomerang-wise the hero is supposed to project his suspicions of wife and friend upon the villain and then to suffer under the rebound. Cf. *Archetypal Patterns* (1934), p. 223; *Character and Motive* (1949), p. 103. One should expect the interpretation projected to be itself a boomerang.

³⁰ Cf. notes 23 above and 33 below.

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latter-day novel; but as Mr. Lewis says in the spirit of Aristotle, likewise the late Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. G. M. Young, and others, "The first thing is to surrender oneself to the poetry and the situation. It is only through them that you can reach the characters." "The plot came first with Shakespeare," says Raleigh, "as it comes first with the audience, as it comes first with every child. . . . It is not true to say that in these tragedies character is destiny." What would they all have said (or not have said) to Mr. Mark Van Doren's finding the "origin of the evil in *Othello*," "like the origin of everything else in the tragedy," to be "the character of the hero"; "nothing in Iago being absent from *Othello*" (*Shakespeare* [1930], pp. 225, 228)?

Having dealt with Plot and Character in 1944 and with Character Criticism in a study not yet printed, I here content myself with pointing to the distortion that in some hands now results. Instances we have seen already—Hamlet, Claudius, Lear, the Moor, Iago. One of the most remarkable is the taking of the victims of an all-embracing deception—an impenetrable hypocrisy—as in *Othello* the play, but not in the hero, to be "unobservant," "incurious," "unintelligent," or "stupid." No more are they so to be taken than (as in *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It*) all the acquaintances, even the fathers, brothers, and sweethearts, of the disguised. Heroes and heroines (and also in some measure their relatives and acquaintances) must command not only our sympathy but our admiration or respect; strangely enough Sophocles' Oedipus, confronted by a somewhat similar deception or mystery, has been blamed both for failing to see the point and also for pressing on to see it.⁸¹ Another instance is the misunderstanding of what has been called by Diderot and Dumas *l'optique du théâtre*, whereby the hypocrite like Tartuffe or Iago or the demagogue like Antony plays his part at the same time secretly and openly—secretly before the audience in the play, openly before that in the house. Just so his Moorship's Ancient artfully, with apparent but transparent reluctance, reports to the General and his followers what had happened between Cassio and Montano. Whether Mr. Eliot knew of the *optique* does not appear, but he evidently is of the same opinion as the French critics:

A speech should never appear to be intended to move us as it might conceivably move other characters in the play, for it is essential that we should preserve our position of spectators, and observe always from the outside though with complete understanding. The scene in *Julius Caesar* is right because the object of our attention is not the speech of Antony . . . but the effect of his speech upon the mob, and Antony's intention, his preparation and consciousness of the effect.⁸²

The effect on those critics, however, who of the *optique* take no account is that Iago or Antony is here a poor player or that his stage

⁸¹ Cf. *Shakespeare and Other Masters* (1940), pp. 73-74.

⁸² *Sacred Wood* (1932), p. 82. Cf. Coleridge's letter, May 6, 1799 (quoted by Lowes) to similar effect.

audience are ("unintelligent," "unobservant") poor spectators, themselves (in another way) being poor players too.

Still another instance of disproportionate interest in character, and one of the most egregious "uncritical faults of criticism," Saintsbury would probably have acknowledged, is the turning of the intentionally comic in earlier poetry or prose, whether dramatic or not, into the pathetic or the *sympathique*—Shylock, Malvolio, Falstaff (momentarily), Don Quixote and several leading characters in Molière—Dandin, Arnolphe, Pourceaugnac, the Sganarelle of the *Ecole des Maris*. Professor Brander Matthews, like others before and after, does this to Shylock, though, as he admits, it is contrary to Shakespeare's intention; in the same spirit, but much more boldly, and contrary to Raleigh, he avers that *All's Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida* "are far from being comic in their intent or in their effect" and "move us to sadness rather than to mirth." Likewise he finds Dandin and Arnolphe pathetic, is inclined to think *L'Avare* and *Le Tartuffe* tragic. Some of the finest French critics before him had done somewhat the same to Molière and to *Don Quixote* but had promptly recovered their equilibrium. Sainte-Beuve said that if, for Hugo, Cervantes had a tear in his eye we should dry the tear, or better, confess freely that it is we who had put it there, rightly adding that in his opinion he had the warrant of Hallam, Ticknor, and Mérimée before him. And of Dandin, Sarcey and Lemaître say much the same, the latter now mocking at his own youthful verses upon him (*Impressions de théâtre* [1895], VIII, 53). But Professor Matthews, though he thinks that when Macready and Barrett cut the *Merchant of Venice* down to a Shylock play in three acts it was "plainly a betrayal of Shakespeare's intent," still will not say the like of Irving's playing and staging, with its expurgations and sentimental embellishments. Irving, indeed, he quotes: "Shylock was a ferocity, there's no doubt about it: but I cannot play the part on those lines." Yet thereupon he observes, "In this transformation of Shylock we have another illustration of the old saying that talent does what it can while genius does what it must." The critic means (what, of course, he had repeated already) that Shakespeare "builded better than he knew," and for himself declares that "the piece that Shakespeare meant for a comedy has changed color before our eyes until it looms up as almost tragic." So, before this, he says, "to us, in the twentieth century, a supremely pathetic figure." Of course the comedy should not now be played just as Shakespeare intended it to be, for that would not be unto edification; but this does not mean it is not so to be read. Irving's play is quite another, and not the piece itself has changed color but the public; nor was the tear in Shakespeare's eye, either, but, we should candidly remember, some of us out of a proper aversion to race-hatred have put it there, or keep it there now.³³ Humanitarianism, in a cloudy, faulty world, does not necessarily see or read aright.

To no effect is intention more essential than to that of irony, now much favored by the New Critics, a few of them insisting that it is indispensable to poetry; and in drama, one goes so far as to declare, the spectators themselves, instead of being open-minded, open-hearted, are ironists. That is a private opinion, which I have discussed disparagingly in the *Adams Memorial* volume (1948); but we may here take a look at one case of dramatic irony, which, though as such both discovered and rediscovered, is, I think, none. That is in the story of Hal, Hotspur, and Falstaff together. Possibly, but not necessarily, under the influence of Maurice Morgann, of 1777, who found Falstaff cowardly and mendacious in appearance but not in reality, the transcendental Ulrici, in 1839, thought the episode to be bearing "unmistakably an ironical character": "it is intended to parody the hollow exaltation [Pathos] of the political history and to assist in scattering the vain deceptive halo with which it has been surrounded." In this opinion he has been followed (as by Englishmen Morgann) by German after German, and also, most elaborately and subtly of all, by Professor Bradley. He philosophically develops the notion of the "military free-thinker" into that of one who by his humor dissolves away into words and airy nothings not only honor but those other obstacles and "nuisances"—truth, duty, devotion to one's country, the terrors of death and religion, everything in short that makes life real and earnest, thereby "lifting us into the atmosphere of perfect freedom."³⁴ Even if by his "catechism" on honor as "a word" and his preference for "discretion" and "counterfeiting," or by his playing possum in battle and stabbing the dead hero for fear of his now playing that game himself, he really thus manages so to uplift us, how does he at the same time serve to discredit the honor and belittle the chivalry of Hal and Hotspur, as in the hands of Professor Charlton, Mr. Empson, and Miss Bradbrook he is made to do? (As Frank Harris rightly

³³ Matthews' views on the subject appear in his *Shakespeare as a Playwright* (1923), pp. 145-52, etc., and in *Columbia Shakespeare Studies* (1916), pp. 16-17. Here the critic has recourse to the now familiar formula: "and it is always what the artist actually did, and not merely what he meant to do, which we need to perceive clearly." In this case, as in *Shakespeare* all through, how do we learn of what he meant except from what he did? These opinions and those of the Frenchmen I have discussed much more fully in my *Shakespeare Studies* (1927), pp. 305-11, 319, 331-36. On *The Merchant of Venice* as "twisted out of recognition" by ignoring the dramatist's intention cf. C. S. Lewis, *Hamlet: The Prince or the Poem?* (1942), cited n. 23 above, which, under the heading "Character Criticism," I am discussing elsewhere. "Thus the hero becomes a scamp, the heroine's love for him a disaster, the villain a hero" (pp. 9-10); (and if the critic had heard of it, he might have added, "Antonio a homo-sexualist").

³⁴ *Oxford Lectures* (1914), pp. 262-63. Cf. my *Shakespeare Studies* (1927), pp. 406-407, 472-73. I here make no attempt to argue the matter again: to my long list of the incredulous I have, however, several important names to add, such as Courthope's: "His cowardice is absolutely transparent." Only in *Shakespeare*, as far as I know, do so many often otherwise sensible people fail to see what is transparent, yet manage to see what is not. As for the incredible notion that the joke is upon Hal and Poins, not Falstaff, who enjoys it secretly, cf. *Shakespeare Studies*, pp. 456-57 and *Shakespeare and Other Masters*, pp. 357-59. Unuttered? There are no such jokes on the stage.

said of Shakespeare's heroes, "they have no other motive for brave deeds than love of honour, no other fear than that of shame to overcome the fear of death.") "Empson," says Miss Bradbrook, who herself rightly thinking "cowardice does only exist when standards of honour exist to be violated," but ignoring all the *Boar's Head*, the coward himself ("No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me"), as well as every audience, takes it that here there are none—the inveterate ambiguist, says the lady approvingly,

would see a number of ironic correspondences in the battle of Shrewsbury, where Falstaff and Hotspur, the Prince's two chief rivals, fall together. There is certainly an element of extreme irony, of sharp ruthlessness beneath the jesting and the parodies. . . . There is a sense [what sense fit for this world, or for the drama?] in which, with his parody on Honour, his farcical sham death and insults to the corpse, Falstaff does "kill" Hotspur.³⁵

Mr. Empson by no means so carries the fat man (and us!) *jenseits von Gut und Böse*, beyond fame and shame, but Hotspur he does several times ignominiously couple with him. "Like inseparable twins," says he, "the hero's two chief rivals fall together." And before that he has the rogue "wander about the battle-field cheering on, with *obscene* approval, the groups of fighters. The main effect is to take the dignity out of the rebels: war is only another lust; Hotspur is as wicked as Falstaff: "Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay, you shall find no *Boyces* play heere, I can tell you." Why, for this, as Mr. Empson understands it, the word *parody* is, emphatically, inadequate. His (even in our day) exceptional appetite for double meanings, moreover, whether ironical or not, so far misleads him as to make Hal's encomium on Hotspur, "when that this body did contain a spirit," pertain alike to him and Falstaff, whom he has not yet noticed, by "a series of puns applying both to fatness and greatness"; and as to turn the "embowelling" (which, intended subsequently for the fat one, really has to do with "embalming") into the legal punishment of "a traitor like Hotspur"—words that belie the encomium just recited. So, then, the coward, jumping up, is in the same spirit said to "wound the dead euphemistically in the thigh (again the punishment of a traitor)"; and thereby once more both story and sense are turned upside down. Which today, however, is often the result (if not even the purpose) of criticism. "Nothing is so that is so," quoth the Clown in *Twelfth Night*, himself not dreaming of a day when his irony should lose its point, irony, as well as ambiguity, and paradox then prevailing. It is disturbing enough, surely, that now the coward should be courageous, the liar veracious, the drawers' "proud Jack" "humble," with the prospect before us of hearing him called honest and chaste besides;

³⁵ M. C. Bradbrook, *Shakespeare and Elizabethan Poetry* (1951), pp. 198-99. Here, as on p. 202, the critic says that the question of Falstaff's cowardice is "irrelevant." For Empson see *Some Versions of Pastoral* (n. d.), pp. 43-46. For Charlton, *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* (1938), pp. 55-63, 80-81. Of the three critics it is hard to tell which disregards the poet's intention most.

and rather more than enough that Falstaff and Hotspur should be twins, inseparable or not! Why, then, write? we wonder, meaning the poet. Why not read or look and listen, meaning the critic?

VII

In this discussion, the reader may have observed, I have taken no account of didactic poetry, in which the intention is apparent or even declared. Such poetry is often now treated as if it were none, but in forgetfulness of *De rerum natura*, *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Faust*, much of Dryden and Pope, some of Wordsworth, and the final, authoritative pronouncements in Greek tragedy. Here, of course, as much as ever, the dicta of Pope apply:

In every³⁰ work regard the author's End.

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ.

That is, again, with comprehension and (so far as may be) with sympathy. Here, too, the great Goethe's now little regarded principle applies: "Was hat sich der Autor vorgesetzt? Ist dieser Vorsatz vernünftig und verständig? und inwiefern ist es gelungen, ihn auszuführen? Werden diese Fragen einsichtig und liebevoll beantwortet, so helfen wir dem Verfasser nach. . . ." Sympathy once more! Teaching, argument are, to be sure, not the native element of poetry, and often for a later day are barren or futile; but neither should be ignored, otherwise we shall not rightly appreciate it when the poet, in Dryden's phrase, "argues *well*," or, in the Roman's, "*docet delectando*." The delight we shall miss, and amiss we shall "judge." For a poet is not necessarily the worse for having a serious, moral, philosophical, or religious purpose: he may be even much more of a poet than one who can say,

Ich singe wie der Vogel singt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnt.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnet sings.

VIII

And singers, what of these? Really they are not (so far as we know) numerous or important: of neither great poet, certainly, nor of the Sänger himself is the saying true. A favorite fancy of the craft, it has, however, some justification. At times, apparently, the tune—the meter or rhythm—or even the image comes first, the song—the theme, the wording—after. This, for themselves, poets so different as Julia Ward Howe, on the one hand, and Schiller, Valéry, and Eliot,

³⁰ This, the primary principle, applies, of course, as I have several times noticed, also to the criticism of criticism. Failure to observe it there is also "one of the commonest errors"; but few detect it as does the critic criticized (whose own writing then, if not before, he is little enough inclined to consider "belonging to the public").

on the other, have explicitly avowed or acknowledged.²⁷ And among the lyrists nowadays there are a fair number who make it clear that before or while they compose they have no intention other than to pen a poem, produce something beautiful or striking, they too being, in their way, "moved," "possessed." So at times it is, no doubt, also with a musician, a painter. But a meaning poets at least are expected to have; and of this now the "advanced" are careless or reckless, leaving it either indeterminate or chaotically superabundant, or else choosing the words more for sound, color, or image than for sense. If asked what in a poem he wanted to say, Valéry would, he declares, reply, that

my meaning was not to say but to do [or make], and that it was the intention of doing that made the meaning of what I said—"que je n'ai pas voulu dire, mais voulu faire, et que ce fut l'intention de faire qui a voulu ce que j'ai dit." So even here (of a sort) is intention; but at first in the *Cimetière marin* there was only "une figure rythmique vide, ou remplie de syllabes vaines, qui me vint obséder quelque temps . . . décasyllabique."²⁸

And probably his reply would be echoed by most of the Vanguard today. The issue at present before us, however, is that of interpretation; not whether a poet must have a further and more definite intention, a purpose, but whether, if he has, it must be regarded, taken into account. The point, then, is, that still we should read each work of wit "With the same spirit that its author writ," even amid his purposelessness. Which, really, is not out of keeping with what the *Orbis terrarum*, from Plato and Aristotle down, has said or held.

With this, however, Valéry would not have been content. For he goes farther: there is no true meaning to a text—"il n'y a pas de vrai sens d'un texte." "Whatever the author may have meant," the critic (like Pilate!) continues, "he has written what he has written. Once published, a text is like a machine that each person may use as he will and as he can." O that way madness lies; and for poet, critic, and public. Such "meaningfulness," chaotic—incongruous and often contradictory (*vide supra ac alibi!*)—is surely meaninglessness; and thus with (again) the irresponsibility of the Vanguard Valéry quite abandons his *loi d'airain*²⁹ cited above, or else does not impose it, as he should, upon criticism. For that matter, too often has he failed himself to obey it in creation. He is, indeed, like Mr. Eliot, both a good poet and often a sound critic; but as Signor Croce says of there

²⁷ Cf. Mr. Day Lewis, *Poetic Image* (1947), pp. 69-71; my "Plot and Character," *MLR*, October 1944, p. 214; Valéry, *Poésie et pensée abstraite* (1939), p. 25; *Avant-propos* to the *Essai d'explication du Cimetière marin* (1933), p. 23; Eliot, *Music of Poetry* (1942), p. 28.

²⁸ For the quotations from Valéry see *Avant-propos* (1933), pp. 23-33. The translations are mostly those of Florence Cadman and Hansell Bough, *Southern Review*, Summer 1938.

²⁹ This, however, is of 1939; the *Avant-propos*, of 1933; and there is still other evidence, as in his own practice of symbolism mentioned above, that in his later years Valéry saw a higher, less misleading, light, was more concerned for the intelligible.

being no causal connection between theories of poetry and the practice: "Men of poetic genius holding these or even worse doctrines have done very beautiful work; and, on the other hand, men with the best theories and no genius write cold insipidities which naturally remain unread" (*Defence of Poetry* [1933], p. 20). Also a little like Mr. Eliot in interpreting himself or the party, Valéry is then, in Mr. Eliot's own words, "not so much a judge as an advocate."⁴⁰ But here in the supposedly Gallic virtue of *bon sens* the Anglo-American outshines the Gaul: that there is no true meaning, he has, so far as I know, not ventured to declare.

What counts, of course, as Valéry, along with Signor Croce and others cited above, has recognized, is what the author or other artist does, not what he intends; and D. H. Lawrence is right in bidding us, although extravagantly, "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale."⁴¹ Intention counts only, we have noticed, as it is carried out, and is to be considered mainly as either illuminating or illusory (sometimes both together), serving to correct the critic, I have intimated, rather than primarily to guide him. As such, he should (so both Quiller-Couch and Mr. Day Lewis, as well as Sainte-Beuve and Saintsbury have it) "first discover what the author is trying to do," surrendering himself, as Mr. C. S. Lewis has it, "to the poetry and the situation"; but first of all, whether of Shakespeare or of Valéry the poet, he should, as no doubt the four would acknowledge, be an attentive and sympathetic reader, considering only what here the author has done, and what he himself honestly understands or feels. It is truer still that, as Mr. Belgion says, in interpretation and appreciation the critic should not be taking the poem for a biographical or autobiographical, an historical or psychological document. (As Gourmont⁴² observes,

⁴⁰ *Music of Poetry* (1942), pp. 8-9. Cf. note 1 above.

⁴¹ *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923), p. 3. For this reference, as for a few others, I am indebted to Mr. R. W. Stallman, *Critic's Notebook* (1950).

⁴² "The Poet's Name," *Sewanee Review*, Autumn 1946, pp. 642-43. *Promenades Littéraires*, V, 191; IV, 189-91. This fallacy is what Croce is attacking in Chap. VII of his *Ariosto, Shakespeare, and Corneille* (1920), to which, however, along with p. 24 of his *Defence of Poetry* (1935), tr. E. F. Carritt, Messrs. Wimsatt and Beardsley refer (*Sewanee Review*, Summer 1946, p. 487) as "a telling attack upon intentionalism." In the former book the intentionalism attacked is not at all such as we have been defending, the practice of which could have actually played a part in creation. The reference to the *Defence* is more to the point: "we should not," says Croce, "lend too docile ears to the errors of artists when they talk of their artistic aims and methods." But that, after Abercrombie, Spingarn, Lawrence, and others, I have above been saying; and Croce's inconsistency is by no means so great as the two critics find. Spingarn, likewise, in their article on Intention (Shipley's *Dictionary of World Literature* [1945]) they accuse of self-contradiction. I cannot here undertake to defend the reputation of either scholar but simply observe that they and Abercrombie, whom the pair do not mention, and apparently Mencken, whom they do, are of one accord in thinking what matters is what the author does and, being in his senses, intended, not what before or after he fancies to be or have been his aim (Croce, *Poesia* [1946], p. 297). The references to Richards, Landor, Frye, and the first to Croce's *Aesthetic*, moreover, seem to have on the point at

and, as echoing him or Burke, Hardy, Elton, or Valéry⁴⁸ himself, I have again and again insisted, "On n'arrive jamais à prouver que l'homme représente l'œuvre et que l'œuvre représente l'homme.") But neither should he be interested chiefly in his own "responses" to the poem. The natural as well as profitable thing is to be directly and open-heartedly interested in the communication—the situation, the disclosure, the poem as a thing of meaning and beauty—not probing, sounding, psychoanalyzing, whether the poet or the hero or himself. And it is true even that by the reader the intention may be ignored—except when neglected or violated by either the critic or the author. But not at all the meaning. Using the machine as each person will and can, often perforce will do—with the text of the Vanguard too often it is all that can be done—but of that, where is no such warrant, have we not had enough in the interpretations of the Bible, Homer or Vergil, Shakespeare or Milton, and, recently, the *Ancient Mariner* or *Moby-Dick*? The long and ever lengthening record of it is one of the sorriest or funniest in the intellectual history of the race.

IX

As I have already intimated, Valéry and Mr. Eliot in their inconsistency are somewhat alike; and they are more so than we have noticed. Mr. Eliot, also, seems to think the poem a machine that any person may use as he will or can. Of the author he says: "he knows what he was trying to do and what he was meaning to mean. But what a poem means is as much what it means to others as what it means to the author . . ." (*Use of Poetry* [1948], p. 130); and as with Valéry, it is not because of a tolerance in general. Both poet-critics have something of this attitude to their own poetry and that of the Vanguard, but not to that of earlier times, concerning which their opinions seem positive and clear-cut enough. "There is no true meaning to a text," Mr. Eliot certainly, despite the misprinted condition of it, would not have said of Shakespeare's; and probably Valéry not of Racine's. Ours, it seems, is a "new era," a "new order" (but this, of course, with no political complexion). For these two recent poets, alike, a poem now, including their own, somehow does "belong to the public"; nevertheless they think (rightly enough) they must needs themselves give their own—*The Waste Land* and even the *Cimetière*—a deal of explaining or explicating (thus disclosing their intentions, indeed). This poetical and critical communism, however, we ourselves cannot take seriously. Our tangible property, including even our little copyrights, many of us now, whether authors or critics, lofty or lowly,

issue no bearing. (Is it not strange, also, that a "dictionary" should give a hearing to the heresy alone?) A much safer guide than the two young gentlemen interpreting Croce, of course, is the late Oliver Elton: "The Value of a poem is measured by the degree of harmony between the poet's vision and his handiwork." *The Nature of Literary Criticism* (1935), pp. 17-19.

⁴⁸ "Celui que veut reconstituer un auteur à partir de son œuvre se construit nécessairement un personnage imaginaire."

enlightened or mistaken, stand ready enough when the tocsin sounds to relinquish; but not—left poor, bare, forkèd animals!—also our intentions, thoughts, and words. And when we utter them—when, in short, we speak—we, like even Valéry and Mr. Eliot, who as poets are, according to Wordsworth, men speaking to men, expect at least to be heard, if no longer understood or heeded. Public ownership (though possession is nine points, they say) is not yet the law.

As Mr. Eliot continues, however, he may be throwing further light upon the subject:

and indeed, in the course of time, a poet may become merely a reader in respect to his own works, forgetting his original meaning—or without forgetting, merely changing. So that, when Mr. Richards asserts that *The Waste Land* effects a complete severance between poetry and all beliefs, I am no better qualified to say No! than is any other reader.

That severance, as he implies, he did not intend, nor from what we ourselves know of him could he have intended. It is a matter, indeed, not of intent but *effect*; and that not the immediate, the deliberate, but such as I spoke of at the outset, like that of a man's personality, the impression the man unconsciously produces: it is the ulterior consequence of the poetic presentation, with which of course intention may have little or nothing to do.⁴⁴ What he meant the poet knows (or may have forgotten), but he knows not—despite all the adjurations of the sages—what he either is or was.

X

Now the reason why among the Vanguard critics the doctrine of intention as unimportant prevails is evident enough: in it they think to find warrant for their own novel, ingenious, otherwise unwarranted interpretations, and so criticism somewhat approaches the solid satisfaction (as with Wilde and Colum, we shall see) of creation. (Those who are also historians of literature, on the other hand, do not take to the doctrine, for if they did they would be overwhelmed, bewildered, could not pick and choose, could never finish.) And among the Vanguard poets it prevails because it gives them warrant as well. They too thereby acquire liberty and latitude of movement. But it is the warrant of license only, of laissez-faire; and the more serious-minded fall back upon a philosophy or psychology, that of the Unconscious. This pretty much identifies the imagination in poetry or other art with that in dream; seemingly, moreover, it justifies "inspiration," "possession." The critic, then, following, as he thinks to do or does, the artist, passes happily, without further intention or any hindrance, from the insufficiently known to the Unknown. Surrealism, as with Dali or as with Joyce in *Finnegan*, "deliberately set out," says Mr.

⁴⁴ Cf. James, essay on Flaubert: "He of course knew more or less what he was doing for his book in making Emma Bovary a victim of the imaginative habit, but he must have been far from designing or measuring the total effect which renders the work so general, so complete an expression of himself."

F. L. Lucas, "to release the Unconscious and to create with the automatism of a dream, 'in the absence of all control exercised by the reason and outside all aesthetic or moral preoccupations.'" ("One cannot create," says even Mr. Auden, "without being conscious of so doing." "If you want to give your unconscious a chance," says likewise Mr. MacNeice, perhaps less well known as a poet, "you must keep your eye on something else.")

On such terms poets and critics alike are thereby enabled freely to indulge their present-day taste for the mysterious and obscure; but with the excesses of Dali in his *Soft Construction with Boiled Beans* or the parallels in Surrealistic poetry we need not here concern ourselves. Those poets who at times seem really to be vouchsafed inspiration or "possession," however, like Valéry and Mr. Eliot, with meter and rhythm already humming in their heads or with no other purpose before them than to make something striking or beautiful, are pace-makers, followed then, gropingly, yet (we may trust) not unconsciously by those not inspired, from near or far. Many of these treat words or syllables as if notes in music or colors in painting; and imagery most of them make their stock in trade. For Rimbaud the vowels themselves had colors—U green, O blue—and even for the great Mallarmé, "qui se crée un langage presque entièrement sien," the effect of his words lies less in their meaning than ("to convey a poetic mood") in the associations or the "sonorités" and "singularités de leur forme." Nor is that all. "Les figures," says Valéry further, and also approvingly, of the latter poet, "deviennent des éléments essentiels."⁴⁸ At the worst, then, a concord or jingle of vowels and consonants; at something like the best—"We are the eyelids of defeated caves"—a pattern (if not a patchwork) of images. Concerning the images Mr. Day Lewis remarks (p. 95) that the modern poet feels "a compulsion to concentrate more and more of the poem's meaning within [them], less and less upon a poetic thread or argument linking them." (Intention, again, but here missing at the vitals!) This critic is himself of the opinion (p. 115) that though "the rational is not the basis of poetic reason, yet we must believe poetic reason to be incomplete without it, if we look upon the imagination as a power which can unite thought and feeling within a poetic whole greater than the sum of its parts"; and on page 116 he adds that, like Mr. Edmund Wilson, he often finds the "metaphors detached from their subjects," or, again (p. 120), "milling around in a poetic vacuum, self-absorbed, solemn or rowdy, centrifugal, almost as if the poem were a fancy-dress

⁴⁸ Valéry, *Nouvelle Revue Française*, XXXVIII (1932), 831, 841; *Littérature*, p. 34, etc. That in poetry they are essential the late A. E. Housman, contradicted since by Professor Brooks, rightly denies. Cf. *MLR*, January 1947, pp. 19-20. "Mallarmé taught," says Sir Desmond MacCarthy, "that a poet had a right to a private language of his own; but language which is only understood by the person who uses it is, of course, not language at all. . . . Mallarmé trusts that the flash of chance analogies, succeeding each other instantaneously, will somehow reveal the pervasive idea in his poem." *Criticism* (1932), pp. 145-46.

party for introverted children." (It is only in hypothetical defense of such writing that he cites the parallels of Cézanne *designing in color* and of the composer playing notes *contrapuntally* against one another (pp. 121, 124); before that (p. 116), indeed, he maintains that words are, or cannot but seem to be, more than colors or sounds.) In this, the so-called "purer poetry," the notes are played against one another mainly by a process of contrast; yet as the poet-critic says again, "one image can become the antithesis of another only in the relation of both to something within reason, to some idea definable by reason" (p. 133). As for prose, Valéry, though often he makes fine and just distinctions between that and poetry, still, in dealing with Stendhal, declares, "en littérature, le vrai n'est pas même concevable."⁴⁶ This novelist he finds continually dramatizing himself; and of *l'écrivain* in general he says at the end of *Littérature*, "Il . . . dit toujours plus et moins qu'il ne pense. Il enlève et ajoute à sa pensée. Ce qu'il écrit enfin ne correspond à aucune pensée réelle." His thoughts, even, are as if tones or pigments. That may be a little true of an earlier writer like Stendhal; but it is still truer of present-day advanced poetry and imaginative paradoxical prose, whether critical or not.

Moreover, as Valéry says before this, one has learned in these latter days to read by the eye, without hearing; and as he adds, precipitately yet only too near the truth, "la littérature en fut tout altérée." At any rate, the imaginative writer, whether in verse or prose, is in our time, as (ironically) never before, literally (*ποιητής*) a "maker," not a speaker, a singer still less. Indeed (new era again!) with Valéry's apparent approval and after Mallarmé's example, so read ("sans entendre"),⁴⁷ no longer speaking, farther still (it may seem) from feeling, and in most cases certainly without the rhythm even in his brain, he takes, not humbly or perforce, but as to a freer or at least more congenial element ("manie typographique"), to print.⁴⁸ Naturally enough, then, no intention further than to make something beautiful or striking, or (possibly) to release emotion in the writer, then provoke it in the reader, is often nowadays to be discovered. Even that, however, is, we have seen, by the critics not to be ignored; yet along with the question (in the epigraphs) put by Valéry himself as well as Goethe and many a notable besides, and here particularly insistent, whether in this undertaking the writer has succeeded. Beauty, in art now so rare, still needs, presumably, no excuse.

⁴⁶ Preface to *Lucien Leuwen* (1927), p. xxix. This is going much too far, farther than Thérive and Benda (*Nouvelles Litt.*, Feb. 8, 1930): "Tous les livres de valeur littéraires sont composés dans le dessein de plier les faits aux exigences de l'art." As the late Frederick Tupper said, "Criticism is largely a study in emphasis," and as Mr. Percy Lubbock says, fiction "must look true."

⁴⁷ *Littérature*, p. 27.

⁴⁸ Bowra, *Heritage of Symbolism* (1943), pp. 9, 10, 54; and Georges Hugnet, *Surréalisme* (1936), p. 203: in the use of typography—size of print, lining and spacing, and lessons taken from advertising, much in favor with E. E. Cummings and others in this country. The composer becomes a compositor, instead of a musician. A puzzling one, though. Word-merging, as in Joyce, is bad enough,

XI

To clever, sensible, and also sensitive people, yet not critics or acquainted with recent criticism, how pointless—even senseless—much of this discussion must be, both the raising of the question about intention and also the answering of it! Still more so would it have been to the critics—before this day of mystery-mongering—from Aristotle down. The Stagirite, Goethe, and Pope, like Sainte-Beuve and Maupassant, had naturally and properly expressed themselves on the subject, without argument, as in a truism. And if “the purpose of any utterance is a most important element of its form,” purpose or intention is a most important element of its meaning. For Aristotle, moreover, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Lessing, even in our day Abercrombie and Bernard Shaw,⁴⁰ in the company also, we may presume, of the overwhelming majority of mankind, it has been (again) a truism that the fundamental intention of writing as of speaking is “to be understood.” Or when the true poet deals with what is by its very nature obscure, not helplessly or perversely like the Vanguard, but like Milton in his “dim intimations”—by way of paradox or oxymoron, abstraction or circumlocution—or like Keats in his “moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablation round earth’s human shores,” he is then not obscure himself—his own “darkness,” so to speak, is ever “visible,” but also penetrable—and even in his obscurity he writes “to be understood.” Now this, in Dryden’s words “the first end of a writer,” the primary and indisputable purpose of all sane (or insane) and also honest human utterance, is by present-day poets, as in part we have already seen, much violated or neglected. Even avowedly, and according to Mr. MacLeish “a poem should not mean but be”; yet thereby the subsidiary but inescapable purpose (or purposelessness) as necessarily involved in the meaning (or meaninglessness) is, whether well or ill, conveyed or betrayed, and by the critic cannot, without denying his name, if not his nature, be neglected in turn. O that way, if not madness, chaos lies—without rightly speaking, hearing, or understanding, and with the poem, as the property of the public, frequently in effect a little rewritten by every succeeding critic or reader! “Interpretation apart,” says Housman, “criticism does not exist”: intention (of some sort) apart, I would add, interpretation does not exist. Poetry itself is “good sense,” said even the Romantics Wordsworth and Coleridge, themselves in both poetry and criticism generally exemplifying it; but the good sense indispensable lies in the

but word-splitting and the splitting of syllables and scattering of the remnants as by Cummings in the verses on the pigeons (No. 81 in *Collected Poems* [1938]) are worse. Even by the eye they can scarcely be read and not aloud at all. Cf. *TLS*, July 7, 1950, p. 422, and MacCarthy in the London *Sunday Times*, July 2, 1950, p. 3.

⁴⁰ Aristotle, *Poetics* XXII; *Rhet.*, III, ii. Quintilian I, 6; reproduced in English by Jonson, quoted by Pope in notes to *Essay on Criticism*: “Oratio cuius summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete!” *Quintessence of Ibsenism* (1891): “No great writer uses his skill to conceal his meaning. . . .”

poet's providing that the sense, good or bad, clear or cloudy, should be made capable of reaching the reader or hearer. "The meaning of any sentence," say Messrs. Ogden and Richards in italics, but little heeded by some of their disciples, "is what the speaker *intends* to be understood from it by the listener."⁵⁰ (For what is "mean" as a verb but "intend to say"—*vouloir dire*—meaning and intention being inseparable?) "The fallacy of communication"? Certainly the New Critics, like the New Poets before them, need not have it heavily on their consciences; but this particular communication, if really it be one (except as it may mean that a poem need not convey a "message" or doctrine or reflect an actual or personal experience)⁵¹ is itself, I cannot but think, the most egregious and self-stultifying of fallacies, in cherishing which they are denying their names or aspirations, giving themselves away, cutting, as it were, their own throats. "The fallacy of expression," the poet-critic here quoted might as well have said; only, for him, no doubt, as for the others (and for us in consequence), "communication" and "expression" are not one and the same. For them all a poet is not as for Wordsworth, in his Preface, or as even for Mr. Eliot, in his *Music of Poetry*,⁵² "a man speaking to men," but an aesthetic anchorite or somnambulist murmuring or muttering to himself, the meaning a secret if really he have any. And intention? There is now (so worded and insisted upon) an "Intentional fallacy" too! By the very naming both illusions are betrayed: logic and the language alike disavow them.

One would think such critics themselves would see the error—"ce qui vaut pour un seul"—and, in other critics at any rate, deplore it. The solipsistic interpretations of Shakespeare, Coleridge, or *Moby-Dick* that I have touched upon above they have called "brilliant," "first-rate," "beautiful and suggestive"; and of such faithful, "Intentional," sound, and really brilliant interpretations as *The Road to Xanadu* one has lately complained as now "too literal," now "too aesthetic." What in critics they along with many of their readers desire is the novel or original but still more the sort in keeping with their individual opinions and predilections; what to them seems beautiful, valuable, or suggestive, not what is in the poem. They want their Shakespeare and Dickens Freudian, in the same guise also their Molière, not to mention Sophocles (whose Oedipus, of course, *hadn't* the one complex nor his Electra the other), and, despite his own protestations, their Melville a symbolist.⁵³ After Oscar Wilde and

⁵⁰ *Meaning of Meaning* (1927), p. 193, quoting A. Gardiner in the *Brit. Jour. of Psych.*, XII, Pt. 4 (1922), 361.

⁵¹ This seems to be Mr. Eliot's opinion (*Use of Poetry*, pp. 30, 138), though he does not quote the fallacious phrase or allude to the doctrine.

⁵² [Poetry] "remains, all the same, one person talking to another" (p. 16).

⁵³ Cf. the article on *Moby-Dick*, pp. 441-42. For Sophocles, as well as Dickens and Kipling, cf. my *From Shakespeare to Joyce* (1944), pp. 340-50; for Shakespeare, the article "A Freudian Detective's Shakespeare," *MP*, November 1950; for Molière, *RR*, Autumn 1944, p. 15 ("Molière and Shakespeare").

Mr. Padraic Colum⁶⁴ they openly or covertly cherish the illusion, in the words of the former, that "To the critic the work of art is simply a suggestion for a new work of his own, that need not have any obvious resemblance to the thing it criticises . . . one can put into it whatever one wishes and see in it whatever one wishes to see" (p. 161). "The highest criticism . . . both creative and independent" (p. 169). So the two clever Irishmen give their case away: they and their followers do not criticize, but poetize. Instead of understanding and responding they themselves take, as their favorite poets do or as they fancy the greatest do, to "self-expression," which despite the *loi d'airain*, is not a fallacy, it appears. Freedom to say of the work whatever enters into their heads to say they explicitly or implicitly require, madness or chaos they unconsciously welcome, and of public ownership (strangely enough) the exquisite Wilde was the herald or prophet.

The late John Churton Collins once quoted from Sainte-Beuve's letter to M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction: "If I had a device it would be The True, The True Only, and I would leave the beautiful and the good to settle matters afterwards as best they could." Somewhat the same after the Frenchman said Housman, as we have seen; Arnold, as we are to see; and after him Pater; after them all Mr. Eliot. "The discovery of truth," Collins (in 1904) continues, not having heard that no longer is there any, "is about the last thing with which criticism in our day appears to concern itself." And Mr. Garrod (in 1929), having heard the bad tidings, and writing of "Hazlitt in English Criticism," observes, with his own italics, that "it is easy not to remember that, in the long run [the great writer, like this one] is to be valued for the truth of his opinions." Now Sainte-Beuve, as well as Collins and the others, had in mind truth in criticism, not, of course, in art, which itself even in their day (and how much more in ours!) was not so much concerned with the true as with the beautiful or striking or at least the novel and original. It is the artists that may so follow their bent, satisfy their tastes and predilections; and not for truth to life do they strive but (successfully or not) as Proust, Anatole France, Valéry, and Maugham say or imply, for "effect." For "pleasure," said even the high-minded Wordsworth and Coleridge; to "free, arouse, dilate," said Keats. Great art, though not indifferent to fact, can rise above it. Of Richardson's Lovelace and many of Dickens' characters it has been said that "no such men ever lived"; and how much truer of Achilles, Orestes, and Clytemnestra, of Othello and Iago, of Lear, the Macbeths and Hamlet! So with the work of the

⁶⁴ The essay *The Critic as Artist*, and Mr. Padraic Colum's Introduction, in the twelfth volume of the 1923 edition of Wilde's works. Their opinions in opposition to Arnold's and Pater's I have discussed more fully in the article "Criticism at Cross Purposes," in *ELH*, referred to above, in note 8. Wilde's essay first appeared in 1890, much before the heretical doctrine in question had openly raised its head; and it was prompted mainly by his freakish and paradoxical spirit.

painters—Rubens, Rembrandt, Turner,⁵⁵ for instance—who, at times, as Goethe and others have noticed, were daringly but happily untrue to nature; and still more daringly, of course, but often less happily, have been Cézanne, Van Gogh, and (at his best) Picasso. But it is not for the critic himself so to write—for effect. It is not for him primarily to be true to nature (or false, either) but true to the artist. The latter may now, if he chooses, be Freudian, impressionist, or symbolist; but the real critic cannot properly so be. He is, for the time, of no sect or party. He simply brings to bear a truer and more delicate eye and ear, a clearer head and larger heart, than his or the poet's reader. "To see the object as in itself it really is," Pater observes, quoting Arnold, "has been justly said to be the aim of all true criticism whatever; and in aesthetic criticism the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, is to discriminate it, to realise it distinctly." Just so Mr. Eliot would, after Arnold, have his Perfect Critic "disinterested," "aim to see the object as it really is," like Aristotle "look solely and steadfastly at the object," with "no emotions except those immediately provoked by a work of art." And by "object" all three meant (again) the work of art, not of nature; as by "aim," obviously, the meeting of the intention or responding to "the spirit [even in this sentence, I hope, is a little example] with which the author writ."

Not self-expression, criticism is not self-suppression, either. "Look in thy heart and write," is for the poet; but the critic, looking in the poet's heart, must for the purpose have a sizable and healthy one of his own. In order to be "objective" and "universal" he need not—must not—be impersonal or unhuman, partisan, negative, abstract, or commonplace, on the one hand; nor what M. Magny⁵⁶ considers the necessary and quite desirable alternative—"partial, passionné, politique." M. Magny would have him "be himself," for that reason rightly enough preferring in his place a "creator," a master; but he does not consider the possibility of the critic's being—"for the moment," and so far as in him lies—the poet. As by him presented it is a matter of speaking either in one's own person or that of "Monsieur Tout-le-monde." It is true enough that the taste of a Polynesian and that of the "honnête" Frenchman are not the same; nevertheless the latter has it in him to appreciate primitive art, Polynesian or African, original or even as today imitated or emulated, while the former, though by no means able to take in *Phèdre* as a whole, would relish and respond to the story. In the appreciation of art they are somewhat like almost any Frenchman or Englishman and a child, who both would enjoy *Gulliver* and *Macbeth*, though each in a considerable but not altogether different measure or manner. In general "the child

⁵⁵ Cf. Sir Kenneth Clark, *Landscape into Art* (1949), p. 31: "the creation of an imaginary world, vaster, more dramatic and more fraught with associations than that which we can perceive for ourselves."

⁵⁶ Cf. note 23 above; Magny, *Sandales d'Empédocle* (1945), pp. 11-15, and for the poet as critic, note 1.

is father of the man"; and as, echoing Burke, Wordsworth also says, even of the Poet and other men, they "differ not in kind but in degree."⁸⁷ Both the cultivated and the uncultivated have a good deal in common with each other, as also with the Poet, of which by a "partial"—a "creative and independent"—criticism they would be deprived.

XII

A continually more difficult business criticism has become, but if the great critics whom I have cited or quoted and the poets who have been misrepresented could arise, they would, with one accord, I think, point to at least one cause—the widely divergent, bewildering, critical work preceding. The natural or ideal process has been reversed. *Hamlet* the play, for instance, has been turned into a biographical or in some part autobiographical record or else made to reflect either Elizabethan life and history or (anachronism!) the nineteenth- and twentieth-century philosophies and psychologies,⁸⁸ one after another, down to the Freudian and even (of late) the Existential, together with many a recent notion, interest, and taste besides—all this, I say, instead of *Hamlet's* being reflected by the criticism. And often a very troubled reflection it has been, first a "mystery" created, then laid bare.

Literary criticism being "largely a study in emphasis," its value as a reflection, then, largely depends on the critic's sensitiveness and responsiveness, the openness and balance of his mind. Many unacceptable interpretations, as of *Lear* or *Othello* and *Desdemona* being themselves to blame, carry some little relevance: what is wrong is generally the emphasis misplaced, the original light and shade—the author's intentions—not reflected, not regarded. At this point, consequently,

⁸⁷ In an admirable article, "Simplicity a Changing Concept," *JHI*, January 1953, p. 30, Professor R. D. Havens quotes Coleridge: "The poet is one who carries the simplicity of childhood into the powers of manhood; who, with a soul unsubdued by habit, unshackled by custom, contemplates all things with the freshness and wonder of a child."

⁸⁸ This most egregious and flagrant fallacy would not have been possible had the intention of the author been respected or the difference between fact and fiction remembered. Psychoanalysis, in so far as really scientific, may be applied to real people of recent times or, in so far as we have sufficient data, to those of an earlier, and even to authors themselves, but not, when they were unacquainted with it, to characters of their own creation. The quite substantial and notorious Hitler or Napoleon may be, if rather questionably, dissected in the laboratory; but not Marlowe's Tamburlaine or Shakespeare's Richard III; nor these authors, either, of whose personality we know next to nothing. Inferences from writing to writer are illegitimate and dangerous, as Mackail, Gourmont, and Elton have alike said. And as for philosophy, the "absurdity" of Sartre, the "relativity" of Bergson and Einstein, even if Shakespeare could have foreknown them all, what are they doing here in drama or poetry, addressed to the heterogeneous Elizabethan audience? Thereby the writing is treated not as an intentional communication but as the instinctual offspring or (so to speak) "secretion" of a miracle-working unconsciousness. The critics' reasoning is simple and naive: what is in our minds must therefore have been in the greatest, and what was in his mind must now be in the plays. Cf. Walkley in the epigraphs.

in both criticism and the criticism of criticism, there is ordinarily little room for round and downright assertion or contradiction, either. But when the certainly sensitive critic praised by Mr. Dobrée observes, "There is a maxim that a work of art should be criticised according to the artist's intentions," thereupon adding, "than which no maxim could be more false," the assertion quoted is, from what we have seen above, a little too sweeping, but the contradiction immeasurably more so. And when he then finds Hamlet and his father's spirit "devilish," but Claudius in "a state of healthy and robust spiritual life," thus lifting the hypocritical villain high above the hero, he seems to be not only not reflecting the emphasis but altogether upsetting it. Round contradiction, this of mine, but here surely there is room. For here is a matter not merely of misplacing the emphasis but of flying in the face of intention and meaning where clearly in harmony; and could there be a plainer case than this of the maxim turning out not false but true? But no wonder that the New Critics, or Imaginatives as the English party call themselves, in their own contradiction are so downright: accepted, the maxim would take the ground from under their feet.

It is mainly, however, in theory and controversy that of the maxim the critics take much account—the radicals in self-assertion attacking it, the conservatives in self-defense falling back upon it. And in practice the besetting sin of both parties lies not so much in ignoring or forgetting it as in the conscious or unconscious misconception of themselves less as critics than (like Wilde and Colum) as creators. Not necessarily egotistic, they are (but particularly the radicals) somewhat egocentric, neglecting the humble role of reflecting like the moon and aspiring to that of illuminating like the sun. They would not receive and respond, analyze and interpret, appreciate or depreciate, but strike out for themselves. Often poets of some sort in their own right, they find it difficult, as above we have seen, to keep to the secondary service they have undertaken; and those not poets find it difficult too, for such (as who would not?) they fain would be, or at least, like them, "original." Reflecting or echoing, analyzing, interpreting, and evaluating are, of course, a little tame and dull; the uninhibited maneuvers of self-expression, on the other hand, exhilarating. Other literary professions as well—scientists, historians, or philosophers—may suffer from this weakness of the flesh or the spirit, but none so acutely as the critics. The scientists, historians, and philosophers also may go in for self-expression a little, but not like the critics under cover of another's far larger self-expression; may dream, but not as if reproducing or interpreting another's far finer dream. Such critics, of course, do not thus win the full credit of creation but by the surprising transformation thus effected they share it. At any rate they enjoy the exquisite but (in critics) highly questionable blessedness of giving rather than receiving, of detecting rather than perceiving.

That felicity, however, is for the big and bold. Those who, likewise taking no account of the author's intention, have less personality to express or rely upon, must in judging fall back upon authority; or when dealing with novel and startling art, upon its advocates or opponents. Not able to depend on their own liking or disliking, they in some part fall back upon that of the self-assertive or else of the numerous. Art, being an emotional, is after some fashion a social function; and it is natural enough that in a quandary they should like or dislike what is liked or disliked by those they like. So criticism itself becomes, illogically, a social function. It is somewhat as at the theater, where, as Hazlitt said, "men judge not by their own convictions but by sympathy with others." But not quite as at the theater—not as in politics or religion—should it be; here is no place for comity or hostility, either; and as the word itself signifies, a critic should be, though sympathetic, really a judge. He should, as Arnold said, ask himself whether he is right in his liking or disliking, he or his friends. But right in such a matter? The word has here no meaning save as he turns away from them—from clique or coterie, party or "movement"—to consider the author, whether he is right himself, his purpose reasonable, intelligible, and skillfully achieved.⁵⁹

XIII

The criticism of criticism, repeatedly and without effect! Why not, then, without protest let anarchy continue, leaving error, as such, to perish? The trouble is, it doesn't. In science and history it generally or eventually does: the acknowledged facts confute it. In poetry, as in part we have seen, there are none; and the most erroneous interpretations, more or less modified or disguised, continually reappear. In science and history there is a standard, a criterion, not only a body of fact but also of accepted doctrine. There are landmarks, in short. On the uncharted sea of poetry, on the other hand, one course seems to be about as good as another; for the pilot star is either not regarded or not known.

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⁵⁹ In the *Shakespeare Quarterly*, October, 1953, there is an article on Slander in Drama where I discuss the almost universal ignoring of the dramatist's explicit intention as represented by the postulate and the supporting technique, not derived from the source, in *Othello*.

GEORGE TICKNOR AND GOETHE EUROPE AND HARVARD

By FRANK G. RYDER

In a recent survey of the early years of George Ticknor's studies and travels I presented evidence for revising, first, our appraisal of this eminent young Bostonian's acquaintance with German letters (especially with Goethe), and consequently our general view of the status of German literature in America.¹ The present essay completes the picture, extending beyond the days at Göttingen the largely unpublished record of Ticknor's pioneering scholarship. In the resulting reassessment, it seems safe to say, Ticknor's figure should return to the preëminence which it tended to lose as our knowledge of early New England-German contacts grew.² The picture itself is one of instructive and varied detail. We see, as we follow his travels, how he extended his knowledge of Goethe and enriched his journals with allusions to his works, how at home he lectured on Goethe, how even on his second trip to Europe and, indeed, to the end of his life his memories of the man and of his writings are still vivid.

Before Ticknor and Everett left Göttingen on September 13, 1816, on their way to Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, they went to Professor Georg Sartorius for a letter of introduction to Goethe. (Of the other Americans on literary tour in Germany, Cogswell and Thorndike got letters from Eichhorn, but Calvert made his way alone and unaided, quite an enterprise in view of Goethe's dislike for unannounced guests.) Ticknor had been Sartorius' pupil, and the friendly tone of the letter reflects the high regard Ticknor and his friend enjoyed in Göttingen. The first paragraph of the letter reads:

Ein Paar Nordamerikaner, Herr Ticknor und Professor Everett, die sich hier seit einiger Zeit aufhalten, und unserer Liebe und Freundschaft sich erfreuen,

¹ See "George Ticknor and Goethe—Boston and Göttingen," *PMLA*, LXVII (1952), 960-72, with a list of sources both published and manuscript. The same abbreviations are used here:

LLJ: *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (Boston, 1876)

LP: Orie W. Long, *Literary Pioneers* (Cambridge, 1935)

CL: Frank G. Ryder, "George Ticknor's Sorrows of Young Werter," *CL*, I (1949), 360-72

TJ¹, TJ², MsJ¹, MsJ²: the typescript and pen journals of Ticknor's first and second European journeys, now deposited in the Archives of Baker Library at Dartmouth

To the published sources should be added my edition, *George Ticknor's Sorrows of Young Werter*, University of North Carolina Studies in Comparative Literature, No. 4 (Chapel Hill, 1952). In the present article further manuscript material relating to Ticknor's teaching at Harvard is quoted by permission of Widener Library.

² The light of Ticknor's achievement, upheld by the work of such scholars as Long, seemed to be somewhat eclipsed by the discoveries, in particular, of H. S. Jantz. See his "German Thought and Literature in New England, 1620-1820," *JEGP*, XLI (1942), 1-45.

da sie solche in vollem Maße verdienen, bitten mich um ein Empfehlungsschreiben an Sie, und dieß habe ich ihnen um so weniger versagen wollen, da es Ihnen, wie ich hoffe, selbst Freude machen wird, sie kennen zu lernen. Sie reden leidlich deutsch und kennen Ihre Schriften besser, als viele Deutsche; diese Letztern haben sie eben angetrieben, wie sie mir oft gesagt, nach Deutschland zu kommen. Mögen sie Ihnen zu einer bequemen Stunde in Weimar begegnen!³

Ticknor's knowledge of Goethe brightens the whole circuit of his German tour. Of a few hours' stop-over on a September morning at Weimar (where they spent no appreciable time until their return) he writes, "There on the 14th we breakfasted, with the names and poetry of Schiller and Wieland and Göthe often on our lips and oftener in our recollections" (TJ¹, p. 172; also LP, p. 26). Twice during the first weeks of his trip, once at Leipzig and once at Dresden, Ticknor met Leipzig *Magisters* who were distinguished largely by "the tone and cant which Göthe has so well caricatured in his Wagner" (TJ¹, p. 247; also p. 177). The "exclusive literary patriotism" of Leipzig, which Ticknor finds "sometimes . . . rather obtrusive and ridiculous," rouses him to another pointed allusion. Goethe, he says, "showed how well he understood this weak side of their character when in his *Faust* he makes one of his Leipzig students, in the fullness of his heart and the overflowing of his self-complacency, say of the city: 'Es ist ein klein Paris und bildet seine Leute'" (p. 200). On September 28 at the Dresden Gallery he "studied the Laocoon and the torso of Hercules with the acute criticism of the first by Goethe and the inspired description of the last by Winckelmann before me" (p. 239). On October 7 "we came in sight of Berlin, standing in the midst of a blasted heath, on which Macbeth's witches or Göthe's Devils would have found ample and appropriate room for their revels" (p. 250). The entry for October 17 reads:

In the afternoon we went out again into the fair and amused ourselves particularly in going thro' that part of it by the Peter's Gate which forms the Leipzig Bartholomew's fields, and where Goethe and Lessing used to see the popular Dr. Faustus acted, which first gave them an idea of their tragedies. (p. 289)

After a visit to Schul-Pforta, Ticknor and Everett arrived on October 24, 1816, in "the city of Goethe and Schiller" (p. 339). Ticknor's account of the meeting on the 25th is given in LLJ and LP and is widely known. However, the text of LLJ, from which succeeding citations have been made, is in four or five places substantially inaccurate or incomplete and in some others inexact in detail. The passages here cited include the more important corrections to be made (according to MsJ¹, III, October 25, 1816) and enough in addition to recall the content of the whole.

We sent our letters this morning to Goethe, and he returned us for answer that he should be happy to see us at 11 o'clock. At 11 o'clock, therefore, we went

³ *Goethes Briefwechsel mit Georg und Caroline Sartorius*, ed. Else von Monroy (Weimar, 1931), p. 162.

to him. He lives on one of the public squares in a very good house, which the Grand Duke gave to him and permitted him to finish and ornament as suited his taste. We came punctually, and he was ready to receive us. . . . Taken together his person is not only respectable but imposing, and yet I saw little in it that indicated the character he ascribes to his youth, little of the lover of Margaret and Charlotte and still less of the Author of *Tasso*, *Werther*, and *Faust*. . . . The conversation rested, of course, in his hands and was various. He spoke naturally of Wolf as one of our letters was from him, said he was a very great man . . . and in genius and critical skill surpassed all the scholars of his time. . . . Of Lord Byron, too, he spoke with interest and discrimination, said that his poetry showed great knowledge of human nature and great talents at description. . . . All this, however, he said in a quiet, simple manner which would have surprised me much if I had known nothing of him but from his books, and which made me feel how bitter must have been Jean Paul's disappointment, who came to him expecting to find in his conversation the characteristics of Werther and Faust. . . . We remained with him about an hour, and when we came away he accompanied us with the same simplicity with which he had received us, as far as the door of his parlour only, and there bade us good morning without any German congratulations.

Ticknor's observation that he saw in Goethe "little of the lover of Margaret and Charlotte," is like an echo of Mme de Staël's words in her chapter on Goethe: "Goethe n'a plus cette ardeur entraînante que lui inspira Werther," and "Au premier moment, on s'étonne de trouver de la froideur et même quelque chose de roide à l'auteur de *Werther*."

The noting of Goethe's simplicity and straightforwardness and the absence of "German compliments" is praise indeed. Ticknor, polished, dignified, and urbane, has few kind words to say about German manners, *en salon* or at table. Of a dinner with Baron d'Ompéda, for example, he remarks, "There was an impressive formality, a superfluity of compliments and fine speeches, and a servility to the host and his dinner which displeased me" (TJ¹, p. 266).

Everett records an interesting sequel to the meeting. The day after the visit, he says, "George sent him Byron's 'Siege of Corinth,' which had been mentioned in the interview, of which he did not even acknowledge the receipt."⁴ Goethe mentioned the interview in his letters to both of Ticknor's sponsors. To F. A. Wolf he wrote: "Die Herren Everett und Ticknor sind bey mir angelangt und ich habe sie freundlich empfangen, auch nach Jena empfohlen und so werden sie denn ihren Zweck erreichen und Menschen und Gegenstände kennen lernen" (Weimar ed., IV, xxvii, 209; to Sartorius, p. 270).

The account of October 26 is omitted in *LLJ*, though given in part in *LP*. One sentence is particularly revealing. Ticknor says,

Professor Riemer [who showed him "busts and pictures of great men who at different times had been in Weimar—Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Goethe, etc." (TJ¹, p. 342)] . . . was formerly very intimate with Goethe and even lived in his house, but Goethe, like many other men of genius is one with whom

⁴ P. R. Frothingham, *Edward Everett* (Boston, 1925), p. 41.

very few can be intimate long, and he has within the last two years lost this friend as he had before lost many others. (p. 343; *LP*, p. 231, n. 76)

Rierner's own character and his attitude toward Goethe discount this remark somewhat.

Ticknor also discusses his visit to the Weimar theater:

The whole establishment, as is well known, has long been under the direction of Goethe, who at one time had brought it to a degree of perfection to which no Theatre besides this in Germany has attained. This he did, not by purchasing the most extraordinary actors in the country and making one or two parts perfect at the expense of all the others, as is the case in England and America, but by collecting a company, all of whom are good and who, by making no gross faults even in the most inconsiderable parts, form an ensemble much more like life and nature than could in any other way be produced. By unwearied personal attention he brought this company to a remarkable point of perfection, but now he has grown old and is growing indifferent, and the Theatre is beginning to degenerate. (*TJ*¹, p. 343)

The October 28 account—Rierner on Goethe—is given substantially complete in *LLJ* (I, 115-16). A curious fascination attaches to this remark of Ticknor's:

Goethe . . . has on hand . . . parts of a continuation of *Faust*, among which Rierner had seen those in which the Devil brings Faust to court and makes him a great man, and some poems in the Persian style and taste, which he wrote during the last war to give a relief to his imaginations and feelings by employing himself on something that had no connection with Europe.

[Ticknor continues:] But what will become of all these works and many others that he has begun and has not finished it is not possible to tell. He lives now in his old age, in unconsolated solitude, sees almost nobody that comes to him and rarely goes abroad. His enjoyment of life seems to be over, his inclination to exertion gone, and nothing now remains to him, that I can see, but a very few years more of cold and unsatisfied retirement. (*TJ*², p. 348)

The only extenuation of such a mistaken conclusion is the large company he was in. The other Americans—for example, Cogswell—shared his impression of the imminent end of Goethe's productivity. It should be noted in this connection that even before Ticknor came to Weimar and met Goethe he already held what was apparently a common conviction, namely, that the prospects for German literature in general were dim. In an untitled volume of miscellaneous notes from the Göttingen days he wrote (under "German Literature," Section 10):

What is to be the future condition of German literature it seems difficult to conjecture. Within the memory of man it has arisen, and perhaps the generation, or rather the oldest man of the generation, who rejoiced in the strength and pride of its youth will yet mourn at its grave.

Then, having mentioned as "classics" Klopstock, Wieland, Bürger, and the elder Voß, "but especially Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe," he continues:

These have all come into notice within a little more than fifty years, all of them except Goethe are dead, and the spirit of none of them has yet found a successor. . . . I am sometimes almost inclined to believe that it [contemporary German literature] may prove like one of those almost praeternatural volcanoes,

which are thrown up with fearful convulsion and splendid fulmination from the depths of the sea, and after pouring forth its miraculous strength for a given time, as suddenly subsides and leaves all main ocean as it was before.

In his November 16 letter to Channing (*LLJ*, I, 118-20), written after the visit with Goethe, Ticknor shows by contrast his personal mettle and his instinct for fairness in literary criticism. He denounces those who look down on German literature from the heights of ignorance. This letter is an important one because it shows Ticknor's considered judgment as a critic, with no admixture of the justified personalizing of the diarist. He answers

the old question "and what *are* your Germans after all?" They are a people who in forty years have created to themselves a literature such as no other nation ever created in two centuries, and they are a people who, at this moment, have more mental activity than any other existing. I have no disposition to conceal that this literature has many faults, but if you had read Goethe's *Tasso*, or his *Iphigenia*, or his ballads you would never have said their poetry lacks simplicity. . . .

Personal connection with Goethe did not cease even when Ticknor, leaving Weimar, proceeded on October 29 to Jena. During his visit he saw Bergrat Lenz, "to whom Goethe had written to receive us kindly and show us the collections in Natural History" (*TJ*¹, p. 352). Ticknor expressed boundless admiration for Lenz's collection, built up solely through his own industry. "Before we left him," Ticknor writes, "he presented us diplomas of membership in the [Jena Mineralogical] Society, which he had procured for us at the request of Goethe, who is its president" (*MsJ*¹, III, October 30, 1816). He also met Luden, whom Goethe had, in their conversation, called the "most eloquent Professor in Germany" (*TJ*¹, p. 353). Ticknor found that "what we saw of him justified the remark."⁸

On his return that evening Ticknor went again to the theater and saw a double performance, the second item of which was *Jery und Bätely* "by ['I believe' crossed out in *MsJ*¹] Goethe, a melo-drama with very pretty songs" (*TJ*¹, p. 362).

Ticknor made his final departure from Weimar with one important general impression of its condition, for which, whether he knew it or not, Goethe was in part responsible, both directly and through his influence on the Duke. Ticknor speaks of the "tone of uncommon Freedom" at Jena, of the fact that "particularly in Weimar there is more civil and political Freedom than in Germany generally" (p. 361). On his way back to Göttingen, where he planned to stop before proceeding to Paris, he went on November 1 to Erfurt, where Prelate Muth, "first Catholick dignitary in the church here, chancellor of the

⁸ It is to be hoped that Ticknor, as he agreed with Goethe on Luden, may also have taken more interest than did the caustic young Everett in the "diploma of membership of the Jena Mineralogical Society. . . . As not one word had been said in our interview with him, and as I do not know a flint from a marble, till I see it in a tinder box, I thought it a very modest way of asking us to send them a box of American minerals." Frothingham, *op. cit.*, pp. 40-41.

fallen University and what is more than both, an amiable and pious man" (p. 364), showed him Luther's cell and the Cathedral.⁶

The good Prelate carried us by Faust's house, a very good stone building, in which he might have had much more comfortable apartments than Goethe has given him, and Faust's alley, as it is still called, a narrow passage-way from one street to another, about two feet wide, over which the eaves of the houses sometimes meet at the top, where tradition pretends the Doctor, by the Devil's assistance, drove a full load of hay without hindrance, a piece of infernal adroitness which leaves that of the Goblin page with William of Deloraine very far behind. (TJ)¹, p. 365; in part in *LP*, p. 29)

The allusion to Scott is an indication of another of Ticknor's literary and personal affections. Unfortunately the record of none of the many days at Abbotsford contains mention of conversation about Goethe, and this is the more regrettable as both men had, beyond their general interests, the experience of translating a major work of the German poet they so admired.

En route to Paris Ticknor stopped, on March 29, 1817, to review the scenes of *Werther*. The narrative of his pilgrimage is given in full in my edition of his translation (pp. xxiv-xxv). Here only a few lines:

The temptation was strong upon me to go a few miles out of my way and visit Wetzlar . . . because this is the very valley where the scene of *Werther* is laid. The temptation was so strong I could not resist it. I went, then, though I had previously resolved not to go, bought me a *Werther* and took a guide and set off to see how much was history and how much imagination. [Ticknor mentions the Wildbacher Gate, the fountain, "Wahlheim," the rocks "where Werther passed the dreadful night after he had left Charlotte," etc.]

I am, on the whole, glad I went. This cold and cheerless Spring had, indeed, saddened the valley in which Charlotte and Werther lived so thoughtlessly together, but still it is impressed in my memory as it is, and as to the rest, even in its brightest and gayest form the scenery would have disappointed the expectations with which Goethe's poetical feelings have filled my imagination. (TJ)¹, pp. 416-18)

In Frankfurt on March 31 he goes to the Römer and finds the "rooms are ordinary and the pictures of the Emperors worse, so that if I had not remembered the interest with which Goethe as a child had stood before them, I should have found little in standing there myself" (p. 423).

The remarks on the Römer constitute the last note concerning Goethe in Ticknor's journals before his departure from Germany. But the first thing he went to see in France was the Cathedral at Strassburg, where he "ascended the steeple to the top, to the very crown where Goethe when a boy cured himself of his giddiness" (MsJ¹, IV, April 4, 1817).

⁶ Ticknor's uncompromising religious principles are already familiar, both in their effect on his view of Goethe generally and in the attitude he took toward certain passages in *Werther*, when he translated that book (*Ticknor's Werther*, pp. 99, 101-102). Here the same principles take a lighter turn. Ticknor says, "From this spot [Luther's cell], which I thought holy ground because it is connected with the history of the Reformation, the good Prelate carried us to

With the extension of his trip to Italy and Spain, Ticknor's references to Goethe naturally become less frequent. Their very continuation is an expression of his enduring interest. At La Mira, for example, he talked at some length with Byron about Goethe. Remarkably enough, he says Byron told him that Lewis had "once translated Goethe's *Faust* to him extemporaneously, and this accounts for the resemblance between that poem and *Manfred*, which I could not before account for, as I was aware that he did not know German" (*LLJ*, I, 165).⁷

Ticknor indeed made express mention of the fact that *Manfred* was considered an imitation of *Faust*. This was apparently Byron's first news of it, and whatever he may have said to Ticknor, his reaction was not one of enthusiasm. He wrote to Murray, "An American, who came the other day from Germany, told Mr. Hobhouse that *Manfred* was taken from Goethe's *Faust*. The devil may take both the Faustuses, German and English,—I have taken neither."⁸

On his journey southward, as he crossed the Po and went on through Papal territory to Ferrara, Ticknor wrote:

. . . Oft
Hab ich mich hingesehnt; nun bin ich da.
Hier ward Petrarch bewirtet, hier gepflegt,
Und Ariost fand seine Muster hier.
Italien nennt keinen großen Namen,
Den dieses Haus nicht seinen Gast genannt.

I rode into the city with these beautiful lines of Goethe on my lips, for it is the city of Ariosto and Tasso. (MsJ¹, V, October 22, 1817)

Ticknor was back in America on June 6, 1819.⁹ In August he was formally inducted into his two Harvard professorships (Smith Professor of French and Spanish Languages, College Professor of Belles-Lettres). In neither could Goethe figure as a prominent subject. That Ticknor nevertheless intended to touch on Goethe in his teaching is apparent from certain remarks in a letter to President Kirkland,

the Cathedral which he thought holy because it had successfully resisted the change."

⁷ The issue is rather beclouded. At Leghorn in 1822 Byron mentioned Lewis' readings again, this time to Bancroft. See M. A. DeWolfe Howe, *Life and Letters of George Bancroft* (New York, 1908), I, 149, where the possibility of Goethe's influence on *Manfred* is distinctly implied. H. S. White ("Goethe in Amerika," *Goethe Jahrbuch*, V [1884], 223) states that Byron in 1821 told Bancroft he had never read *Faust*. I have not been able to find any confirmation of this statement. Byron may or may not have denied reading *Faust*; he certainly did not deny hearing Lewis; he definitely denied any influence of Goethe on his own poem. Byron's version of the Lewis episode appears in a letter of Oct. 12, 1817, to John Murray: "I heard Mr. Lewis translate verbally some scenes of *Goethe's Faust* (which were some good, and some bad). . . ." See *Works of Lord Byron*, ed. R. E. Prothero, *Letters and Journals* (London, 1900), IV, 174.

⁸ Prothero, *op. cit.*, IV, 177.

⁹ There are two occasions before his departure from England in 1819 when Ticknor might have given us singularly welcome information. In April, Ticknor met and talked with Thomas Malthus, to whom the first English *Werther* is

dated August 9, 1819, referring to the inclusion of Goethe in his lectures on belles-lettres, and from his note of December 30, 1825, to Bancroft at Round Hill School: "I propose to discourse on German literary history at large . . . to teach a few young men every year to read German" (*LP*, p. 233, n. 115). That he carried out this plan, at least in part, is confirmed by another letter written to Kirkland on August 28, 1826, in which he says, "I taught all the students in the four classes pursuing French, Spanish, Italian, and German under their respective teachers." This appears to have been his general policy through the years, though what mention he made of Goethe is a matter entirely of speculation. Knowing the degree to which he participated in and supervised language instruction at Harvard, we are not surprised to see Ticknor's hand in the organization of studies in German. In a report of the Department of Modern Languages, signed by Ticknor and dated October, 1828, we find: "The Course of Studies in German shall be: Goethe's *Egmont* to be read through, Goethe's *Tasso* to be read through. . . ."

The manuscript volumes of Ticknor's lectures at Harvard on French literature show that even in the formal treatment of another literature he could not forget his interest in the greatest of the Germans. To Mme de Staël he credits, through her "seducing eloquence," the spread of French acquaintance with German letters. "The Theatre and the circulating libraries have drawn largely on the German Drama and Romances. Some of Schiller's and Goethe's Tragedies are become extremely popular on the Stage, and in Paris itself regular courses of lectures are delivered on German literature, though almost every other is now neglected."

Ticknor mentions without further detail Mme de Staël's visit in 1803 to Frankfurt, Weimar, and Berlin, but he later expands the lecture devoted to her (which is, by the way, one of the longest and most deeply felt of his portraits) to include a description of her learning of the German language, her reading of "the greater part of its classical authors with Frederick Schlegel and Villers," and her consequent preparation "for the society she was to meet . . . at the delightful literary court of the Grand Duchess of Weimar," and her "footing of fair intercourse with Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe." He praises without reserve the learning and vigorous style of the section of *De l'Allemagne* dealing with Goethe.¹⁰

ascribed. In view of Ticknor's scorn for the Malthus version and the younger Malthus' denial that his father wrote such a translation (*Ticknor's Werter*, p. 97 and p. xxi), the conversation could have been highly informative. In the second instance Ticknor may well have talked about Goethe, but his own excision of several pages leaves us regrettably in the dark. It was later in the same month that he had a long conversation, which to his partner's delight was in German, with the Duchess of York. All that remains of the literary part of the exchange is a brief introductory mention of Kotzebue.

¹⁰ The quotations in this and the two preceding paragraphs concerning Ticknor's activities at Harvard are given by permission of the authorities of Widener Library. Complete page reference to the lecture MS is impossible, as it is not

Ticknor's famous "Lecture on the Best Methods of Teaching the Living Languages" (1832) contains two references to Goethe, both times as a goal to be aimed at by the aspiring student. On one occasion he says, "The pupils may read the highest authors which their faculties are sufficiently developed to comprehend—Goethe, Molière, or Cervantes—if their years and tastes permit them to enjoy the first order of imaginative genius."¹¹

What is even more significant, Ticknor appears to have sought an audience for Goethe in fields beyond the academic. The *Capital* (Washington, April 16, 1871) says in its obituary article on Ticknor: "His lectures there [Harvard, 1819 on] upon Goethe, Cervantes, and Dante drew from their business and their briefs the best merchants and lawyers of Boston, and through them and the students fostered the love of elegant letters throughout New England."

Ticknor was also a member of the Boston "German Society," which L. L. Mackall¹² believes to have been founded by Karl Follen (the first instructor in German at Harvard and second among American universities, he came to Cambridge in 1825 through the efforts of Ticknor). Among the members listed on the cover of two German books which Mackall, by fortunate accident, ran across in Boston, were Follen, S. A. Eliot, Bowditch, and Ticknor. The group seems to have been active at least through 1829.

With the renewal of Ticknor's journals on his second trip to Europe in 1835, mention of Goethe is immediately prominent. While he was in Dublin, spending much of his time at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he met Anster, portions of whose version of *Faust* he had read in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1819. Ticknor was disappointed in all the other translations he knew and was looking forward to seeing the rest of Anster's. "At last, one morning in Dublin, passing a bookseller's shop, I saw a new translation of *Faust* placarded and going in and opening it found immediately the traces of the *Blackwood* artist. . . ." One of Ticknor's Dublin friends arranged to have Anster visit him. Ticknor found him, despite his somewhat "nervous, fidgety manner," a pleasant conversationalist, and much regretted that the continuous stream of his own Dublin engagements prevented his seeing more of the man. He praises Anster's *Faust* as "in poetical powers . . . leaving everything else in the shape of translation immeasurably behind it," but he tempers this high regard by the observation which any modern critic must make: "sometimes too much amplified" (MsJ², August 16, 1835).

Ticknor's report of his visit to Goethe's house at Weimar on November 17, 1835, is, with the exception of one unimportant paragraph, fully paginated. The volumes are located in the Harvard University Archives.

¹¹ H. G. Doyle, "George Ticknor . . . together with Ticknor's 'Lecture on the Best Methods of Teaching the Living Languages'" (Washington, 1937), reprinted from *MLJ*, XXII (1937), 25.

¹² "Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Amerikanern," *Goethe Jahrbuch*, XXV (1904), 23.

printed in *LLJ* (I, 455-56). It is to my mind one of the least pleasant entries in the journals. Skepticism toward Goethe the man, which Ticknor in common with so many others seems to have felt even before his first visit, has grown into something approaching antagonism. The private rooms he finds "curious, but nothing else," the whole, *triste*. The coin collection was "more interesting than anything else I saw in the house." It would seem that Ticknor had lost the power of vivifying with literary and personal associations the tangible souvenirs of greatness. He had this faculty when he surveyed so carefully and affectionately the scenes of *Werther*. Disapproval, to which Ticknor was entitled, of the "tausendfacher Tand" which Goethe preserved and of the magnification of self which Ticknor found in it is overshadowed by the tone of superiority with which the comments are recorded. Apparently he gave no thought to Goethe's explanation, in a work he knew well, of the reason for his attitude:

weil nichts, was die Erinnerung eines glücklichen Moments zurückruft, unbedeutend sein kann; und noch jetzt würde es mir schwer fallen, manches dergleichen, was mir aus verschiedenen Epochen übrig geblieben, als wertlos zu vertilgen, weil es mich unmittelbar in jene Zeiten versetzt, deren ich mich zwar mit Wehmut, doch nicht ungern erinnere.

The negative reaction of the Weimar visit by no means implies antipathy toward Goethe's works. Ticknor thinks of Goethe frequently, sees his plays as often as possible. The winter (1835-1836) which he and his family spent at Dresden provided numerous opportunities. On December 6, 1835, he notes, "I feel sure now that I shall see what I did not see at all in Germany before, the principal dramas of Schiller and Goethe properly represented" (*LLJ*, I, 460). In the entry for January 12-15, 1836, he writes:

In the evening we went to see Goethe's *Egmont*, not a very effective play on the stage, but extremely well performed tonight. Demoiselle Bauer is an extraordinary actress, indeed she has the reputation of being the best in Germany. Next to her part, I thought that of Vansen, the mob politician, by Pauli the most happy bit. But all the popular scenes were as well done as possible, particularly the first one in the Second Act. (MsJ², III, 96)

Another episode at Dresden recalls the personal connections of the first European journey. Early in 1836 he met and talked with Moritz Steinla, the engraver, who but for Goethe and Ticknor might then have been in America. Twenty years before, it would seem, Goethe had sent Steinla to see Ticknor:

Steinla . . . says that in Weimar, in 1816, he called on me, and asked me if I would advise him to emigrate to America . . . and that I dissuaded him, on the ground that he showed much promise in his art, and that in America he would not be able to form himself to such eminence as he could at home, a piece of advice which was, I think, judicious, but which I do not at all remember to have given. (*LLJ*, I, 490)

When, on January 28, 1836, Ticknor went to Retzsch's vineyard retreat near Dresden to visit "the author of the famous designs for

Faust, Schiller, and Shakespeare," he found most distinguished among Retzsch's paintings the one of "Mignon playing 'Knowst thou the land, etc.' at the feet of Wilhelm Meister, in which the expression of a premature passion wasting away the frame and the spirit of its victim was very striking and natural" (MsJ², III, 109-10).

In Berlin on May 24, 1836, Ticknor

went to the great Theatre to hear Goethe's *Iphigénie*. . . . It was very well represented, and I was surprised to find not only that it gave me what I felt to be a much more faithful idea of an ancient drama than Schiller's *Braut von Messina* [which Ticknor saw on April 7 (MsJ², III, 155)], but that it produced a much more dramatic effect, so instinctively sagacious has Goethe been in leaving out the chorus. I was a great deal more pleased than I expected to be. (IV, 50)

This description should be compared with Ticknor's discussion of Guymond de la Touche's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, which he saw in Paris in 1817 and found mediocre (LLJ, I, 126-27; more fully in TJ¹, pp. 436-39).

At the house of the famous Savigny, near the Brandenburg Gate, Ticknor met Bettina von Arnim, whose "ridiculous book" on her vaunted intimate acquaintance with Goethe he had read in Dresden and "found disgusting." He is gratified to understand that Goethe was "little pleased with the sentimental and indecent nonsense of this lady's correspondence" (LLJ, I, 500). Ticknor in his talk with Bettina took advantage of his knowledge of the book and of Goethe, and some advantage of the poor authoress as well. There are in the journals few such relieving touches of condign malice.

I perceived by her conversation that she must be *the* Bettina, whose other name I did not know. I told her so and indulged myself more than I ever did in my life in direct persiflage, which she mistook for compliment, but which I am sure Mad. de Savigny did not misunderstand. Mad. de Arnheim is an ugly body above fifty years old, and I considered her fair game. (MsJ², IV, 58)

On August 29 at Bern, Ticknor spent the evening in the home of Count Bombelles, the Austrian minister, and extended farther his acquaintance with Goethe's circle, which already ran from Charlotte Buff to Riemer. "I met . . . the Chancellor Müller of Weimar, who wrote the well-known book about Goethe" (MsJ², V, 89).

Even in Italy and in quite a different field, Ticknor's knowledge of Goethe enlivens his reflections. On October 10 in Milan, at the Ambrosian Library, Ticknor expresses his admiration of "Raphael's cartoon for his famous School of Athens . . . as spirited as one could suppose it to be for that grand, philosophical Picture which Goethe and Meyer, I think, place above all the rest of his works" (V, 135).

On December 8, 1836, in Rome at the home of the Prussian minister, Bunsen, Ticknor met young Kestner, "the Hanoverian minister, and son of Werther's Albert and Charlotte." The story of the several interviews Ticknor had with Kestner and of his interest in Kestner's

revelations is a part of the larger *Werther* picture and is treated in that connection.¹⁸

On his return trip through Germany, Ticknor spent much of his time in Heilbronn in looking into the remains and associations of Götz von Berlichingen (VII, 130), while later, during several days' stay in Frankfurt, he and his wife were shown through Goethe's birthplace and introduced to Kestner's brother (p. 140). The brief recounting of his visit to Goethe's family home concludes, as far as the main body of the journals goes, the long record with which this article is concerned. The two succeeding volumes of the journal of the second trip to Europe contain no mention of Goethe. In this they are unique, for in each of the preceding sixteen volumes of the entire journal Goethe has a place, always one of interest and almost always one of highest honor.

Though the journals cease upon Ticknor's return to America in 1839, they contain, in a footnote added to the fourth volume of the typescript (p. 417), proof that his interest in Goethe continued to the last years of his life. Appropriately, the note, which Ticknor wrote in 1870, concerns the work with which this interest began. He says, "Before I left home I translated the whole of *Charlotte and Werther*, my first real exercise in German, and I have ever since had a great attachment to that book."

In the years between Ticknor's second return to America and his death in 1871, active study and reading of Goethe can only be presumed. Documentation is virtually confined to two brief notes in the great *History of Spanish Literature* (1849), II, 377 n. and 399 n. Moreover, the pioneering aspect of Ticknor's interest is, in these later years, a factor of vanishing importance. American occupation with Goethe, manifested in their diverse fields by the activities of such writers as Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and Longfellow, was no longer embryonic. But our basic concern is not with this period. George Ticknor remains, in his youth and early manhood, a true pathfinder in literature. He was the first American to gain for himself a well-founded understanding of Germany's greatest writer, and his efforts in this cause, from his translation of *Werther* to his academic occupation with Goethe in curricular and scholarly matters, were distinguished by their breadth and excellence as much as by their early date. Even a much later age might well be impressed by Ticknor's acquaintance with Goethe's works, which included, by specific mention, *Götz*, *Iphigenie*, *Egmont*, *Tasso*, and *Faust* (not to mention *Jery und Bätely*), *Werther*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, *Hermann und Dorothea*, and the *Xenien*. In his personal connections with Goethe and with Goethe's circle Ticknor also had, of course, an unsurpassed advantage and an enviable priority.

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¹⁸ See *CL*, *passim*, and Ticknor's *Werter*, pp. xxv-xxvii.

RILKE AND LEONORA CHRISTINA

By GEORGE C. SCHOOLFIELD

In the gallery at Urnekloster Malte Laurids Brigge sees among the portraits a picture of Christian IV's daughter, Leonora Christina, "die 'unvergleichliche' Eleonore auf einem weißen Paßgänger in ihrer glänzendsten Zeit, vor der Heimsuchung."¹ Rilke was introduced to the world of seventeenth-century Denmark by J. P. Jacobsen's *Fru Marie Grubbe*;² Leonora Christina does not appear in the novel, although her imprisonment in the Blue Tower at Copenhagen, the experience described in her classic *Jammersminde*, is contemporaneous to much of the action in Jacobsen.³ It cannot be precisely determined how Rilke's attention was focused upon the authoress; the scanty evidence would indicate that it occurred during his Scandinavian visit (June-December, 1904). Attracted by the casting of Rodin's *Burghers of Calais*, he twice visited the Ny-Carlsberg Glyptothek,⁴ a collection which also contained the painting *Leonora Christina forladet Faengslet* by Christian Zahrtmann.⁵ Did the first appearance of Leonora Christina (as a picture) in Rilke result from these museum visits and, of course, a general knowledge of the period's history? Certain facts are against the surmise that Rilke knew the memoirs at the time of *Malte's* composition. From the linguistic point of view the book would have been extremely difficult for the poet, who in these early years of his Danish studies found even modern authors slow going. (A German translation had been published in Vienna in 1870, but Rilke's own statement indicates that he read the book in the original; see footnote 10 below.) Also, if Rilke had read the *Jammersminde* before completing his novel, he would have had excellent cause to include the countess among the poetesses listed near the end of *Malte*; the younger Rilke was always ready to parade his familiarity with obscure *Frauenliteratur*. On the other hand, the brief appearance of Dr. Otto Sperling, a confidant of Leonora Christina's husband, Corfitz Ulfeldt, as the physician in attendance at the death of King Christian (*Malte*, p. 170) might argue for a closer acquaintance with the *Jammersminde*, where Sperling's confinement and death in the Blue Tower comprise much of the narrative material. The list of "lovers" in *Malte* recalls the projected poetic work of Leonora Christina, *Heltinders Pryd*, frequently mentioned in her prison memoirs and intended to

¹ R. M. Rilke, *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge* (Zürich, 1948), p. 122.

² Cf. Lydia Baer, "Rilke and Jens Peter Jacobsen," *PMLA*, LIV (1939), 1170-71.

³ A complete account of the influence of the *Jammersminde* on *Fru Marie Grubbe* is to be found in J. P. Jacobsen, *Samlede Vaerker* (Kjøbenhavn, 1924/1929), I, xxxii.

⁴ Rilke, *Briefe*, 1902-1906 (Leipzig, 1930), pp. 171, 186, 215.

⁵ Rilke, who was associated with the painter Hammershøj during his Copenhagen visits, may also have visited the State Art Museum, where other paintings from the Zahrtmann series on Leonora Christina were exhibited.

glorify "warlike," "faithful and chaste," and "resolute" heroines.⁶ But such conjectures, however interesting they may be for the inner history of *Malte*, offer no satisfactory *terminus a quo* for the reading of the *Jammersminde*.

The first mention of the book's title is in a letter to Kippenberg (October 23, 1911) where the poet asks: "Und Jammersminde?"⁷ The reference is evidently to the German translation prepared by Clara Priess and published at the Insel-Verlag in 1911; the choice of the work was in all likelihood made on Rilke's suggestion. At the same time Rilke discovered another Scandinavian authoress of the baroque; in a letter to his Swedish correspondent, Tora Holmström (February 24, 1912) he inquires after an edition of Queen Christina's *Nebenstunden*: "Und ist Ihnen sonst etwas aus Frauenliteratur des 16. oder 17. Jahrhunderts lieb?"⁸ The interest in the period, thus evidenced during the stay at Duino, continues throughout the war years; one of the many letters propagandizing for Jacobsen (to Aline Dietrichstein, September 12, 1916) makes special mention of *Fru Marie Grubbe* and its age.⁹ Then there is a pause until October 21, 1924, when Rilke appends to one of the Pongs questionnaires a postscript in which he expatiates upon the theme "Reich und Arm." In the postscript he gives an outline of Leonora Christina's fate and recounts a scene, "die in der Einleitung zu Jammersminde (in der dänischen Ausgabe wenigstens) berichtet wird."¹⁰

The inaccuracies in Rilke's account are numerous. Leonora Christina was not imprisoned for twenty-six years, as Rilke says, but rather for less than twenty-two, from August 8, 1663, to May 19, 1685. Corfitz Ulfeldt did not save himself from the vengeance of Frederick III "durch seine Flucht nach Tirol." At the time of Leonora Christina's arrest her husband was residing in Bruges; learning of Frederick's attempts to have him extradited, he went to Basel with several of his children and lived first in the city itself, then in the nearby village of Riehen. In an attempt to "escape" from Riehen—Ulfeldt erroneously believed that he was still being pursued by Danish agents—he died on the night of February 26, 1664.¹¹ Thus the facts about Ulfeldt's last days are romantic enough, although played against a less picturesque landscape than Rilke's Tirol. Finally, Rilke tells us

⁶ Cf. Leonora Christina, *Jammers Minde og andre selvbiografiske Skildringer*, udgivet af Johs. Brøndum-Nielsen og C. O. Bøggild-Andersen (Kjøbenhavn, 1949), pp. 239, 256, 273, 275. *Jammersminde* is the more prevalent if less historically correct form of the title and that employed by Rilke. Translations from the text are made by the present writer.

⁷ Rilke, *Briefe an seinen Verleger* (Wiesbaden, 1949), I, 151.

⁸ *Briefe*, 1907-1914 (Leipzig, 1939), p. 215. In a letter of March 20, 1926, to Eduard Korrodi, the *Nebenstunden* are mentioned again: *Briefe*, 1921-1926 (Leipzig, 1940), p. 415.

⁹ *Briefe*, 1914-1921 (Leipzig, 1937), pp. 110-11.

¹⁰ *Briefe*, 1921-1926, pp. 335-37.

¹¹ Cf. the account of Ulfeldt's flight and death in Sophus Birket Smith, *Leonora Christina Grevinde Ulfeldts Historie* (Kjøbenhavn, 1881), II, 168-77.

that Leonora Christina, seeking aid for her husband, was at the English court. "Dort wußte man sie zu erreichen und unter irgend einem Vorwand auf ein dänisches Schiff zu laden, wo sie sich Gast glaubte, während sie in Wirklichkeit schon die Gefangene ihrer Häscher war." But according to Leonora Christina's own account in the introduction to the *Jammersminde* (p. 100), she had left London for Dover, having received only generous promises from Charles II, and was about to set out for Flanders when she was arrested by a Lieutenant Braten (or Broughton) and imprisoned in Dover Castle. Later this officer pretended to help her escape but instead turned her over to the Danish minister, who had her brought on board an English frigate and transported to Denmark. Since a sword and a pistol were held at her breast during the kidnapping, she can hardly have thought herself a guest.¹²

Rilke's introductory remarks seem to have been written down not with a copy of the *Jammersminde* at hand but from faulty memory. The same is true of the scene which makes up the body of Rilke's postscript. Rilke states that it occurs in the "Einleitung" of the Danish edition. If he means Leonora Christina's own "Fortalen," he is mistaken; the events he describes do not appear there in any form. If he is thinking of an editor's introduction, he is apparently again in error; none of the Danish editions of the *Jammersminde* mentions such an episode in the prefatory remarks.¹³ What Rilke actually recounts is an episode, changed so much as to be almost unrecognizable, from the early part of the *Jammersminde* (and thus easily transposed into an "introduction"). Rilke's account is as follows: one of the junior officers of the ship upon which Leonora Christina is confined demands the jewelry of the still unsuspecting countess; his intention is to distinguish himself in the eyes of his superiors. After withering the young man with a glance, the lady goes to a mirror and removes her adornments one by one; they pile up, "warm und schwer, in den erschrocken aufgeschlagenen Händen des Offiziers." He hurries to his commandant with the booty; the latter, enraged that his plan of abduction has been betrayed, compels the lieutenant to return the jewelry as best he can. Pale and trembling, he approaches the countess, bearing her belongings in his hands.

Sie ließ ihn, hoheitsvoll, einen angemessenen Augenblick in dem Zustande seiner Verzweiflung, nur aber, um (obwohl sie doch alles begriffen haben mag, was folgen würde) wieder an ihren Spiegel zu treten und, langsam, wie aus den Händen eines Dieners, das vielfältige Geschmeid an sich zu nehmen und anzulegen: mit genau der gleichen Gelassenheit, die sie vorher im Hingeben bewiesen hatte, und schon vertieft in ihr im Spiegel festlich sich wieder ergänzendes Bild.

The source of Rilke's scene has quite a different tone. It takes place

¹² A more detailed version is given by Leonora Christina in her French autobiography, included in the above-cited edition of the *Jammersminde*, pp. 44-47. The same account is given by Birket Smith in the introductions to the earlier Danish editions (see below) and in the *Historie*, II, 140-43.

¹³ For a bibliography of all Danish editions, see "Leonora Christina," *Dansk Biografisk Leksikon* (Kjøbenhavn, 1938), XIV, 259.

upon the arrival of Leonora Christina in Copenhagen, not, as Rilke implies, immediately following the embarkation in England. While the ship is lying at anchor, a Captain Alfeldt comes on board and demands the prisoner's "letters, gold, silver, money, and knife. I replied 'Gladly,' took off my bracelets and rings, gathered in a heap all that I had at hand of gold, silver, and money, and gave it to him" (p. 109). She is also forced to surrender copies of letters to King Charles, notes about her journey, and some English word lists. An hour later General-Major Friedrich von Anfeldt, the so-called "Kommandant in Kjøbenhavn," appears and begins a gay conversation in French with the lady; in the course of the talk he has a servant produce a silver chamber pot belonging to Leonora Christina, the receptacle in which Alfeldt had sealed her effects. Anfeldt tells her that only the letters have been kept; the seizure of the other property resulted from a misunderstanding on the part of his subordinate. The countess receives permission to adorn herself with the jewelry once again, and does so immediately: "I put the rings and bracelets on, and gave the rest to my maid." The episode ends as Anfeldt attempts to jest naughtily with the girl.

Whether consciously or unconsciously, Rilke has removed the coarse and the comical from the scene and transformed it into an illustration of the theme "Reich und Arm," with the implication, to quote an earlier passage in the letter to Pongs, that no one's situation is such "daß sie seiner Seele nicht eigentümlich zustatten kommen könnte."¹⁴ Leonora Christina's willingness to surrender the jewels with dignity has enriched her soul; her maintenance of a serene manner upon receiving them again continues the process. In the *Jammersminde* one finds the unadorned account of the sordid methods employed to obtain possession of valuable papers. Rilke ignores the documents, as well as the money and the penknife, nor does he mention the container employed. Rilke's sensitive and ambitious young officer grows first out of the figure of a captain who obviously has had experience in such assignments, then, at the moment of greatest shame (the return of the jewels), out of the "General-Major," who can resist neither witty conversation nor a lady's maid. In her own account Leonora Christina is brave, self-possessed, and conscious of her bearing; however, she defends herself, in her indignation at the officers' trickery, with her tongue, not with dumb show. Rilke has made the story completely his own, not only by change of details and atmosphere, but by the addition of his "trademarks": the mirror, into which Leonora Christina twice looks; hands, which remove and receive the jewels; and the adornments themselves, which Rilke, in contrast to the *Jammersminde* account, catalogues as "die Ringe, die Gehänge, die Spangen, die Arm-bänder und Ohrringe." The postscript has become a carefully written anecdote, one that might have appeared in the mosaic of *Malte*. It is

¹⁴ *Briefe*, 1921-26, p. 330.

not an example of re-telling but of re-creation.

The theme "Reich und Arm" of Rilke's parable also occurs in the *Duino Elegies*, whose period of creation roughly parallels that of the concern with the *Jammersminde*, as evidenced in the letters. There is no mention of the Danish classic in the poem cycle, nor has any of the commentators attempted to find similar passages in the two works. Yet in dealing with a poet of Rilke's suggestibility, it is necessary to realize that the products of his reading may appear in the most unexpected places. In the case of the *Jammersminde* and the *Elegies* one cannot assume the existence of a conscious influence, since insufficient proof is at hand; one conjectures a repetition of the process of the Pongs letter, re-creation based upon faulty memory. Here no names are mentioned, in keeping with the catholic nature of the material of the *Elegies*; but, surprisingly, and in contrast to the Pongs postscript, the *Jammersminde* element has remained to a great degree unchanged. Rilke has chosen, or has remembered, episodes and details more suited to his purpose, where Leonora Christina appears in her memoirs in a nobler light or where her activities may be given a new meaning without having first been beautified. For Leonora Christina and Rilke the tower is at once a home and a place of trial. The tower in the *Duino Elegies* (VII and IX) elevates the poet, separates him from his fellows, and gives him that dangerous position between the earth and the angels; neither Leonora Christina nor her reader can forget the presence of the Blue Tower, her prison, for which she has a curious affection and from whose window she may, on the rarest occasions, watch the world she both despises and loves.¹⁵ It is in the Blue Tower that she undergoes purification of her haughty (and very violent) nature and becomes a saintly figure to her keepers. In the first days of her imprisonment she has had to taste the experience of "die Frühentrückten" (I, 86), who must learn the strangeness of no longer inhabiting the earth: "die Erde nicht mehr zu bewohnen, kaum erlernte Gebräuche nicht mehr zu üben" (I, 69-70). (Remember that in the postscript Rilke makes of the clever stateswoman a tragic, almost preternatural figure.) What the countess beholds from her cell is reminiscent of the description of the "Leidstadt" (X, 16 ff.) and regarded with much the same contempt. By placing her bed on end and climbing atop it, she can see the castle yard, the scene of various celebrations, as well as the adjoining church: "I once desired to see the people enter and leave the Castle Church. The bed was stood on end again and I sat up there all the while until everyone had come out of the church again" (p. 195). The view she is afforded corresponds to Rilke's "Trostmarkt, den die Kirche begrenzt, ihre fertig gekaufte" (X, 20-21). Leonora Christina can deduce happenings outside her range

¹⁵ Her situation resembles that of the speaker in the late Rilke poem "Die große Nacht," *Gesammelte Werke* (Leipzig, 1930), III, 406 f.: "Wo die Türme / zürnten, wo abgewendeten Schicksals / eine Stadt mich umstand, und nicht zu erratende Berge / wider mich lagen. . . ."

of vision from the sounds of the hated court, especially from the fanfares and other musical signals. Thus she can follow the events at a royal wedding. "Toward midday, when the trumpets and kettledrums sounded, I said: 'Now they are passing across the square with the bride to the great hall.'" The woman who serves as her guard and companion is astonished, and Leonora Christina, wishing to take advantage of the situation, tells her that she receives such information from a spirit. Neither the prisoner nor her keeper is fed during the day because of the unusual demands made upon the palace kitchen, but Leonora Christina is able to follow each course of the feast through the signals of the band (p. 158).

The next day knights were created, and I not only said, each time the trumpets blew, "Now a knight is created" (for I could hear a herald cry out from the window but not understand what he said), but [I] even [said] who had become a knight, for I guessed it, since I knew that there were those in the council who were not knights before. (pp. 158-59)

Rilke has a satiric picture of what goes on at the edge of the fair, with its booths which "werben, trommeln und plärren" (X, 29).

Leonora Christina's castle square also forms the background for a "Rilkean" group, a band of acrobats (pp. 194-95). It is well known that the inspiration of the Fifth Elegy is Picasso's *Saltimbanques*; yet one can hardly deny the resemblance between Rilke's group and that in the *Jammersminde*. Rilke has a former strong man, a young man, a boy, his mother, and a little girl; Leonora Christina, two men, a woman, and two small boys. (Her group thus corresponds a little more closely to Rilke's than does that in the Picasso painting: two men, two boys, a woman, and a girl.) Like the Duino acrobats, who are about to begin or perhaps are already in action: "Und wieder klatscht der Mann in die Hand zu dem Ansprung" (V, 51-52), those of Leonora are performing their tricks; Picasso's are standing still. "The rope-dancers did something I had never seen before. One of them had a basket on each leg, [and] in each basket sat a boy five years old, and a woman let herself fall on the rope and jumped up again" (p. 195). Various commentators have remarked that Rilke's acrobats are "symbols of human activity";¹⁰ Leonora Christina, although seeing very little activity in the castle yard and therefore paying it an inordinate amount of attention, does not attempt to read any meaning into the spectacle, as some more philosophical prisoner might have done. With her factual turn of mind she is interested in technique, in comparing the act with others of its kind.

Another source of amusement for Leonora Christina is the observation of the small creatures which inhabit her cell. She thinks the results of her "experiments" of sufficient value to mention them three times

¹⁰ For example, J. B. Leishman in the notes to the Leishman-Spender translation of the *Duino Elegies* (New York, 1939), p. 102, and Heinrich Kreutz, *Rilkes Duineser Elegien* (München, 1950), p. 75.

in her work. In the "Fortalen" to her children she doubts that any naturalist has noted that "there exists a kind of caterpillar which gives birth to small living creatures," further "that a flea gives birth to a fully formed flea and not that a nit comes from a nit" (p. 102), in other words, that the flea, and only in its adult form, bears a live reproduction of itself and not an egg. Later, in a notice from 1666, she is struck by the fact that the flea population increases after her cell has been cleaned; she believes that the flea may either be born alive from its mother or that it may be produced from filth (pp. 289-90). A passage on the habits of caterpillars closes with the mention of the "birth" of a worm from the neck of a caterpillar (pp. 290-91), evidently the emergence of a parasite from the body of its host. Leonora Christina, the enthusiastic if inaccurate natural scientist, is thus concerned with the phenomena of birth, particularly of viviparity, among insects. In the eighth *Duino Elegy* (52-55) one finds the often discussed passage:

O Seligkeit der kleinen Kreatur
die immer bleibt im Schooße, der sie austrug;
O Glück der Mücke die noch innen hüpfet,
selbst wenn sie Hochzeit hat: denn Schooß ist alles.

The lines, as the commentaries indicate, are explained by the letter to Lou Andreas-Salomé of February 20, 1918;¹⁷ they express Rilke's delight at a type of viviparity. A little creature develops "from an externally exposed seed" and so from the beginning of its development is in contact with its "womb," the world. The Danish lady and the modern poet are fascinated by the same mode of birth; but what was a means of passing the time for Leonora Christina becomes for Rilke another illustration of "Reich und Arm"; the gnat is more blessed than those creatures which grow within the shelter of the egg or the mother's womb, for it has not two homes, mother and world, but one, the world which is mother; in its poverty it is richer, that is, more unified in its experience.

Until the complete Rilke correspondence is available, and perhaps even then, it will be impossible to formulate correctly either the history of the composition of the *Elegies* or of Rilke's concern with Leonora Christina. One cannot ignore the use of Leonora Christina and her memoirs in *Malte* and in the "Reich und Arm" parable. Would it seem too daring to suppose that the echoes of the *Jammersminde* in the *Elegies* are something more than coincidence? Rilke has possibly paid a more subtle but greater compliment to Leonora Christina than to any other heroine in his array.

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¹⁷ Rainer Maria Rilke and Lou Andreas-Salomé, *Briefwechsel* (Zürich and Wiesbaden, 1952), pp. 395-96. An earlier and less concise version of the concept is to be found in Rilke's letter of Feb. 20, 1914, to Lou Andreas-Salomé, *ibid.*, p. 325 f.

THE MYTH OF HAMLET IN FRANCE IN MALLARMÉ'S GENERATION

By RENÉ TAUPIN

Mallarmé justifies our speaking of the myth of Hamlet in one sentence: "But the latent prince advances who will never be—the shadow of everyone's youth incarnate, therefore part and parcel of a myth."¹ If there were any need for further justification, we might recall that Hamlet, incontestably the most modern of all heroes, is most often compared to the heroes of mythology: Nietzsche compares him to Oedipus, Hugo to Prometheus, and Gautier calls him "the Orestes of the North."²

Hamlet is more alive than these heroes of antiquity; he is more alive even than Don Quixote, Don Juan, or Faust.³ These other great mythical figures could conceivably not have existed, because their passions and their adventures are limited. Hamlet, on the other hand, exists as an absolute, because, as Mallarmé says, "there is no other subject but the antagonism of man's dreams and the fatalities dictated by adversity."

Man's tragedy, since he has partly succeeded in conquering nature and has been able to destroy many useless myths, lies in his fight against his real enemies: those whom he creates when he creates his illusions.

Hamlet remains ever present among us; he has been the companion of poets from Coleridge to Valéry—the youthful dreamer who consorts with gravediggers. Mallarmé was perhaps wrong in concluding his article on Mounet-Sully's performance with these words:

The anxious romantic vigil accomplished, surely it was fitting that the beautiful demon come down to us, thus synthesized—his demeanor probably incomprehensible to future generations. But in state and solemnity, an actor has bequeathed to posterity a composition somewhat complex, but very coherent and bearing the tone seal of a period—supreme and neutral. Posterity may care little about this immortal resemblance, but, at any rate, will be unable to alter it.

This beautiful demon incarnated the myth of the killer of myths. He is the living incarnation of the man who stands alone amid the ruins of the myths he has himself destroyed.

Hamlet, a myth, is necessarily his tradition: Eternity changes him into himself. He is not what Shakespeare wanted him to be; he is as the other ends shape him. Mallarmé thought that his becoming had

¹ Mallarmé, "Hamlet"; on the occasion of Mounet-Sully's performance of Hamlet at the Comédie Française in 1886. Vide *Divagations*. All translations in this article are mine unless otherwise indicated.

² Nietzsche, *Origins of Tragedy*; Hugo, *William Shakespeare*; Gautier, *Histoire de la littérature dramatique en France*.

³ Turgenev, *Don Quixote and Hamlet*. Jules Janin draws a parallel between Don Juan and Hamlet in his *Histoire de la littérature dramatique*, tome II, p. 251.

come to an end. He was wrong. If scholarly criticism has enriched the myth but slightly, poets and psychologists continue to give it life.

A myth is above all an object of a plasticity which is alterable from one generation to another. Mallarmé points out that Hamlet "existed by heredity, in the best minds of this century." And, speaking of the actor Mounet-Sully whose genius penetrated more deeply into the "reality" of Hamlet than do the erudite delvings of the scholars, Mallarmé has this to say:

His charm, clothed in somber elegance, lends a sort of cadence or measure to each gesture; at once the nostalgia of pristine reason, still remembered, in spite of the aberrations caused by the shock, sways the lovely plume of his cap. . . . So it appeared to me that the morbid duality of Hamlet is effected: outwardly mad under the contradictory flagellation of duty—but, if he fixes his inner gaze upon an image of himself which he preserves intact, as that of Ophelia who has never drowned herself, he is again in possession of his faculties. A pure jewel kept intact amid disaster.

The plume, the disaster, the "pure jewel" which no disaster can touch—these were the constituents of the myth according to Mallarmé. Although the disaster and the pure jewel can pass as typically Mallarméan elements, Hamlet like Poe being "chu d'un désastre obscur," it will not be difficult to show that this last interpretation is on the whole a purified and limpid concept derived from the romantic diffusion.

The plume is apparently an indispensable ornament. Mallarmé, who wrote several Hamletian texts, in his most famous poem, *Un coup de dés*, uses the plume as the symbol of man's triumph over nature. This poet who took a mystical and a mythical view of literature was fascinated by such details. But the plume was traditional. Mallarmé quotes Banville: "Le vent qui fait voler ta plume noire / Et te caresse, Hamlet, ô jeune Hamlet!"

Black or white, single, double—or even triple, as it was worn by Danish actors—the plume is always present in the mythical image of Hamlet, although many photographs of Mounet-Sully in the role of Hamlet show that he did not wear it constantly during the performance. To Turgenev it is as essential as Hamlet's melancholy. The public of 1900 wanted a Hamlet with a plume, and in its imagination Hamlet's plume was not unlike Cyrano's plume which also flew high against the ill winds of fortune. The ill winds, of course, are equally indispensable, and all the impersonations of Hamlet, not only on the stage but in paintings, indicate their presence. Baudelaire speaks of Hamlet's "regard indécis et les cheveux au vent," a line which may have been inspired by Delacroix.

Hamlet to Mallarmé and to everyone is young, very young. In fact, the drama is the drama of adolescence. The question is to be or not to be, to accept the world or to save one's being for one's intimate enjoyment. And the uneducated public as well as the literati applauded Sarah Bernhardt not only in *L'Aiglon* but also in *Hamlet*. The public of those days after the *veille romantique* liked these asexual characters.

Tradition has also imposed other details which, although less important, nevertheless show how a stage tradition works. Early in the century the gravediggers' scene became one of the most significant. In 1844 a company of English actors went to Paris. The part of Hamlet was played by Macready. His acting was precise and calm. Gautier, when he saw him, was overwhelmed by his talent.⁴ He commented on the scene with the gravediggers, and noticed in particular this detail, which he calls "very English": Hamlet throws away the skull, draws out of his pocket a handkerchief of very fine batiste, and wipes his fingers with obvious disgust. From that day on the batiste handkerchief became a significant detail, so much so that at the end of the century a mediocre painter of great repute, Dagnan-Bouveret, who had probably never heard of Macready, but who knew how to fuse realism and romanticism, depicted the graveyard scene with the hero holding the skull on a handkerchief of embroidered batiste.

Actors, painters, critics, and poets were the creators of the legend. But no one was so influential as Delacroix in shaping the myth. A few facts will give an idea how the descriptive arts all collaborated. Delacroix had published a series of lithographs and had already painted several canvases illustrating various scenes from *Hamlet*. A French actor by the name of Rouvière performed Dumas' very unfaithful translation, and, in the staging, copied Delacroix to the admiration of Baudelaire and Gautier, who disagreed on the question of the resemblance, but were very much interested in the correlation of the two arts.

Hamlet in the scene with the skull . . . is not the Hamlet that Rouvière has brought before us so very recently and with great éclat, bitter, tragic and violent, with a restlessness that borders on turbulence. This is truly the romantic extravagance of the great tragedian; but Delacroix, more faithful, perhaps, has shown us an altogether delicate and wan Hamlet, with white and feminine hands, an exquisite but weak nature, a somewhat irresolute air and an almost lusterless eye.⁵

It matters little that Gautier and Baudelaire disagree on the actors' interpretation. Both have the same preoccupations and look for the true image of Hamlet in Delacroix and in the actors, rather than in the Shakespearean text; and it is always the scene in the churchyard which remains in their minds. Years later, in 1853, a critic recalls the Hamlet of his youth and says: "I still see Hamlet in the cemetery, and the gravedigger, who was very much like the gravedigger of

⁴ Gautier, *Histoire de la littérature dramatique en France*, tome 3, p. 324. He mentions the success of this performance, and says that ten years before "all this would have been hissed."

⁵ Baudelaire, *Curiosités Esthétiques*, Nouvelle Revue Française edition, p. 222. Baudelaire refers to Rouvière's performance in the Dumas version of the play, "costumes copiés sur les tableaux de Lehman et les croquis d'Eugène Delacroix." About this same performance Gautier says: "cet acteur qui a été peintre, comprend admirablement l'extérieur des personnages. . . . Il avait copié à s'y tromper, sur ses vêtements et sa figure les admirables dessins d'Eugène Delacroix."

Eugène Delacroix."⁶ Baudelaire speaks at great length of the influence of the theater on Delacroix;⁷ Janin and others of the influence of Delacroix on the actors. All were right.

The first gravedigger in *Hamlet* became an important character, and we know that when Sarah Bernhardt played the leading role, Coquelin gave up the role of Polonius for the part of the gravedigger. That a great star of the stage should condescend to take a minor part proves that it was not considered such a minor part after all.

The Hamlet of Delacroix haunts the memory of the people of the nineteenth century and fixes definitely the scattered images of the Nordic hero; through his lithographs and paintings the semi-effaced images that bygone actors had left on the minds of their contemporaries will haunt like ghosts the younger generations.

No more facts are necessary to show the birth and rise of this myth of the descriptive arts which was gradually to assume the role of artistic creation itself: Hamlet is the absolute presence of the theatrical hero. He is an actor who is inseparable from the scenery which his presence creates. While Oedipus and Orestes appear on crossroads or in foreign lands, Hamlet has for his horizon the horizon of his thoughts, and he is a stranger to all and to himself. To this horizon he limits the existence of others, and he himself cannot escape from it. He is, moreover, the one who directs all the actions. The gods are not behind the scenes to watch over the entrances and exits. Hamlet is the sole stage-director, and it is not in vain that his imagination dwells on the skull of Yorick, the clown, and that he conceives the play within the play. He is the only real actor. Gautier addresses him in this manner:

The great question for you is that of the monologue. You have the vertigo of life, the dream of a shadow! Whence do we come? Where do we go? Why are we born, why do we die? In the midst of all these brutes who believe themselves men because they do not graze and because they stand on their hind feet, you, the only one who thinks, the only one who has the feeling of the strangeness of life, and who advances tremblingly over that thin razor-edge, over that imperceptible spider-web that we call the present, having on either side an abyss: the present and the future—one which has already engulfed you; the other which will soon swallow you up, poor Hamlet! You are obliged to tack on to your intelligence the bells of folly and to hide your inconsolable anxiety beneath an apparent madness.⁸

It is obvious that for centuries the fascination of the play was due to the fact that an apparently weak character, a dreamer adverse to action, was at the same time the real actor; that is, the one who directs

⁶ Jules Janin, *op. cit.*, tome 6, p. 339. He refers to Kean's performance at the Théâtre Italien in 1837. He also states: "Toutes les violences du théâtre français datent de ces soirées."

⁷ Baudelaire says: "En fait de gestes sublimes, Delacroix n'a de rivaux qu'en dehors de son art. Je ne connais guère que Frédéric Lemaître et Macready" (*op. cit.*, p. 301).

⁸ Gautier, *op. cit.*, tome 3, p. 324, refers to the 1844 performance with Macready in the leading role.

the main events.⁹ And that is why *Hamlet* was for Mallarmé the play par excellence. At the mere mention of that name, he says, everything fades away. The world is replaced by a stage; a name begets a soul. About him there are bit-players, and, among them, the only ones whose brief apparition one can recall are those whom the hero creates—Ophelia, Polonius, Yorick himself, the actors of the play within the play—not the King and the Queen who exist merely by virtue of social convention. On this point the critics have never varied. In Smollett's time the phrase: "to play *Hamlet* without the Prince" was proverbial and equivalent to presenting *The Death of the Swan* without the prima ballerina. But Mallarmé believed that he had said the final word on *Hamlet* when he stated that it was pure theater, as it presented the one and only subject: the drama of existence, which is in essence the "mal d'apparaître," the anguish of appearing.

Polonius disappears behind the tapestry whence he has come like an embroidered figure, or, better still, he reenters his hole like a rat. Ophelia is an apparition which the dawn dissipates. Mallarmé thought that she was the image of Hamlet's chastity. Turgenev, who is certain that Hamlet is a sensual man, incapable of love, declares that in his cry "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered," we see only a deep consciousness of his own inanity. All agree that he is alone and that Ophelia is a dream—one of those romantic heroines whose only reason for being is to mirror the soul of a man—as ideal, unreal, and elusive as a Mélisande.

Hamlet is the supreme actor, and the play is the universal drama. Greek plays present heroes armed in some particular catastrophe contrived by some particular god. Hamlet takes arms against a sea of troubles, all of which are inherent in man's fate. Greek heroes fight in the open, under a Mediterranean sky, against villains whose treachery is known to all. Hamlet's enemies are more insidious: they are within him.

He is unable to reconcile himself to himself. Turgenev showed his lack of understanding when he talked about Hamlet's sensuality. It is obvious to all that he is a man who abhors man's animality, the smell

⁹ Baudelaire, by his apology of dandyism and his interpretations of Poe and De Quincey, has turned the minds of his contemporaries toward this Hamletism whose name was to be coined during the Symbolist period. The following quotation shows clearly that his own mind was obsessed by the main theme of *Hamlet*. His short story, "Le Mauvais Vitrier," begins with these words: "Il y a des natures purement contemplatives et tout à fait impropres à l'action, qui cependant, sous une impulsion mystérieuse et inconnue, agissent quelquefois avec une rapidité dont elles se seraient crues elles-mêmes incapables. . . . Le moraliste et le médecin, qui prétendent tout savoir, ne peuvent pas expliquer d'où vient si subitement une si folle énergie à ces âmes paresseuses et voluptueuses, et comment, incapables d'accomplir les choses les plus simples et les plus nécessaires, elles trouvent à une certaine minute un courage de luxe pour exécuter les actes les plus absurdes et souvent même les plus dangereux . . . quant aux raisons: 'pour voir, pour savoir; pour tenter la destinée, pour se contraindre lui-même à faire preuve d'énergie, pour faire le joueur, pour connaître les plaisirs de l'anxiété, pour rien, par caprice, par désœuvrement.'"

of his body, his perishable state. As in Baudelaire, this feeling is sublimated into an ethics of love. He could have said with Baudelaire:

Maudit soit à jamais le rêveur inutile
 Qui voulut le premier dans sa stupidité
 S'éprenant d'un problème insoluble et stérile
 Aux choses de l'amour mêler l'honnêteté.
 ("La Béatrice," *Les Fleurs du Mal*)

His bafflement in action, his aestheticism, his cynicism, and his apparent cruelty can all be explained by his *tedium vitae*.

At the time of the supremacy of lyricism, Hamlet became in the minds of the romanticists the supreme dramatic hero because he was in fact the most perfect lyrical hero. His plume inscribed in the sky the poems through which he triumphed—like Cyrano—over the villainy of the earth. The French word *plume*, meaning plume and also pen, was one of the very clear signs of a perfect analogy between the stage hero and the solitary poet.

Shall we dare compare a great masterpiece to a far lesser one? Cyrano's humor, his awareness of the vanity of action, his aestheticism, his playacting, the play within the play, constitute, along with the plume, the popularization of a long theatrical tradition which Shakespeare gave to the western world, and which painters, poets, and actors, who are experts in the language of signs, have created for our contemplation. Finally Hamlet could say, like Cyrano: "I have missed everything, even my death."

In the 1890's the myth of Hamlet crystallized and gained wide popularity through operas. Delacroix and other romanticists had created a legend which was not immediately popular. The English actors could not have a very large audience. The French versions of the play were still rather poor adaptations, intended for the so-called French taste. In the early Dumas version, still used by actors, Hamlet did not die and the avenging ghost reappeared at the end. In the last quarter of the century, however, the old Dumas version was revised and the Shakespeare dénouement reestablished, although the part of Fortinbras was still omitted from the 1896 version played by Mounet-Sully.

Most remarkable is the continuity of the tradition which a too scholarly view of things might tend to destroy. The "beautiful demon" fascinated his audiences even at the time when adapters married him off to Ophelia. Mallarmé, the teacher of English, was not shocked by the unfaithfulness of the Dumas-Meaurio version. He probably even delighted in certain "very French" adaptations:

I recall that in my youth an impresario in a provincial town, when presenting *Hamlet*, added the sub-title or the *Absent-minded One*. This man, ingenuously, and in typical French taste, imagined, I suppose, that he was thus preparing the audience for the singular fact that Hamlet alone counts, and that anyone, upon approaching him, straightway is effaced, succumbs, disappears. The play, a culminating point in the theater, is, in the works of Shakespeare, a point of transition between the multiple action of the past, and the monologue or drama

with Oneself of the future. The hero: all the rest "mere players"; he walks about, although not much, reading from the book of his mind, a high and living symbol—unmindful of the stares of others about him.¹⁰

According to Mallarmé, the French stage-managers had all contributed to the creation of the myth, even when they had simplified the process of transposition by giving the play a subtitle *à la française*. This man, for whom any literary attempt was sacred, knew that literature—essentially mythical—was the work of all.

Hamlet as the great actor eclipsing all other actors, the play as the drama of man's presence in the world, the stage as the universe, an ideal place which abolished time and space by abstracting them, were conceptions partly thought out by Gautier who, before Nietzsche, had seen in *Hamlet* the poem of death. The play as a continuous monologue was also one of Gautier's conceptions; he had said: "For you the whole question is that of the monologue."

Hamlet as the able captain, isolated in his control-room and reading signs upon a panel to conquer nature not by strength, but by science, was conceived by Hugo before Mallarmé conceived *Un coup de dés*. Hugo said in his *William Shakespeare*: "The action blows every moment from a different direction. The mariner's chart governs man." It is obvious, therefore, that the myth of Hamlet sprang forth from what Mallarmé called the "romantic vigil."

The pictorial tradition, which cannot be separated from its literary counterpart, evolves as rich a heritage when painting, like poetry, expresses solitude through actors and clowns pervaded with the sadness of being. Before we come to Picasso's *Harlequins*, man's solitude is depicted in painting in two of Manet's illustrations of Hamlet. One of these was owned by Mallarmé himself; it represented Hamlet with drawn sword, in a very theatrical pose, his back turned to his friends, his eyes gazing out into empty space. The other painting, no less theatrical, sums up fifty years of artistic endeavor. It represents the singer Faure as Hamlet. The portrait itself is conventional, but the preliminary sketch made by Manet is very typical of the artistic sensibility of the times: long vibrant strokes, faint contours, legs that are like the reflections of limbs in water, opaque beiges, lusterless blacks, all tend to show a mere stage effect, a transitory presence.

Those were the great days of the theater. Two very famous French actors played Hamlet for the generation of 1890-1900: Mounet-Sully and Sarah Bernhardt. Mounet-Sully had gone to London to observe English actors. He came back with the so-called *maillot athlétique*—black tights (the plume was already in the wardrobe of the Comédie Française). He enjoyed a tremendous success. It is difficult for us to know whether Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, and Coquelin were as great as their reputations. But when one speaks of a myth, the question may remain unanswered. Their popularity is what interests us, as well

¹⁰ Mallarmé, *Revue Blanche*, July, 1896.

as the popularity of the theater. At the end of *Oedipus*, Mounet had to answer eighteen curtain calls. We can be certain that he would be less loudly acclaimed today. But the theater was then the highest form of art, and *Hamlet* the play par excellence. All the other arts were to vie with the theater.

Nothing remains of great actors, as the gravediggers' scene shows so well, but the play's the thing. Nothing remains except an artistic tradition, that is, a conception of life which painters like Manet and poets and critics like Mallarmé preserve for us.

Hamlet, around 1890, was a familiar figure—so familiar, indeed, that he lived intimately with the artists and their public. The characters of the symbolist novels of that time always owe something to this melancholy figure brooding over his time which is out of joint. Axel, Des Esseintes, and later Swann, are images of modern melancholy. Their meditations are Hamlet's meditations, and poets soliloquize in graveyards by the sea as he did during the Renaissance. In very long novels, as in very short lyrics, the men of today express their understanding of the world and their inability to change it. They realize that all they can do is write interior monologues in the form of long novels or perfect lyrics, as the melancholy Dane could only soliloquize.

Since Baudelaire and Flaubert, the only lyric theme is that of the Waste Land. There is for modern man no reason for acting unless it be out of despair. The men of the second half of the nineteenth century, who were great readers of Spinoza and Hartmann and who had also read *Faust*, tore themselves from their meditations with the famous words: "Onward, with Nature, over the graves"—a quotation which we find several times in Flaubert's correspondence and in Laforgue's *Hamlet*.¹¹

The poet in his ivory tower is a master of words; his contemporaries submit to the charm of these words, and they go to the theater knowing full well that true action takes place only upon the stage, and that escape can be found only in beautiful words. Hamlet had said it per-versely for all eternity: "Words, words, words. . . ."

And so Hamletism came into being. It was probably Jules Laforgue, the best known of the Hamletic poets, who coined the word. His testimony as to the popularity of this attitude towards life is worth quoting. He went to Elsinore on a pilgrimage and spoke thus to Hamlet's ghost:

In Paris, your Highness, as you know, there is a writer who cultivates your special legend and aggravates it, though fairly decently; he pretends to jibe at nihilism; his name is Paul Bourget. There was also Arthur Rimbaud, who died of your legend after a series of agonized crises, the marvelous delirium of which has been transmitted to us. And there is myself, who take you with a laugh,

¹¹ Flaubert, Lettre à Melle Leroyer de Chantepuis, July 8, 1870: "Pour ne pas me laisser aller à la tristesse, je me suis raidi tant que j'ai pu et je recommence à travailler. La vie n'est supportable qu'avec une ivresse quelconque. Il faut se répéter le mot de Goethe: par delà les tombes en avant!"

your Highness, as might Yorick, a fellow of infinite jest and a very excellent imagination. I take you facetiously because I cannot help it.

—And what have they done with Ophelia?

—That's not the point; the point is what Ophelia has done with us.¹²

Between these two extremes represented by Rimbaud and Bourget a variety of poetic figures could be conjured. If Laforgue had known him, he would certainly have mentioned the greatest of all: Lautréamont, whose dense poems contain all the romantic tradition, as Mallarmé's abstract it. No one better than Lautréamont has expressed in the grand Byronic manner the post-Hamlet voluptuousness of contemplating the great disasters.

My innumerable subjects multiply daily. I do not have to take a periodical census. Here it is as with the living: each one pays a tax proportionate to the luxury of the spot chosen; and if some miser refuses to hand over his quota, I have orders to act as a bailiff: there are plenty of jackals and vultures eager for a good meal. I have seen laid out between ceremonies those who had been handsome; those who after death had lost no beauty; men, women, beggars, and kings' sons; the illusions of youth, the skeletons of the aged; genius and madness; laziness and its opposite; those who were false, those who were true; the mask of the proud, the modesty of the humble; vice crowned with flowers and innocence betrayed.

No, surely, I shall not refuse your lodging which is worthy of me, until dawn, which is not far off. I thank you for your kindness. Gravedigger, it is wonderful to contemplate the ruins of cities; but it is more wonderful yet to contemplate the ruins of men!¹³

A myth creates reality: Mallarmé himself was invited to lecture in Denmark. The project was too perfect to be carried out. Mallarmé did not go to Denmark, but his friend Henri de Régnier did not miss the occasion to wish him bon voyage with these words, which give further evidence of the vogue of Hamletism:

Welcome to Elsinore, Prince Hamlet will then say. You are a fortunate man, Monsieur Mallarmé, he will add after a pause. No cock has ever awakened you from your dream with its crowing; no ghost has ever pressed you to action. You have not seen other phantoms besides yourself, and the secret that was revealed to you was alive, as you are living. Polonius troubled you little; his senile mutterings and stammerings have left you unperturbed. You have not stabbed with a gleaming sword the rats of criticism through the tapestry. Nothing has diverted your thought from its natural course. All your strength has consecrated itself to its own knowledge. Nothing has induced you to live but the patient cult of beauty. You have displayed no action other than that which is immaterial, speculative. You are a true poet for having kept yourself aloof from everything save meditation. "Words, words, words!" . . . the words that I have scorned have been subjugated by you; each one has confided to you its true meaning. You have dreamed of the most beautiful and the noblest things, and this, the spectacle of a man isolated within himself, has won the admiration and the respect of those who have known you. . . . Your boat on the Seine at Valvins traces on the waters the riddles of its whirlpools; is not its white sail, as you said, the page of a book and the banner of your summer leisure? Your life is beautiful; mine was a miserable and ambiguous one. Action has forcibly turned

¹² Laforgue, *Œuvres Complètes*, tome III (Paris, 1924), p. 263.

¹³ Lautréamont, *Maldoror*, tr. Guy Wernham (1943), Canto III, p. 43.

me from my dream; adventure was for me stronger than destiny. Have pity on poor Hamlet. But time is flying; speak to me of dear Jules Laforgue. He and Shakespeare understood me. Yes, let us take this little side road, for I see at the end of this one, coming towards us with his gold-rimmed glasses and white cravat, that unbearable and genial Ibsen who frightens me like a prophet and bores me like a professor.¹⁴

The only modern rendering of the legend that deserves mention is Laforgue's "Hamlet, or the Consequences of Filial Piety" (in *Moralités Légendaires*). Hamletism pervaded Laforgue's entire work. He played the part of the melancholy hero either under the name of Lord Pierrot or of Hamlet himself. In both characters he is seeking refuge from despair in art and humor. Nietzsche says: "It is only as an aesthetic phenomenon that existence and the world can be eternally justified." The Dionysian hero whose wisdom spells death for himself, for Ophelia, for everyone else, is the latest definition of the tragic hero.

In *Pierrot Fumiste* Laforgue relates in his own manner the tragic-comedy of the loves of Hamlet and Ophelia. As for his Hamlet, he is a *cabotin* who essays action as he does all else. But he knows that all action is vain:

I am only a feudal parasite. But, what of it? They are born with their social order, it's an old story; that does not prevent them from having their honeymoons and their fear of death; and all is well that never ends. And to think that I once had the folly of an apostle.

He recites a long monologue, while holding the skull of Yorick. He has learned from the gravedigger that he is Yorick's brother, a revelation which does not affect him greatly. What interests him is himself: "As for me, with my genius, I could be what is commonly called a Messiah, but, alas, I have been spoiled—like a Benjamin of Nature. I understand everything, I adore everything, and I want everything to thrive."

Thereupon he attempts to learn what death is, but he cannot fix his thoughts on anything:

When I'm hungry, I have the precise sensation of food; when I'm thirsty, I have the precise sensation of liquids; when I feel my heart wholly celibate, I reach the point where my feelings sob over beloved eyes and epidermises divine in their grace. Consequently, if the idea of death remains so remote, it is because I am overflowing with life, it is because life holds me fast, and because it seeks something of me! O life, it is a matter between the two of us!

He discovers practically all the reasons for action when he soliloquizes: "But Art is so long, and life is so short!"—a phrase in which there is as much reason for not doing anything as there is for hurling himself into action. Or, better still, he repeats the famous words of *Faust*: "Onward, with Nature, over the graves!"

Of one thing he is certain: that one should not pause too long over anything. He oscillates between thought and action, nourishing thought

¹⁴ Henri de Régnier, *Revue Blanche*, June, 1899.

with experiments. Like St. Julian he grapples with Nature, but without his youthful sadism. He is content to have unmasked their crimes to the criminals by means of the play he has composed and presented. He carries off the actress, who is as beautiful as Ophelia. But his passion for cemeteries and his need to sentimentalize make him stop for an instant at Ophelia's grave, where he picks a flower. Here, alas, he finds Laertes, who kills him after telling him, among other things, that "When one ends up in madness, it is because one has begun with play-acting." Hamlet dies saying: "Qualis artifex pereo!" Kate, the beautiful actress, returns to the palace and to reality, there to make the best of things.

Hamletism in the manner of Laforgue was a lasting success. The myth, no matter how far it deviates from Shakespeare, is the product of no less than three generations of romanticists: those of 1830, 1850, and 1890. Aestheticism, the only salvation in this world out of joint, may not be Shakespearean, any more than "cabotinage" is, but it is not necessary to press the text too far to read either of them into it. Likewise the lure of nothingness, the delightful contemplation of ruins, sadism, and masochism, the desire and inability of love, sarcasm and humor turned against oneself, are what was read into Shakespeare around 1885. Humor was rediscovered by the Renaissance, even though the classical critics did not see its characteristics in *Hamlet*. Laforgue is certainly justified in pointing it out in the ambiguity of these words from which Hamlet draws tragi-comic effects: "Words, words, words." Such is Laforgue's essential theme and aesthetic principle: "There will be nothing but words as long as the common essence between words and things remains undiscovered!"

Nietzscheism was to justify this viewpoint, but long before Nietzsche, men had learned that life, as Turgenev maintained, could be made bearable only through illusions and that wisdom was death.

In Laforgue's story Fortinbras is an important character. He represents life triumphing over thought—he is the antithesis of Hamlet.¹⁵ This is all the more noteworthy since French versions of the play eliminated this cumbersome character. After the resounding success of both Mounet-Sully and Sarah Bernhardt in the title role, there appeared in the *Revue Blanche* several discussions on *Hamlet*. One, in July, 1896, was on the question of the omission of Fortinbras. Mallarmé stated that the part was essential to dissipate the shadows of death.¹⁶

¹⁵ Of course, this is said in typical Laforgueian manner: speaking of Ophelia's death, Laforgue says: "Le conquérant Fortinbras en eût fait demain sa maîtresse; il est turc là-dessus! Et elle en serait incontestablement morte de honte, je la connais, l'ayant bien dressée! Elle en serait décédée, ne laissant qu'une bien vilaine réputation de Belle-Hélène, tandis que, grâce à moi . . ." (p. 48).

¹⁶ Gautier had already said in 1846: "Fortinbras c'est le soleil venant dissiper la nuit, c'est la raison après les rêves, l'action après la pensée" (*op. cit.*). In 1896 Louis Menard wrote: "Je suis le premier traducteur qui ait formulé ce parallélisme."

In another polemic of the June, 1899, issue several writers were asked what Hamlet's dominant characteristics were. This gave Jarry, the modern Swift, the opportunity to say with great clarity what this generation of nihilists had never so well expressed. The questions concerned: (1) Hamlet's physical appearance; (2) his moral character; (3) the possible resemblance between Shakespeare and Hamlet. Jarry's answer to the last two questions was:

He tries out his trick of madness before Ophelia. How careful he is not to disqualify himself by some useful action which might have some outward recompense! And he kills . . . Polonius, and does so with the aid of a word which can give him the illusion of an experience *in anima vili*.

The play within the play is to him less a trap with which to catch the conscience of the king than a springboard to his future action. He needs it to bind this future action to former ones—even if they are not his own. They will serve as preliminaries and it is only after having heard himself utter his own lines that he will make the necessary gesture, believing that he is repeating these lines with more action.

It is not surprising that he ends up by committing very complicated and incredible murders: by means of poison, substitution of foils—these foils also poisoned—and once more, a poisoned cup.

He is very brave because he can never admit that the thing will actually happen. He walks about the hall in the castle only to await *him who is no longer Hamlet*, who did not die from a foil thrust, but from having *acted*.

The imposter has already uncovered himself, and as he has not been recognized (he acted), he cries out: "It is I, Hamlet the Dane!"

The one who remained Hamlet is Shakespeare, because he wrote the play instead of living it. But he dies at the same time as the other, because he brought it to completion.

The Hamlet that haunts Mallarmé's mind, as he can be recomposed from various texts, is very different; he is not graced by humor. He is very young, only twenty years old (Laforque's was thirty), and he is noble and brave. Instead of the night owl's slouched sombrero, he dons the elegant plumed hat. The Manet painting which Mallarmé owned represented a snowy landscape whose whiteness was to him as meaningful as the whiteness of his writing paper. In the distance could be seen the recurring vertical lines of dark tree trunks. Hamlet, in black, stood with drawn sword, agitated, half-frightened, his friends

isme de l'homme de l'action et de l'homme du rêve, d'un bout à l'autre de Hamlet; Fortinbras est aussi indispensable à Hamlet que Guillaume 1^{er} hélas, l'est à Napoléon III" ("Le vrai Hamlet," *Revue Blanche*, July, 1896).

In the same issue of the *Revue Blanche* Mallarmé writes: "Il ne se contente pas d'exprimer la solitude, parmi les gens de qui pense; il tue indifféremment, ou, du moins, en meurt. La noire présence du douteur cause ce poison, que tous les personnages trépassent, sans même que lui prenne toujours la peine de les percer, dans la tapisserie. Alors, placé, certes, comme contraste à l'hésitant, Fortinbras, en tant qu'un général; mais sans plus de valeur et si la mort, fiole, étag de nénuphars et fleurets, déchaîne tout son appareil varié, dont porte la sobre livrée ici quelqu'un d'exceptionnel, cela importe, comme final et dernier mot, au moment où se reprend le spectateur, que cette somptueuse et stagnante exagération de meurtre, dont l'idée reste la leçon, autour de qui se fait seul—pour ainsi dire s'écoule vulgairement par un passage d'armée, vidant la scène avec un appareil de destruction actif, à la portée de tous et ordinaire, parmi les tambour et les trompettes."

behind him. He seemed to be seeing a ghost; but no ghost was visible—only the bare canvas on which his eyes stared. He was a warrior departing for the conquest of the infinite, convinced from the start of the inevitability of defeat. The heroes of old dramas were visionaries; for the first time in literary history Shakespeare had put on the stage an intellectual hero. "To be or not to be" is a meditation on being and nothingness; "the time is out of joint" is the absurdity of the world, or universal chaos. Man contemplates this disorder. He is the play within the play: a logical play within an absurd one; he is the master of the show, however, since he can duplicate the acts of the gods: he holds the dice and this latent gesture contains the universe. The "to be or not to be" of Shakespeare, the "What do I know?" of Montaigne, and the large word IF that Mallarmé wrote on the blank page of a book sum up the soliloquies of these men for whom the whole drama is a question mark, the only dramatic situation: a pensive man on the brink of the abyss.

Mallarmé knew that the myth of his beautiful demon would die with his generation. The lovely plume, the somber elegance of the gentle prince, the charm of his melancholy became things of the past. At any rate, the myth entered its critical period toward 1900. Sarah Bernhardt, in Schwob's very accurate translation, written in sixteenth-century French, had made Hamlet a very resolute man, intent on killing his enemies, and had been criticized for destroying the myth of the melancholy, inactive prince.

Some pages of Max Jacob also express the reaction of the generation of 1914 against this mournful brooder, always ready to take his old skull in his hands:

These are the forms that I propose for the designation of such an original language: "hamletism," "hamletize," "hamletomaniac," "hamletomania," "dis-hamletize." Here are a few examples of the use to which they can be put: first example: hamletism is an unexpected manner of expression based on profound thought or aiming at creating a belief in it. Second example: the hamletic poets are few; one finds merely hamletomaniacs.¹⁷

The humorous poet who has rehabilitated Tartuffe was more hamletic than he was willing to admit. But he saw very well that the mythical hero was above all a costume:

Well, the devout dress their idols or their divinities. The head of Beethoven, Mephistopheles' goatee, Hamlet's acrobatic tights have received ecclesiastical homage. I beg of you not to mention a genius who would resemble the Messrs. Racine or La Fontaine. . . . The modern geniuses who know the clauses of the contract of admiration draw up one with their hair-dresser. Beethoven's head has served as a model for the economists, the great philosophers, the actors.

¹⁷ Max Jacob, "L'Hamletisme," in *Art Poétique*. Jacob did not even coin most of these words. A long list of the compounds of the word *Ophelia* could also be drawn up: ophélique, ophéliser, etc. Tailhade writes: "Le Lys ophélique orchestré par Shakespeare." Max Jacob belongs to the time when such famous clowns as Footit and Chocolat parodied Hamlet. After the vogue of the theater came the vogue of the circus.

Mephistopheles' goatee rather becomes the amateur geniuses and the journalists. Hamlet's tights have kept several poets warm beneath their jackets for the last sixty years. The conviction that many poets have disrobed Hamlet so as not to hold him up as their model, inspires me to publish the following reflections.

Max Jacob goes on to say that the war of 1914 killed Hamlet. It is true that the Hamlet of the legend has gone the way of all legends. The French mind, Mallarmé said, likes abstraction. Picasso's acrobats also belong to another period of painting: painting and poetry now deal with pure signs. Hamletism as defined by Jacob may be dead. Hamlet is disembodied; he is no more than a spirit. His ways of expression dispense with those old theatrical props, the plume and the sword: he uses poetic idioms which become ever more subtle. He lives, however, as a phantom, and his name is still invoked whenever men gaze at their strange destiny.

In this connection, the pages written by Claudel in reference to Mallarmé are extremely lucid; they also show that modern poetry was definitively shaped by the hamletic poets of the 1890's:

With the play *Hamlet* a new theme was born; it was destined to wait two centuries before finding an atmosphere favorable to its development. I shall call this theme a love of the dark night, a lure of suffering, a bitter communion between the black shadows and the misfortunes of being a man.

Mallarmé, says Claudel, was the prince of modern Elsinore.

Hamlet, an English teacher; a man who earned his living by interpreting and translating and explaining . . . but he was also an ironic and blasé Parisian à la Degas, accustomed to understand and to make himself understood by innuendo. . . . Just as the skipper of a ship at the bridge is fully supplied with the necessary information, so the supreme Hamlet at the top of his tower, succeeding generations of submerged people . . . notices that he has been confined in a prison of signs.¹⁸

Up until then poetry had described the world in order to express the poet's admiration for it; but now the poet stands before the world asking: "What does all this mean?" There is no answer, because man has lost faith in God.

It is in vain that the heroes of Shakespeare, men and women, seek him with all the resources of poetry, wisdom and despair. He has vanished. He is lost, and it is in vain, too, that Prospero's conjurations attempt to make him rise from the sea in the form of one of these clouds about which Hamlet's friends have never ended their discussion as to whether it is a weasel or a whale.¹⁹

Claudel on his part knew how to descend from that tower to accept the world and to recognize it as God's creation; but he also acknowledges the fact that Hamlet's world is our world in this post-Nietzschean era. In this world Hamlet is Man after the death of God, voicing his nostalgia and sowing about him the bitter seeds of disillusion.

¹⁸ Claudel, "La Catastrophe d'igitur," *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Nov. 1, 1926, pp. 531-36.

¹⁹ Claudel, *Discours de Réception à l'Académie Française*, March 12, 1947. Vide *Discours et Remerciements* (Gallimard, 1947), p. 129.

sionment and death. What Shakespeare wanted him to be interests only the pedants. One could without much difficulty, perhaps, affirm that Hamlet was a true believer, that he placed his genius and his sword at the service of Divine Justice. Had this been the popular interpretation, Hamlet would not have become a myth. To all artists he has ever been the Melancholy Dane, born to point to the vanity of life. He emerged but momentarily from the shadows of his Nordic night to cast for an instant a gleam of deadly light, and returned straightway into the abyss of Nothingness.

This is likewise the essence of the following quotation from Valéry. It is still a somber vision of the world, and the Second World War was not better able than the First to dissipate it, no more indeed than the great scientific discoveries of the century—a fact that should not astonish us, as the myth was born along with science.

Today, from an immense platform at Elsinore which stretches from Basel to Cologne, and which reaches the sands of Nieuport, the marshes of the Somme, the hilltops of Champagne and the granites of Alsace, our European Hamlet contemplates millions of specters. But he is an intellectual Hamlet; he reflects upon the life or death of human truths. For his phantoms he has all the themes of our controversies; he has for his remorse all the glorious achievements we have scored. He is overwhelmed by the accumulation of discoveries and knowledge we have piled up; he is incapable of coping with this unlimited activity. He muses on the boredom of repeating the past; he muses on the folly of always wanting to be an innovator. He totters between these two poles, because two dangers never cease to threaten this world. These dangers are order and disorder.

If he picks up a skull, it is an illustrious skull.

This skull is Leonardo da Vinci's.

And *this* is the skull of Leibnitz, who dreamed of universal peace.

This third skull belonged to Kant who spawned Hegel, who in turn spawned Marx, who in turn spawned. . . .

Farewell, O Phantoms! The world has no use for either yourselves or for me. The world tends toward a fatal exactitude which it baptizes by the name of progress; with the blessings of life it seeks to blend the blessings of death. A certain confusion still reigns, but in a little while everything will loom clear. At long last we will witness the miraculous appearance of an animal society, a perfect and definitive anthill. ("La Crise de l'Esprit," in *Variété*, see *Œuvres Complètes*, Edition de la N. R. F. [Paris, 1950], IV, 20)

The myth of Hamlet the myth-killer still lives. The specter of the Sombre Prince still stalks along the vast plain of twilight. Far from ignoring his presence, the disasters of the twentieth century reaffirm it, and certain of the numerous words so often misunderstood have now taken on a new meaning. Hamlet, a Dionysian—according to the contemporaries of Nietzsche—was displeased with action because his activity could not change the eternal essence of things. But now we can see that Hamlet, overpowered by death, no longer casts his scorn upon humanity:

But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—the rest is silence.

(V, ii, 366-69)

Armed with his despair, and at the moment of dying, Hamlet makes this appeal to action. His troubles have not been in vain, nor his death, for it is with the voice of death that he now sides with Fortinbras. And Fortinbras pays him the homage due to soldiers.

Today the part of Fortinbras can no longer be omitted from the play as it was until Louis Ménard published his translation, and those who read the last scene do not destroy it with the bitter humor of Laforgue. It has suddenly assumed a new meaning. Each romantic generation has, according to its temper and its cast, recreated the Hamletian myth, and the collective fruit of these meditations constitutes the history of modern artistic thought.

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THE PROBLEM OF LITERARY AESTHETICS IN ITALY AND FRANCE IN THE RENAISSANCE

By BERNARD WEINBERG

The title of this article should indicate that its purpose is to present a certain number of broad generalizations on a broad topic.¹ Such a procedure is of course full of dangers. Literary criticism in Italy and France in the sixteenth century was represented by hundreds of theorists and practical critics, for each of whom the "problem" was distinct and individual; to speak of a general, universal "problem" is to admit a collapsing of arguments and of points of view in a way which destroys the essence of the individual theory and obscures the position of the individual practitioner. Moreover, to compare France with Italy in this period is to start from a basic injustice as far as the French are concerned; for in the Cinquecento, Italy was at the highest point of her Renaissance, whereas France was only at the beginning of hers. A more proper comparison would probably be between Italy in the sixteenth century and France in the seventeenth, periods when both critical traditions were at their apogee. But essentially the aim here is not to compare to the advantage of the one country and the disadvantage of the other, but rather to provide explanations for the differences discovered in an investigation of the whole range of critical literature in both countries in the same century.² It is hoped that, despite these dangers, the advantages to be gained from a large synthesis of materials will overbalance the inherent weaknesses of the generalizing position.

In modern times, since the beginnings of that period which we so roughly call the Renaissance, men have been constantly concerned with problems of literary aesthetics. They have wished to know about the nature of the poetic art, about how poetry differs from the other arts, about the relationships of poetry to the other activities of life, about how to distinguish good poems from bad poems, about how to write poetry in the various forms. But if the concern has been constant, the nature of these problems and the ways of approaching them and the solutions found have differed radically from time to time. The specific circumstances of the intellectual life in general and of the literary life in particular have, in any given time and in any given country, determined the way in which the questions would be raised and in which the answers would be formulated. My purpose in these remarks is to suggest what circumstances in the spiritual life of the Renaissance, both in Italy and in France, affected the posing of the

¹ This article is a slightly revised version of a paper presented at the meeting of the Romance Section of the Modern Language Association on Dec. 29, 1952, at Boston.

² The Italian materials entering into the comparison will be treated in detail in my *Poetic Theory in the Cinquecento*, now in preparation.

problems of literary aesthetics, to ask why they were posed differently in the two countries, and to indicate briefly how the theories and the practical criticism produced answered the needs of the contemporary situation.

I should point out first that in the Renaissance, literary aesthetics was not a philosophical answer to a philosophical problem. That is, the theories produced did not result from an effort to fit into a general philosophical fabric the particular segment devoted to aesthetics and woven according to the method used for the whole of the system. An aesthetics of this kind would normally be the work of professional philosophers; it would presuppose a metaphysics and an epistemology and perhaps other "prior" sciences; it would require for its formulation a specific application of the philosopher's general method, an application appropriate to the materials involved; its validity would be tested by criteria proper to the total philosophical system. In a word, an aesthetics of this kind would be primarily speculative or theoretical in its formulation; it would proceed independently of any pragmatic or practical ends which might possibly influence the thinking of the philosopher.

Now in the Renaissance the persons concerned with literary aesthetics were generally not philosophers, and they were primarily concerned with immediate practical problems. They were literary men for the most part, poets or critics, who were seeking a way of defending their national literary past, or of justifying the innovations of their contemporaries, or of teaching themselves or their disciples how to achieve literary greatness. They were living in a period when the literary art had suddenly become self-conscious, when it compared itself overtly with the art of the Middle Ages and of classical antiquity, when it sought to avoid the errors of the former or to rediscover the sources of the perfection of the latter. Furthermore, they lived in a time when enlightenment on all subjects—physics, medicine, rhetoric—was sought in the texts of ancient authorities or in the commentaries of their medieval expositors; hence it was natural that they should turn, for the solution of new problems, to the doctrines of old writers.

For all these reasons, what determined the direction of literary aesthetics in the Renaissance was the current temper of literary activity rather than the predominant contemporary philosophical positions.

In this respect, we discover an initial difference between the situation in Italy and the situation in France. In Italy, one of the basic premises of literary discussion was that the Italian literary past was great and that any theory of literature must be capable of explaining and defending it. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were figures surrounded by an aura of divinity. Their works were constantly in the minds and mouths of men as models to be studied and as examples of every literary perfection. The very fact that a violent quarrel raged over the *Divine Comedy* in the years following 1570 is witness to the

importance attached by Cinquecento critics to the necessity of fitting such a work as this into the literary theories that they were developing.³ In the more recent past, neo-Latin writers like Pontano, Sannazaro, Battista Mantovano, Fracastoro, were considered to have reached the heights of poetic expression. Hence both in Latin and in the vernacular Italy had produced a notable group of masterpieces which must, in the eyes of Renaissance theorists, be accounted for in their interpretations of ancient theories and be included in the development of their own systems.

In France, almost the opposite is true. The rich tradition of poetic works of the French Middle Ages was either unknown to the French Renaissance or was rejected by it as unworthy. The national epic as represented by the *Chanson de Roland*, the lyrics of Rutebeuf or Villon, the romances of Chrétien, the plays of Adam de la Halle, were not considered as works of sufficient seriousness or magnitude to require theoretical examination and justification. Instead, such theories as were to be developed needed to take into account only the poems of classical antiquity—whether they had come down through the Middle Ages or had been recently rediscovered—and a few imitations of these same poems provided by Italian writers. As for a recent Latin literature, here again the French failed to find any of merit within their own geographical borders.

Such an attitude as this on the part of the French must of necessity lead to an impoverishment of the materials on which theory was to be based and of theory itself. The whole of the literary world remained small and restricted. In Italy, on the contrary, the literary world had grown and expanded. For Dante's epic was different from Homer's or Vergil's, and Petrarch's sonnets and *canzoni* were new forms embodying a new gamut of passions, and Boccaccio's many works were fresh and experimental either in form or in style or in content. An aesthetic that would take such works as these into account would in turn grow and expand and become enriched.

When we pass from the remote or the recent past to the realm of contemporary literature—and I consider the great flowering of critical activity to have begun in both countries around 1550—we find the same contrast between Italy and France. I do not wish, of course, to make any statements about the quality or the excellence of the works produced by the two countries. I mean only to speak of the scope and variety of the forms which, in each, were considered by critics as the suitable raw materials for an aesthetic. In Italy, at least two long narrative poems of the sixteenth century, the *Orlando Furioso* and the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, had attained wide fame and popularity; the question as to whether they were epics or romances focused attention on the differences between these two genres and on the nature of the

³ See Michele Barbi, *Della Fortuna di Dante nel secolo XVI* (Pisa, 1890), for a partial bibliography of this quarrel.

epic itself.⁴ At least one dramatic pastoral, the *Pastor Fido*, created enough of a stir to raise the question of the limits of tragedy and comedy and the possibility of tragi-comedy.⁵ Controversies centering around at least two tragedies, Speroni's *Canace e Macareo* and Livio Pagella's *Heraclea*, made live issues of the nature of tragedy, its verse form, and the proper way to handle its plots and characters.⁶ Besides, numerous other works in many genres—the *Orlando Innamorato*, the *Amadigi*, the tragedies of Trissino, the comedies of Ariosto and Piccolomini, others of lesser reputation—could be called upon for illustration of the critic's views. They were works of great diversity, accepted by the reading public as belonging to the poetic art, and available to the aesthetician as the materials for induction on the one hand or for integration into ancient theories on the other.

In France, again by contrast, the total complex of available materials was much less rich and much less varied. Certain "new" forms, which for the modern reader would constitute the major masterpieces of the century, were not even regarded by contemporaries as worthy of consideration; I am thinking especially of Rabelais. There was no recent "classical" epic, Ronsard's *Franciade* having failed not only of completion but also of its promise of greatness. The few tragedies performed and published reached only a relatively small public, and although some few critical remarks were elicited, the passion of controversy was never aroused. Somewhat greater activity took place in the field of comedy; but the genre was thought to be a minor one, incapable of the heights of poetic expression towards which the century was striving. All this meant that, essentially, the only contemporary form susceptible of furnishing examples to the theorist was the lyric. For the rest, since the Middle Ages had been discarded, the archetypes had to be sought exclusively in classical antiquity. As a result, the problems of explanation and justification and analysis would be much less complex in France than they were in Italy.

Another significant point of difference between the two countries is the extent and the nature of the humanist tradition, specifically in its relation to literary problems. This is a vast subject, and I shall touch upon it only in the lightest way. Perhaps two remarks will be sufficient here. First, the flourishing Platonist tradition of the Italian Quattrocento produced, among other things, a series of treatises and dialogues on poetry and on the poet (for example, Pontanus' *Actius*, which I cite here only for its use of the dialogue form, not for its content) which had no counterpart in France. Second, the general advance of Italy over France in the matter of the discovery, publica-

⁴ Many of the documents in the quarrel were reprinted in the collected edition of Tasso's *Opere . . . colle controversie sopra la Gerusalemme liberata* (Florence, 1724), 6 vols.

⁵ See V. Rossi, *Battista Guarini ed il Pastor Fido* (Turin, 1886). Many of the documents are reprinted in Guarini's *Opere* (Verona, 1737-38).

⁶ Speroni's writings on the quarrel are collected in his *Opere* (Venice, 1740). The materials on Pagella's *Heraclea* are all still in manuscript.

tion, translation, and exegesis of ancient texts produced results of a very important kind in the field of literary theory. For whereas France continued to devote itself almost exclusively to the perennial Horace, Italy early discovered and exploited the new *Poetics* of Aristotle; and whereas the *Poetics* remained practically unknown or little used in France throughout the sixteenth century, in Italy it became the very center of critical discussion and controversy. There is, in France, only one important edition of the text of the *Poetics* in that century,⁷ and no extensive commentary whatsoever; in Italy, texts and translations and comments are numerous—Pazzi, Robortello, Maggi, Castelvetro, Piccolomini, Riccoboni, are only a few of the most prominent ones—and the document comes to be present in the minds of all those who occupy themselves with literary aesthetics.⁸ It provides, as it were, an additional dimension to the thinking about poetics in Italy, a dimension which is lacking in most of the thinking in France.

As a result of these differences between France and Italy in the recent and the remote literary past and in the general philosophical tradition, the general problem of literary aesthetics comes to be formulated very differently in the two countries. By far the more complex formulation is that of the Italians. For them the problem is first (chronologically) a philological and an analytical one, that of extracting from the ancient texts on the poetic art (Aristotle, Plato, Horace, and, slightly, Longinus) and from texts on related arts (Cicero, Quintilian, Aristotle's *Rhetoric*) every drop of meaning that might answer their questions about poetry. Second, the problem involves rereading the poetic works of antiquity—Homer, Vergil, Sophocles, Terence, and the rest—for a dual purpose, in order to discover, on the one hand, what light these works throw on the understanding of the critical treatises, and on the other, how these works themselves are to be read as works of art in the light of the critical treatises. In the third place, the wisdom so obtained from the classical past must be made to agree with a more recent source of ideas which came to them as a part of their educations, the schoolbook precepts on poetry culled from Donatus and Diomedes and Isidore and commingled with miscellaneous rules derived from the medieval treatises on rhyming. It is perhaps surprising that the large body of critical doctrine contained in the medieval "arts of poetry" passes almost unnoticed by Renaissance critics, who sought their sources elsewhere. All this learning from the past must, in the fourth place, be so modified and modernized and

⁷ The edition of Paris: G. Morel, 1555. Pazzi's text and translation were reprinted in Paris in 1538 and 1541, and various editions of the *Opera* included the *Poetics*.

⁸ Some idea of the extent of the relevant literature here may be obtained by consulting Lane Cooper and Alfred Gudeman, *Bibliography of the Poetics of Aristotle* (New Haven, 1928), and the bibliographies of R. C. Williams, "Italian Critical Treatises of the Sixteenth Century," *Modern Language Notes*, XXXV (1920), 506-507, and W. L. Bullock, "Italian Sixteenth-Century Criticism," *Modern Language Notes*, XLI (1926), 254-63.

reinterpreted as to permit the inclusion of poetic works from the national past; an art of poetry which would not explain and justify Dante, for example, would be unacceptable, and would have to be remade and rephrased. Fifth and finally, any such art of poetry must be further expanded to account for contemporary works by Italian writers: after Ariosto, Tasso; after the *Aminta*, the *Pastor Fido*; after the *Sofonisba*, the *Canace*.

Thus for the Italians of the Renaissance the problem of literary aesthetics was an exceedingly complicated one. They had to bear in mind constantly a large set of antecedent theories, to which they must fit a very diversified group of literary works, and which they must reconcile with strong national interests and the clamorings of a lively group of experimental writers. Any theory which would satisfy such a formulation of the problem must in itself be highly complex and highly diversified.

For the French, the problem was formulated in a much simpler way. If we run through the five aspects of the problem as I have distinguished them for Italy, we find that in several of them the state of affairs was less complicated in France. The philological and analytical problem hardly existed; the only theoretical text which attracted much attention was Horace's *Ars poetica*, which continued to be interpreted much as it had been in the Middle Ages. Perhaps in the reading of the literary masterpieces of classical antiquity, however, activity was equally great and ardent in France and in Italy; on this score, the materials available to theorists of both countries would be the same. The remnants of the medieval tradition, Donatus and Diomedes and the others, may have played an even more prominent role in France than in Italy, since they were less obscured by the devotion to new authorities and since they had been codified and renewed by such latter-day expositors as Badius Ascensius.⁹ But it was in the last two aspects, in the character of the older and the newer French literature and the attitudes towards them, that the difference from Italy was most appreciable. It is here, especially, that one senses the impoverishment of the whole situation in France, the meagerness of the materials subjected to theoretical consideration.

Perhaps it might be permissible to summarize the comparative situation thus: In France, the theoretical materials from antiquity are less extensive, the literary materials from antiquity are in equal number, the medieval theoretical elements are more prominent, the medieval and the contemporary literary works serving as the basis for theory are much less numerous and diversified than in Italy.

Two so different sets of intellectual circumstances, two so widely

⁹ In his "Praenotamenta" on Terence (Lyon, 1502 and ff.), on which see my "Sources of Grévin's Ideas on Comedy and Tragedy," *Modern Philology*, XLV (1947), 46-53; and in his commentary on Horace's *Ars poetica* (Paris, 1500 and ff.), on which see the Index of the Mills College check-list of editions of Horace in American libraries (1938).

divergent formulations of the problem of literary aesthetics, were bound to produce in Italy and France critical activity which might almost be said to be of two different kinds. Let us attempt to characterize first the theoretical and the practical criticism produced in Italy. I do not mean, of course, to summarize the tenor of the theories or the conclusions of the practical criticism, but merely to describe briefly the general impression made by a purview of the whole movement. The initial impression is one of the tremendous vigor and abundance of the writings produced in solution of the problem. We find hundreds of works: academic discourses and lessons, university lectures, erudite editions and commentaries, formal poetic arts, pamphlets and broadsides, letters and prefaces, dialogues of a serious or a satirical character. Many of these are in the domain of pure theory, still more attempt to apply theory to the numerous quarrels, controversies, and debates which flourished throughout the second half of the Cinquecento. Taken together, these hundreds of works represent almost every imaginable shade of critical opinion; perhaps the only ones conspicuously absent are theories which might consider poetry as a pure art and theories which might approach the art of poetry from the vantage point of a fully developed philosophical system. This in itself is symptomatic of the character of these theories. For they are the theories of poets and critics rather than of philosophers (for the most part); they come into being through an attention to problems of poetry as isolated from more general philosophical questions; they are in large part pragmatic. It would be wrong to suppose, however, that the lack of a systematic approach permits poetry to be treated independently of other arts and sciences. One of the fundamental assumptions of the century is that poetry is an auxiliary or a subordinate of moral and civil philosophy, and this assumption everywhere colors the formation and the application of the theories.

In keeping with the way in which the problem was originally formulated, the solutions include formulas for integrating into ancient theories any peculiarities of form presented by the great poems of the Italian past. The general notions of the epic are expanded (not without bitter battles) to include the particular features of the *Divine Comedy*. Even to a greater extent, the theories are adapted to the works of the Cinquecento itself. The great controversies of the century lead not only to critical decisions with respect to the works involved, but also to a restatement of the rules of the genres to which the works belong. A theory of the romance takes its place alongside the theory of the epic;¹⁰ rules are worked out for the pastoral and the tragic-comedy; the conception of tragedy and of comedy is extended so far as to admit the use of prose rather than verse,¹¹ and to challenge most

¹⁰ E.g., G. B. Pigna's *I Romansi* (1554) and G. B. Giraldi Cinzio's *Discorsi . . . intorno al comporre de i Romansi* (Venice, 1554).

¹¹ Cf. Agostino Michele, *Discorso in cui . . . si dimostra; come si possono scrivere . . . le Comedie, e le Tragedie in Prosa* (Venice, 1592).

of the Horatian dictates. New theories are developed for the sonnet,¹² the prose *novella*,¹³ the epigram, the satire, and a host of minor genres.¹⁴ The treatises of Aristotle and of Horace, conceived of as being valid only for the limited ancient literature on which they were based, are thus in a sense rewritten to fit a much more extensive and varied literature—and in the process, completely transformed.

As contrasted with the vigor and abundance of Italian criticism, the general first impression of French criticism is one of extreme meagerness. The total bibliography of the subject for France would probably not exceed one-tenth of the bibliography for Italy. There are a half-dozen formal poetic arts, a number of prefaces and letters, a few shorter treatises;¹⁵ but there are none of the textual commentaries and expositions, none of the speeches and discourses, none of the controversial pamphlets. The greatest single difference, I must insist, is the absence from France of the Aristotelian dimension. In Italy, the text of the *Poetics* had functioned as the catalyst for all critical discussion; it had challenged the dicta of Plato, subjected to re-examination all the precepts of Horace, cast doubt upon the medieval tradition; it had raised innumerable fresh questions touching the very nature of the poetic art. With Aristotle missing in France, the challenge is not made, the new questions do not arise. French critics remain essentially attached to the medieval-Horatian tradition. What they have to say is mostly a repetition of what their ancestors might have said, bolstered, however, by a mass of new examples from classical antiquity and informed with a new fire of national enthusiasm. The central text continues to be Horace's *Ars poetica*, completed by dogmas from Donatus and Diomedes. There is little sense of a growth and enriching of theory. With rare exceptions (such as Jean de la Taille), the theory of tragedy and comedy remains that of the Middle Ages: a set of miscellaneous remarks bearing on the station of the characters, the kind of plot and ending, the quantitative parts.¹⁶ The epic continues to be merely a long poem in high-sounding verse decorated by a host of conventional ornaments.¹⁷ And so on for the rest. Although there is some reference to contemporary forms and works, since these forms and works are relatively slightly experimental, the old theories do not have to suffer much change in order to account for them fully. The status quo in literary theory is thus not disturbed either by the intru-

¹² Cf. Vincenzo Toralto, *La Veronica* (Genoa, 1589).

¹³ Cf. Francesco Bonciani, *Lezione . . . sopra il comporre delle novelle*, first published by Dati, *Prose Fiorentine*, Pt. II, Vol. I (Florence, 1727), pp. 161-212.

¹⁴ For example, Francesco Robortello, *Explicationes de Satyra, de Epigrammate, de Comoedia, de Salibus, de Elegia*, appended to his commentary on Aristotle's *Poetics* (Florence, 1548).

¹⁵ Cf. my *Critical Prefaces of the French Renaissance* (Evanston, Ill., 1950), and suggestions for additional materials in the reviews of V.-L. Saulnier, *Bibliothèque d'humanisme et renaissance*, XII (1950), 387-90, and F. Desonay, *Revue Belge de philologie et d'histoire*, XXIX (1951), 1231-33.

¹⁶ See my *Critical Prefaces*, pp. 135 ff., 141 ff., 149 ff., 183 ff., 211 ff., etc.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 117 ff., 219 ff., 253 ff.

sion of the Aristotelian element or by the bursting into life of a new literature; and practical criticism is almost nonexistent.

One would almost be tempted to say, by way of conclusion, that France failed of a renaissance in literary criticism in the sixteenth century. Against such a statement would stand documents like Du Bellay's *Deffence* and Peletier du Mans's *Art Poétique*, even though Du Bellay's work belongs essentially to the history of the language and Peletier's treatise, except for its over-all Platonism, presents a generally conventional idea of the main literary forms.¹⁸ In documents such as these one senses the new spirit, the wish to break with the past and create the future, which we habitually associate with the Renaissance. That spirit is rare, however, in the major part of the thinking about literary aesthetics. The simplicity of the formulation of the problem, the small number of relevant texts, the traditional character of most of their content, are felt much more strongly than any breath of adventure or any wave of excitement.

What I have said, of course, has no application to any other phase of the Renaissance in France; it is meant to characterize only the narrow field of literary criticism. Perhaps it merely takes cognizance of the fact that the general lag of France over Italy in intellectual spheres in the period of the Renaissance is manifest—and I wonder if it might not be especially manifest—in that particular intellectual sphere which concerns itself with literary aesthetics. The French discoveries and innovations and achievements were in other realms. Italy, meanwhile, seemed to be devoting a large share of her intellectual energy precisely to these questions of literature. And although the methods may sometimes be questionable, the solutions confused and contradictory, the interpretations of ancient texts faulty, one must admit the essential fact: the problem of literary aesthetics was posed in Italy in a much broader sense than anywhere else in Europe at the time, was pursued with much greater vigor and enthusiasm than elsewhere, and produced an incomparably large and varied body of pertinent materials.

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¹⁸ *Critical Prefaces*, introduction, pp. 11-24 and 24-33.

REVIEWS

Linguistic Bibliography for the years 1939-1947. Published by the Permanent International Committee of Linguists with a Grant from the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. Utrecht-Bruxelles: Spectrum, 1949, 1950. Vol. I, pp. xxiv + 240; \$4.00. Vol. II, pp. xxi + 350. \$5.00.

Linguistic Bibliography for the year 1948 and Supplement for the years 1939-1947. Published by the Permanent International Committee of Linguists with a Grant from the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. Utrecht-Bruxelles: Spectrum, 1951. Pp. xxiv + 261. \$4.50.

These three imposing volumes of linguistic bibliography owe their existence to the generous subsidy of UNESCO. Students of general linguistics, phonetics, place names, personal names, animal and plant names, folklore, and all the known languages of the world will find a mine of information here. The introductions are bilingual—French and English. Titles in the less-known languages are translated into English, German, or French. Explanations of vague titles are given in English or French. Notices and reviews of articles and books are cited, even when they deal with items published before 1939. The editors of these volumes are aware of errors and omissions that are bound to occur in such an immense undertaking.

The first volume is especially weak in listing our American contributions. Errors and omissions are caught in the second volume, and the third volume covering 1948 is a decided improvement. The editors list and thank their helpful collaborators, but unfortunately no American is in the list. If one takes the trouble to check, as I have, with our American bibliography appearing annually in *PMLA* and our numerous special bibliographies, he will easily see how they have sinned against our producing scholars, unless they have published in Europe or have had the good fortune to be noticed or reviewed in European journals. He will also see how we American bibliographers have sinned against our fellow countrymen who published in Europe.

Space forbids listing the many obvious errors. European editors and printers sometimes murder Greek as ours do frequently. Many readers will be amused by some of the English renderings and explanations of titles in unknown tongues. One could write a nice paper on "translator's English." Sometimes an entry is among strange bedfellows. J. W. Draper's article listed under Latin (I, 80) belongs under English. Our American bibliography missed it because it was published in Europe. Only one other article by Draper is listed properly under English (III, 131); some others of his are missing. Helen Loth's dissertation (Chicago, 1936) is listed (I, 83) because noticed in *RPh* in 1939. My dissertation (Chicago, 1936) on *The Latinity of the Poems of Hrabanus Maurus* was not listed because it was not noticed. Grace Frank's *Proverbes en rimes* (Baltimore, 1937) is listed under Scandinavian (I, 137) as *Proverbes en runes*! George S. Lane's article, listed under Phonetics (II, 272) should be under General Linguistics. J. P. Harrington's article under South American Languages (1948 vol., p. 240) should be under North American; so also should the second article of G. L. Trager (p. 241). These are a few examples of "howlers" I was able to find in my careful checking. The editors should be congratulated that there are so few in such a stupendous undertaking.

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Thomas Heywood's "*The Rape of Lucrece*." Edited by ALLAN HOLADAY. Urbana: University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature, XXXIV, No. 3, 1950. Pp. ix + 185. \$2.00, paper; \$3.00, cloth.

Text and notes outdo the introduction, which is about quartos and later printings, date of composition, sources, stage history, songs, and structure and characters. The rest of the introduction is better than the section on date.

It says chiefly that, since the part of the play like Shakespeare's *Lucrece* (1594) imitates it as closely as the poem *Oenone and Paris* imitates *Venus and Adonis*, Heywood must have written play as well as poem soon after Shakespeare, not thirteen years after—1606-7, Clark's date. Drayton's reference in the *Legend of Matilda* (1594) to Lucrece's "Acting her passions on our stately stage" and Jonson's in *Cynthia's Revels* (1601) to making "a face like a stabb'd Lucrece" must have been to this play, since no other about her is known for London by either time. The play must have been produced on the Continent by Robert Browne between 1594 and 1607 and in London by him between 1599 and 1601 (shortly before *Cynthia's Revels*) on one of his returns. Parts like *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear* or generally like Heywood's later plays in style must have been revised in 1607—the part in the Forum, for example, which not only echoes *Julius Caesar* but has only one couplet. Parts with heavy rime, bombast, etc., must not have been revised—the part like *Lucrece*, for example, which has almost as many lines in couplets as in blank verse.

But the closeness shown between this play and *Lucrece* is trifling. The 1607 edition of *Lucrece* is not mentioned. The references by Drayton and Jonson could have been to the dumb show about Lucrece in *John of Bordeaux* (?1590-94). Browne's early connection assumes later connection, and vice versa. That he and Heywood even knew of each other, however safely supposed, is nowhere proved. Somewhere there ought to be *was* for "suggests," *did* for "surely . . . would have," *heard* for "might well have heard," *sang* for "quite capable of singing," *it is* for "is it not quite possible?"—somewhere something not floating. There is no random sampling to support such evidence as a "famous sample" which achieves "effects normally far beyond Heywood's reach, even in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*"; no rime-count through an early and a later play; nothing so factual to strengthen the case for an early original revised. The case might be stronger—the introduction as a whole would be—if articulated simply; if rid of constructions with their implications dangling—of such slippery adverbs, for instance, as "distinctly," "unusually," "strikingly," "amazingly," and "fortunately"; if documented fully and consistently—if even acts and scenes of Shakespeare's plays were put in the introduction, as they are in the explanatory notes.

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Joseph Spence: *A Critical Biography*. By AUSTIN WRIGHT. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1950. Pp. ix + 265. \$4.00.

Joseph Spence seems an almost perfect candidate for the literary historian in search of a minor figure who reflects significantly the intellectual and artistic preoccupations of his age. Known to modern scholars primarily for his invaluable *Anecdotes of Pope* which are an important source of general literary information for this period, Spence now receives belated recognition in this careful study of his life and work by Professor Wright. Wright regretfully views Spence as a

biographer manqué who was unfortunately dissuaded by Warburton from writing a proper life of Pope whom Spence admired as a poet and loved as a friend. But the most interesting contribution this biography makes to eighteenth-century scholarship lies in the light it sheds on the manifold nature of Spence's personal and literary activities.

Professor Wright wisely devotes attention to Spence's lesser known works: the *Essay on Pope's "Odyssey,"* written before the beginning of his friendship with that poet; the *Polymetis*, perhaps his most pretentious work, consisting of a series of dialogues on the relationship of the poetry, painting, and sculpture of the ancients; and the *Crito*, an early treatise on aesthetics which is a significant anticipation of Burke and which again employs Spence's favorite form of the dialogue.

It is clear from Professor Wright's book that Spence's published works are not the only index to his importance in his own time. The catalogue of his personal interests reads like a list of the important intellectual and artistic trends of the mid-eighteenth century. Inspired by Pope and his numerous visits to Twickenham, Spence became an avid landscape gardener; he translated Attiret's influential book, *An Account of the Emperor of China's Gardens near Peking* and was in his personal experiments a firm advocate of the "natural" garden of winding walks and suppressed boundaries.

Lacking the savage indignation of his more famous contemporary, Spence did not possess the temperament of the satirist, but it is interesting to learn of his unpublished fragment of prose satire which follows the Scriblerian pattern in its ridicule of prevalent intellectual and scientific follies. The fact that Spence's *Anecdotes* are such a good source of information regarding the purpose and performance of the Scriblerus Club surely indicates that Spence felt a personal interest in that project. Scriblerian warfare against pedantry, as Professor Wright points out, finds milder echoes in Spence's frequent jibes against caviling critics and overly meticulous classical scholars.

Although Professor Wright pays full attention to Spence's generous patronage of the uneducated poets, particularly Stephen Duck, Robert Hill, and Thomas Blacklock, one is never tempted to label Spence "pre-romantic." His own journey through France and Italy during the 1730's was not a sentimental one, and the specimens from his letters which Professor Wright quotes contain no anticipations of Gray's raptures regarding Alpine scenery.

It is suitable that Spence's literary career should have begun with his *Essay on Pope's "Odyssey"* and ended with an edition of Vergil appearing in the year of his death, 1768. In the intervening years, as Professor Wright ably shows, Spence had done perhaps his greatest work in the now moribund *Polymetis*, a pioneering work in aesthetic criticism of the "ut pictura poesis" school, had developed his own theory of beauty further in the *Crito*, and had been generous in his appreciation of the other talents of his age, from the giants like Pope and Fielding to humble poets like Duck and Blacklock.

His biography provides a highly interesting document for any study of the mid-eighteenth-century mind. Spence deserves to be classified among the versatile clergymen who adorned the eighteenth century. Following the elder Thomas Warton as professor of poetry at Oxford, he was the friend or acquaintance of most of the great men of his time. Like Gray and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Spence appears as a sympathetic novel reader, a friend of Richardson's and an admirer of *Tom Jones*.

It is perhaps right that the scope of this biography is somewhat rigorously limited to Spence's life and achievements, but a fuller treatment of the relation of

Spence's ideas on Homeric criticism, aesthetic theory, and the natural genius of the unlearned poets to those of his distinguished contemporaries and immediate followers would make this an even more valuable contribution to eighteenth-century scholarship. One mildly puzzling omission appears with regard to politics. Professor Wright mentions Spence's sincere anti-Jacobitism but otherwise the nature and extent of his political affiliations are ignored. Then, too, many highly interesting facts relating to Spence's career are relegated to the notes when inclusion in the main text would be more desirable. The lack of a separate bibliography is to be regretted, but the book as a whole is a worthy tribute to an amiable and accomplished gentleman and man of letters.

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The Beginnings of Naturalism in American Fiction: A Study of the Works of Hamlin Garland, Stephen Crane, and Frank Norris, with Special Reference to Some European Influences, 1891-1903. By LARS ÅHNEBRINK. Upsala: Amerikanska Seminariet; Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1950. Pp. xi + 503. \$3.50.

The term "naturalism" has been misused so much by American scholars and has been confused so often with "realism" that it is quite satisfying to find a new book which uses the two words with as much accuracy and completeness as this one does. The confusion and misuse of these terms in America are only two of the many problems peculiar to American literature that made Mr. Åhnebrink's task so different from that undertaken by William C. Frierson in *L'Influence du naturalisme français sur les romanciers anglais de 1885 à 1900*. Other problems that Mr. Åhnebrink coped with in his scholarly book, as scholarly as one would expect of a student of S. B. Liljegen, are the influence of American individualism and the frontier on the conception of "free will" and "fate" as found in the American brand of naturalism; the different treatment of sex accorded by the American naturalists; the influence of American realism; and the frequent failure in America to understand the aims of Zola and the parent naturalists of France.

As the subtitle indicates, Mr. Åhnebrink has included none of the naturalists after 1900 and has made no special study of any American writers except Garland, Crane, and Norris. While he agrees with the majority that "naturalism in the United States came of age in the writings of Theodore Dreiser," he does not agree with Dreiser as to who the "precursors" were, the great American naturalist believing the novels of Henry B. Fuller to be "the birth cries of naturalism in this country." Nor does he like to use the term "naturalist" for such writers as Eggleston, Howe, and Kirkland, even though their novels, especially Howe's *Story of a Country Town* and Kirkland's *Zury*, are as close to Zola's *Germinial* and *L'Assommoir* in their studies of drab and sordid environments as anything Garland wrote, with the probable exception of *Jason Edwards*.

The most original and most valuable portions of Mr. Åhnebrink's book are those that are concerned with foreign influences on the three Americans he studied. Although his treatment of Zola and Norris necessarily repeats much that he had already said in a monograph, *The Influence of Emile Zola on Frank Norris*, there is much that is new and convincing in his analysis of Zola's influence on Garland and Crane, and of the influence of Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Ibsen on all three American writers.

The book has a number of faults. There are excessive biographical details and elementary information for such a specialized study. The bibliography, which is quite impressive and helpful, omits some standard, even though perhaps outdated or misleading, studies of naturalism such as those by Brandes, Croce, and Lewisohn. Extensive use is made of Elton C. Hill's Ohio State dissertation on Garland, but there is no mention of another Ohio State dissertation on Crane, written by Victor Elconin in 1947, or of a Paris thesis of the same year, also on Crane, written by George S. Remords. And worst of all, the author seems quite ignorant of the fact that naturalism and romanticism are not incompatible, often making such statements as "Although the *Octopus* contains many romantic elements, it is naturalistic in theme, treatment, and deterministic philosophy." This last error is most bothersome because Mr. Ahnebrink points out at length the many romantic features of the novels he deals with, and because one remembers that Frank Norris—the writer he seems to know most about—was aware of the compatibility when, for example, he said in the *Wave*, "Naturalism, as understood by Zola, is but a form of romanticism." But these and other faults will not keep *The Beginnings of Naturalism in American Fiction* from being very useful to all students of American or comparative literature.

PERCY G. ADAMS

University of Tennessee

The Fortunes of Faust. By E. M. BUTLER. Cambridge: At the University Press, 1952. Pp. xvii + 365. \$6.00.

This book completes a series of three volumes devoted to the investigation of Faustian lore. The first of these, *The Myth of the Magus* (1948), traces the careers of traditional magicians and outlines their positions with respect to folklore and religion; the second, *Ritual Magic* (1949), gives an account of the manuals of magic as codified by tradition. In each of the first volumes it is easily seen that a third volume, dealing with Faustian literature, is clearly in order. This third volume then is the answer to and summation of Miss Butler's efforts to provide rather complete background material for the development of Faust in literature. Most of her material, quite understandably, pertains to German Fausts, although she gives sufficient emphasis to the early English Faust-books and to the modern treatment by Valéry. She has further limited herself in dealing only with works involving a Faust by name, whereas Faust-like works, other than *Don Juan*, are seldom mentioned.

Her theme is briefly as follows: Faust grew out of an ancient religious mythology, turned to magic, was exploited as a literary figure by early Protestant writers, and was liberated from religion during the time of Lessing. Miss Butler deals extensively and efficiently with Goethe's *Faust*, quite properly points up the importance of Lenau and Heine in Faustian literature, and devotes a chapter to Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus* (which she calls "The First Faust Reborn, 1947"). I was delighted to find this chapter expressing ideas similar to my own (published in *JEGP*, January, 1952), but then, of course, I had been privileged to consult Miss Butler's first two volumes. It seems, however, that Thomas Mann has unwittingly (?) tricked us both by producing a book on salvation, *Der Erwählte*, which may give the reader some hope for the condemned Faustus of 1947.

The Fortunes of Faust is a masterful piece of writing, accomplished with brilliant finesse. Miss Butler's flair for metaphor is sometimes a bit extravagant,

but her style is always engaging and witty. The reader is constantly impressed by her erudition and the keenness of her observations. She has also provided complete lists of literary Fausts and a copious bibliography concerning them.

The story of Faust is unfinished, and there may be occasion for further chapters about him in the future, but the material given here will certainly provide an authoritative source for scholars and writers to come. Already in our own day, Thomas Mann has shown that the Faust legend can be as entertaining as ever, and that its applications are far from exhausted.

CARROLL E. REED

University of Washington

Unity and Language: A Study in the Philosophy of Johann Georg Hamann. By JAMES C. O'FLAHERTY. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Studies in the Germanic Languages and Literatures, No. 6, 1952. Pp. x + 121. \$3.00, cloth; \$2.50, paper.

Professor O'Flaherty's able handling of a rather formidable task—Hamann seems to me always to pose such a task—deserves commendation. His study requires a bit of patience, however; on first perusal, the reader is apt to come up with the reaction: how can one systematize Hamann's thoughts without doing violence to Hamann? The work contains many bridging passages resting on conjectures supported by such phrases as "one might be justified," "it is my opinion," "the implication seems to be," etc. A second and more patient reading does not altogether erase every doubt concerning the legitimacy of the conclusions drawn and assertions made; but the author's arguments proceed with consistency, and the total impression is most gratifying. Since I am largely in agreement with Dilthey's conception that the sincere reader or critic is a kind of recreator and often in a better position than the author to grasp the full impact of the latter's work, I do not wish to argue over trifles. In fact I am tempted, in speaking of Hamann's revolt against the philosophy of the Enlightenment and of O'Flaherty's worthy labor, to use words of G. B. Shaw, even at the risk of being accused of having taken them out of their context. Shaw's words—that a coherent explanation of a revolt, addressed intelligently and prosaically to the intellect, can only come when the work is done, that long before any such understanding can be reached, the distant light of a new age is discernible at first only to the eyes of genius—are of sufficiently universal meaning to be applied also here. O'Flaherty's interpretation of Hamann's revolt is fully justified in this sense.

It was from such considerations that I felt a bit disappointed over O'Flaherty's failure to evaluate more positively Hamann's almost prophetic outlook on language—by not pointing out, for instance, how amazingly close he came to the views of modern students of language such as, perhaps, Weisgerber and others. But that might involve a labor lying outside of the scope of the work presented, and, perhaps, it still is not considered the business of an objective scholar to do more than let the facts he marshals speak for themselves.

In this connection I might point out the danger of making assertions on too narrow a basis of evidence. Perhaps I am biased when it comes to Lessing. I grant, too, that Lessing was, by nature, more rationally inclined than Hamann. Still I think that Lessing was, by keen insight, almost as much of a critic of the Enlightenment as Hamann was by his very personality, even though a fear of aesthetic and moral relativism drove Lessing in the end to the formulation

of universally valid principles. Surely, language and faith cannot be separated in the case of Hamann. But even so I felt it to be not altogether fair, in a study expressly dealing with language, to make a comparison of these two great contemporaries on the basis of practically only one late document by Lessing, one that deals, furthermore, chiefly with theological questions. After all, in other places Lessing has some devastating things to say about the poverty of the language of a rationalistic age that has lost contact with life's realities, about philosophers prescribing rules to poetic genius, about the philosophical poet's (or poetic philosopher's) inability to recreate, with his abstractions, the whole of an experience for the reader, and about the need for a language, the symbols of which are more spontaneous and direct renditions of reality. Concerning Lessing's sense for the historical, one should not forget that he rescued Horace from the critics of the unhistorical Enlightenment while his dramatic theory, in fact his whole lifelong struggle for recognition of poetry as something having more than secondary importance, cannot be understood unless one also knows his awareness, for instance, that in our emotions (*Leidenschaften*) we are most fully conscious of our reality as human beings.

I might be accused of making too much an issue, in a review of a work on Hamann, of a few paragraphs dealing with Lessing. I hasten to come forth with the assurance that I consider O'Flaherty's study in its totality worthy of most serious consideration and a valuable step in the task of "rescuing" Hamann.

FREDERICK J. SCHMITZ

University of Arizona

The Meistersingerschule at Memmingen and Its "Kurtze Entwerffung." By CLAIR HAYDEN BELL. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Publications in Modern Philology, Vol. 36, No. 1, 1952. Pp. 90. \$1.25.

Thanks to the research of eminent modern scholars the question of the interrelation between Minnesang and Meistergesang and their metrical structures has been thoroughly investigated. One unsolved metrical aspect, the sprung accentuation ("Tonbeugung"), has aroused bitter controversy. Down through the ages, from the MHG times of Heinrich von Müggeln to the last Meistersinger of the eighteenth century, this apparent irregularity can be found applied unblushingly by the "poets" of practically every School. The above publication, coming from the pen of a well-known specialist ("Clair Hayden Bell, in Franzens Stadt / Von Meistern singt, in Almricks Land"), permits us to examine this hoary problem in a new light.

The Memminger School, best known to the student by the fact that it was still in existence eighty years ago, was founded by Johann Schuppius, "Schuolhalter zu Memmingen," in 1600 and came to an inglorious end as a "Leichengesangsgesellschaft" whose members wearing black robes and three-cornered hats performed at funerals for the price of four guilders, and whose "Gekrächze" was finally terminated by a funeral ordinance issued in the year 1875. The new source material which Dr. Bell is able to put at the disposal of the student of the Meistergesang is a German treatise, entitled "Kurtze Entwerffung des Deutschen Meistergesangs / Allen dessen Liebhabern zu gutem / wolmeinend hervorgeben / und zum Truck verfertigt durch eine gesampte Gesellschaft der Meistersinger in Memmingen. Getruckt zu Stuttgart / bey Johann Weyrich Rösslin, Anno MDCCLX." It is photographically reproduced on 55 pages (pp. 29-83). Dr. Bell deserves particular praise for having resisted the temptation,

to which many full-blooded philologists might have been prone to yield, of editing the German text. Thus we are not only presented with the original text, untouched by human "Schlimmverbesserer," but we are also given the opportunity to explore all those neglected aspects of textual nature, such as spelling, punctuation, division, diacritical signs, footnotes, etc., which are so frequently ignored by modern editors. In ten short chapters this treatise discusses the history of the Meistersingers and their schools, the principles of rhythm (iambic and trochaic verse), the various rimes ("stumpf," "klingend," "Pausen," "Schlagreime," "Körner," and "Waisen"), the mistakes against metric regulations, the use of various tones, and, of course, the application of sprung accentuation. Without mentioning Opitz, this book recommends the observance of his metrical principles, i.e., the strict up-and-down alternation of syllables with co-incidence of the metrical and natural language stress. Even the influence of the dialects, usually a hazy chapter in the study of the schools, has been given some consideration:

Es solle alles hochdeutsch getichtet / gesungen / und gemercket werden. Es wollen zwar etliche zulassen / dass man einem frembden Singer frembd / einem Schwaben schwäbisch / einem Francken Fränckisch / und fortan mercken solle: allein ist hier zu unterscheiden unter den Worten / wie sie geschrieben / und gesungen werden. Die geschribne Wort belangent / ist zu wissen dasz sie nach dem Hochteutschen (welches sonderlich ausz der Wittenberg / Nürnberg = und Franckfurtischen Bibel / wie auch ausz den Cantzleyen / etc. zu ersehen) sollen geurtheilt / auch hierinn dem frembden Singer (es sey dann ehren / oder andern wichtigen Ursachen halber) nichts nachgesehen werden.

Only in one instance does the present reviewer feel called upon to save the "honor" of the Memminger School. It concerns the shift of the meter in a verse (p. 15: "Vättër, dëin frëündlichës Rëdën") which, as it is, Dr. Bell justly considers an unheard-of and unpardonable slip. This "crime" will appear in a milder light, when interpreted as a printer's mistake in which the bar and hook by some pardonable oversight were exchanged after "Vatter." Their inversion proves the point of the author just as well as the present misplacement.

Every student of the Meistersinger period will feel deeply indebted to Dr. Bell for his important discovery and careful study which not only casts new light upon an old controversy, but also offers new source material for future studies.

CARL SELMER

Hunter College in the Bronx

Théophile de Viau: Œuvres poétiques. Première partie. Edition critique avec introduction et commentaire par JEANNE STREICHER. Genève: Librairie Droz, 1951. Pp. xxi + 215.

This well-presented edition of the first part of Théophile's poetic works, following soon after the charming selection by Georges Caspari (*La Maison de Sylvie*, Portes de France, 1945) and that of Bisiaux and Thomas (1949), augurs well for a resurgence of interest in a poet whose role as a *libre penseur* has tended to obscure his importance as a lyricist. There is still a crying need for critical cultivation of the soil so industriously spaded up by Thierry Maulnier: that fertile half-century of Théophile de Viau, Gombauld, Saint-Amant, Du Bois Hus, and Tristan l'Hermite.

Even the briefest search through these pages is rewarding. Like other lyricists of his generation, Théophile sought out the secrets of night and darkened groves;

women and subterranean springs; despite this, and adversity, he is not a gloomy poet. His finest lyrics celebrate the rout of horrid night by riotous dawn, as in the ode evoking the sounds and sights of morning, when "peu à peu le front des estoilles / S'unit à la couleur des cieux." Here all is contrast: the darkness, silence, and immobility of night are dispersed in dazzling sunlight, joyous bird-notes, the noise of the smith's hammer, and the crackling of his fire. From such contrasts the poet draws unusual chiaroscuro effects, reminiscent of the paintings of Georges de la Tour: "Le forgeron est au fourneau, / Oy comme le charbon s'allume; / Le fer rouge dessus l'enclume / Etincelle sous le marteau. / Cette chandelle semble morte, / Le jour la faict esvanouir . . ." (p. 16).

Many lines are startling for their evocative and musical power: "Le cerf qui brame au bruit de l'eau" (p. 16); "L'image de la mort passe au travers des flots" (p. 74); "Je me promène seul dans l'horreur des forests" (p. 154); "Autour de nos fontaines vives / Toutes peintes d'azur et des rayons du jour" (p. 181); "Je donne la durée et la couleur aux choses; / Et fais vivre l'esclat de la blancheur des lys" (p. 194).

Here, then, is quarry for reader and critic alike. One could thus have wished for some attempt at evaluation of the poetry, either in the introduction or the notes of the present edition. But Miss Streicher has kept her critical apparatus to the barest minimum. Her introduction sketches the life of the poet and she appends a bibliography and variants to certain poems published before 1621. The notes, though helpful, are scanty and wholly exegetical. The reader would have welcomed some discussion of Théophile's approach to such hoary themes as the Petrarchan "Je n'ay repos ny nuict ni jour" (p. 29), to which he has lent his own peculiar quality of wryness ("J'ay beau recourir aux autels, / Je sens que pour moy les celestes / Sont foibles comme les mortels"). A critical edition of this type might have explored further the influence of Marino upon Théophile and his group, already briefly considered by Antoine Adam. Perhaps Miss Streicher plans to amplify her commentary in editions of the *Seconde* and *Troisième Parties*, although these are not announced. She is nonetheless to be thanked for providing an extremely usable edition of the works of a writer who was not only, as has so often been said, "a martyr of free thought," but the creator of poetry of subtle and cameo-like beauty.

JOHN C. LAPP

Oberlin College

The Mirror of Love: A Reinterpretation of "The Romance of the Rose." By ALAN M. F. GUNN. Lubbock: Texas Tech Press, 1952, Pp. 592. \$5.25.

For fifteen years the most intelligent discussion of the *Romance of the Rose* has seemed to be that of C. S. Lewis (Oxford, 1936). Although only a chapter in a larger study, Lewis' treatment has had the added charm of being couched in beautiful, crystal-clear prose. He admires the portion by Guillaume de Lorris which he characterizes as a boylike combination of innocence and sensuousness, which is descended from that inward gaze shown by Chrétien, in his psychological moments, and by Alanus de Insulis, although the precise sources are not known to us. Of the continuation by Jehan de Meun, Lewis says that its "significacio is hardly worth the finding . . ." (p. 137). Out of allegory Jehan de Meun has made chaos—a "huge, dishevelled, violent poem of 18,000 lines." But, Lewis admits, this mass of digression often "rises into poetry unawares" (p. 156). There is scattered poetry which "survives the ruin of the poem." It

has been easy for the present reviewer to accept this judgment because year after year he has read in Old French classes the portion by Guillaume de Lorris and has dismissed Jehan de Meun as a continuator.

Alan Gunn, following a suggestion made by Professor Gordon Hall Gerould, set out to study the unity of the two portions and to make a judicious appraisal of the continuation of Jehan de Meun, aided by all available studies that have been brought to bear on aspects of the subject. The resulting book was first printed by letterpress in 1951, but some signatures were unfortunately destroyed. Now a year later there is a reissue by photographic reproduction which is the printing that is now being reviewed.

The contents of the study are divided by the author into seven "Books" with these headings: The Critics and the Allegory, The Rhetoric of the Rose, The Unity of the Rose, The Fount of Generation, The Grand Debate, The Sources of Conflict, and The Judgment of the Rose. A more general division will be found to be: the line of narrative (pp. 3-314), the line of argument (pp. 315-480), a summary (pp. 483-506). In addition one finds an analysis of both parts of the poem according to figures of amplification (pp. 509-22), a bibliography (pp. 525-44), quotations from the *Romance of the Rose* in order (pp. 546-48), an index of names and titles (pp. 548-78), an index of subjects and figures (pp. 578-89), a supplement and corrections (pp. 590-92).

In discussing the form and unity of the narrative Dr. Gunn stresses that the purpose of the entire work is to create a Mirror of Love. For Guillaume de Lorris this Love was "an art and a discipline" (p. 505), but for Jehan de Meun it was "a duty to God and Nature." Jehan's view had many facets, but he completed and transformed what was left by Guillaume de Lorris. The ten digressions which troubled C. S. Lewis should not, says our author, be labeled in this way for they show a genuine unity of rhetorical pattern, exposition, allegorical narrative, and imaginative design. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries followed set schemes to achieve *amplificatio*. An author of the period chose to begin with a *sententia* or general thought which received *expositio* (variation or exploration) in various ways. Other rhetorical devices were *digressio* (anticipatory passages and comparisons), *sermocinatio* or direct discourse, and such flowery effects as *distributio* and *frequentatio*. Single concepts could be embellished by such devices as *ratiocinatio*, *occupatio*, *expeditio*, *translatio*, and *gradatio*. When these principles of medieval rhetoric are taken fully in account, it will be discovered that Jehan de Meun did not wilfully introduce irrelevant material. Although his view of Love was many-sided, he had a cosmic theory of plenitude, continuity, and regeneration, and of the entelechy (the perfectionation) of Youth—of man's desire to generate the true image of God. The Chain of Being is like a Chain of Mirrors in God's sight. Dr. Gunn draws upon A. O. Lovejoy's *The Great Chain of Being* (Cambridge, Mass., 1936) for much of this. Thus Dr. Gunn achieves his purpose of revindicating Jehan de Meun whose vision was larger than that of his predecessor, and who possessed a maturity and a poetic gift that were much greater. The Middle Ages, Dr. Gunn says, were not a period of universality as is the common belief. There were many forms of conflict: the Christian versus the pagan residue, the chivalric against the non-chivalric, "other-worldness" and "this-worldness." Jehan de Meun sought to represent "the formal march and counter-march across the soul of youth of whole cosmoses at war" (p. 480).

There is a great deal in this book, so much so that it is hard to read. The difficulty is increased somewhat by the small print of the notes which the eye

will try to avoid. We wish for Dr. Gunn that he could have possessed that beautiful style and limpid prose of his intellectual adversary, C. S. Lewis. The importance of this book for medieval thought in general will be considerable. The extent is not entirely clear as yet. For anyone concerned with the *Romance of the Rose*, it is of primary importance. The mechanical accuracy in even the smallest details is remarkable.

URBAN T. HOLMES, JR.

University of North Carolina

French Tragedy in the Reign of Louis XVI and the Early Years of the French Revolution, 1774-1792. By H. CARRINGTON LANCASTER. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1953. Pp. x + 181. \$5.00.

This book is a continuation of the author's earlier two-volume study of French tragedy in the age of Louis XV and Voltaire. The new tragedies performed during the period here covered are presented as nearly chronologically as possible, with separate chapters devoted to a few authors. There may have been good practical reasons for publishing the history of tragedy in the eighteenth century in two parts, but certainly a clearer and more comprehensive view of the development of this genre could have been offered if the present short study had been combined with the preceding volumes. As it is, one has to turn to the earlier study to find the critical analysis of several plays that properly belong in the present volume. The discussion of two authors is divided between the two works because a number of their plays fall in each period.

It is true that the period after 1774 is characterized by some interesting evidences of English and German influences and by the relaxation of censorship restrictions for a time, but there is no development that gives it an essential unity. Rather we see the disintegration of classical tragedy, which had long been in progress, accelerated by the pressure of various forces already operating. There is an increasing emphasis on the realistic and picturesque in setting and costume. About two-thirds of the tragedies discussed are laid in medieval or modern times, and many parts of the world serve as the scene of the action. Some of the plays that appeared in the seventies and eighties reflect rather cautiously the prevalent feeling of social and political unrest. Liberties are sometimes taken with the rules for classical tragedy, but these are on the whole discreet. Violations of the unities and the classical proprieties are not numerous. The Comédie Française still exerted a powerful influence on the observance of the classical forms. An acceptable substitute for these forms was yet to make its appearance.

There are a few misprints in the book, only two of which cannot be readily recognized in their correct form. Bédard appears as "Bédard" on page x, in the first note on page 13, and in the index. On page 119 the title of Ronsin's play should read *Hécube et Polixène*.

In this volume Professor Lancaster has discussed the fag-end of the development of tragedy during the Old Regime. Though this final period contributed little of inherent worth, it has its interesting aspects and could not be passed over in silence if Professor Lancaster was to bring to its proper conclusion one of the great contributions to modern literary scholarship. This last volume, like the first one which appeared almost twenty-five years ago, exhibits the thoroughness in the coverage of subject matter, the clear, accurate, and concise presenta-

tion of facts, and the acute criticism that make his history of French classical tragedy an invaluable work of reference.

C. D. BRENNER

University of California

Propalladia and Other Works of Bartolomé de Torres Naharro. Vol. II. Edited by JOSEPH E. GILLET. Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, 1946. Pp. 565.

Propalladia and Other Works of Bartolomé de Torres Naharro. Vol. III (Notes). Edited by JOSEPH E. GILLET. Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, 1951. Pp. vii + 891.

As Professor Gillet pointed out in the foreword of Volume I (Bryn Mawr, 1943), the true significance of Torres Naharro in the history of Renaissance drama is still generally ignored or underestimated. Man of action and man of letters—soldier, courtier, poet, and playwright—Torres Naharro was a worthy protagonist in the turbulent tragi-comedy of Renaissance Spain and Italy. Proposing to reveal the stature of the outstanding Spanish dramatist before Lope de Vega, the editor announced "a new and, as far as possible, definitive edition of Torres Naharro's works, offering a reliable text, all necessary critical apparatus, and a full commentary." These conventional editorial aims seldom have been fulfilled with the conscientiousness and the lavish, yet rigorous, attention to detail displayed in the more than 1,700 pages so far published. A promised fourth volume, containing "a study of the author himself, as a man and as an artist of the Renaissance," will complete this monumental labor.

To the bibliographical study and the miscellaneous short works of Volume I, the second volume adds the eight *comedias* in a reproduction that "will in most cases furnish the original reading, and . . . will give a definite idea of the text as the author saw it." No previous edition wholly satisfied this desideratum. Moreover, since "the works of Torres Naharro are evidently more than mere documents for the history of the Spanish language or the Spanish stage . . . it has been our intention to provide a readable edition, which would nevertheless preserve as far as possible the scientific value of the originals." These purposes have been achieved—for the scholar and the student. The more casually interested reader who wishes minimum exegesis, and that handily appended to the text, must wait longer. Subsequent editors and translators will inevitably turn first here, for Torres Naharro has not known and will not know again in our lifetime such scholarly devotion.

Volume III (Notes) is not only a body of scholia illuminating the text; it is an encyclopedia of Renaissance culture. Profusely documented with ancient, contemporary, and modern instances, there is scarcely an area of Spanish thought and life that it does not enrich and enlighten: language and literature (truly *ad infinitum*), history, politics, geography, genealogy, folklore, and a host of other reflections of Torres Naharro's multiple interests (and Professor Gillet's). For its comprehensiveness it qualifies as a handbook. As a source of definition, exposition, and analogue, no student of the Spanish drama, indeed no student of Renaissance literature and language, can afford to overlook it. Though the bulk of its nearly 900 pages is forbidding, a comprehensive general index, a linguistic index, and a list of proverbs and proverbial phrases all facilitate its use as a reference work.

EDWIN J. WEBBER

University of California

Les Principes inspireurs de Michelet. By OSCAR A. HAAC. New Haven: Yale Romanic Studies, New Series, No. 2; Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1951. Pp. viii + 242. \$2.00.

Professor Haac has undertaken to determine Michelet's guiding principles by a careful perusal of all his works. The Revolution of 1830 (reinforced in due course by 1848) appears to have been the dominant factor leading him to conceive of 1789 and the ideal of justice as symbolic of all that is noble and virtuous in humanity. By 1845 the form of his thinking had become specifically democratic; after 1862 he applied his principles with ever greater violence, judging all history in the light of its contribution to the progress of the revolutionary ideal of liberty for the people. Coupled with this faith are a vaguely religious spirit, violent in its hostility to the Church, and a growing belief in love and fraternity as the salvation of mankind, however distant Michelet was then from the people. Equally important are the ways in which these concepts led him to distort French history to harmonize with his patriotism.

As he clarified his principles, he came to feel more strongly the historian's duty to lead the people forward in their march, to improve the future by a study of the past. From bases close to Rousseau he wrote his volumes of the later years on science and social thought and allowed his historical studies to become ever more tinged by the biases of his guiding principles (e.g., the rejection of the Middle Ages, so lovingly portrayed earlier). On the other hand, this study urges that it was specifically in order better to educate the people that Michelet evolved his doctrine of the "integral resurrection of the past." To Haac this is not just a matter of *décor*: Michelet needed to revive the whole soul of the past so that it might speak its message fully and thereby further the revolutionary ideal. The guiding principles (and not the influence of Vico!) thus led him to his most enduring innovation, the concept of cultural history. The principles are stated to have generated original and powerful syntheses based upon a noble and sincere philosophy capable of arousing readers and listeners. Haac also evaluates the debt of Michelet to other philosophies and finds that Cousin alone had enduring influence on his thought. Comparing him to Rousseau he offers a sensitive delineation of what he judiciously terms the "affinity" of the two men. Appendixes treat of Michelet and Ranke, and give the chronology of Michelet's life and works and a summary bibliography. There is an index.

This is a provocative book, allusive in style and not always easy to read. Its main contribution is the new unity which it brings to Michelet's life and to his political and social thought. But a lingering doubt remains. The author is quite harsh about those critics who have tended to slight Michelet's production after 1852, yet he documents their case repeatedly by his clear demonstrations of the ways in which Michelet's guiding principles led him to distort or otherwise invalidate his results. The principles which Haac discusses are markedly less influential in the earlier works—but are not these the works which constitute Michelet's claim to consideration? If this be so, then this book analyzes the causes for Michelet's decline, not those which are responsible for his greatness, and the earlier critics, so decried by Haac, were right after all, on Haac's own showing. It is at least possible that a more direct facing of the relative merits of the early and the later works might have provided a different framework and a scale of values from which other factors might emerge more prominently, e.g., the influence of Vico. And other judgments might ensue, e.g., a sharper condemnation of the distortions of history in the name of patriotism.

B. F. BART

University of Michigan

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